THE FRIENDLY EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

VOL. XI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE FRIENDLY EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE.

ORDER AND CONTENTS OF THE VOLUMES.

Vol. I.	Titus Andronicus. Henry VI. Part I.
Vol. II.	Henry VI. Part II. Henry VI. Part III.
Vol. III.	Richard III. Love's Labour 's Lost.
Vol. IV.	The Comedy of Errors. Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Vol. V.	A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Romeo and Juliet.
Vol. VI.	King John. Richard II.
Vol. VII.	The Merchant of Venice. The Taming of the Shrew.
Vol. VIII.	Henry IV. Part I. Henry IV. Part II.
Vol. IX.	Henry V. Merry Wives of Windsor.
Vol. X.	Twelfth Night Much Ado about Nothing.
Vol. XI.	As You Like It. All 's Well that Ends Well.
Vol. XII.	Measure for Measure. Troilus and Cressida.
Vol. XIII.	Hamlet. Julius Cæsar.
Vol. XIV.	Macbeth. Othello.
Vol. XV.	King Lear. Antony and Cleopatra.
Vol. XVI.	Coriolanus. Timon of Athens.
Vol. XVII.	Pericles. The Tempest.
Vol. XVIII.	Cymbeline. The Winter's Tale.
Vol. XIX.	Henry VIII. The Two Noble Kinsmen.
Vol. XX.	Poems. Sonnets.

Copyright, 1884, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

JOHN ANDREW

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

AS YOU LIKE IT.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1892.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

The Merchant of Venice.
Othello.
Julius Cæsar.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Macbeth.
Hamlet.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Romeo and Juliet.
As You Like It.
The Tempest.
Twelfth Night.
The Winter's Tale.
King John.
Richard II.
Henry IV. Part I.
Henry IV. Part II.
Henry V.
Richard III.
Henry VIII.
King Lear.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All 's Well that Ends Well.
Coriolanus.
The Comedy of Errors.
Cymbeline.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Measure for Measure.
Merry Wives of Windsor.
Love's Labour 's Lost.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Timon of Athens.
Troilus and Cressida.
Henry VI. Part I.
Henry VI. Part II.
Henry VI. Part III.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.
Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, etc.
Sonnets.
Titus Andronicus.

GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS.
GRAY'S SELECT POEMS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Copyright, 1877, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO AS YOU LIKE IT 9

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY 9

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT 11

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY 11

AS YOU LIKE IT 27

ACT I 29

" II 48

" III 66

" IV 89

" V 102

NOTES 117

THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

INTRODUCTION

TO

AS YOU LIKE IT.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

As You Like It was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 185–207 in the division of "Comedies." The earliest notice of it by name is found in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, on a leaf which does not belong to the regular records, but contains miscel-

laneous entries, notes, etc. Between two of these, the one dated in May, 1600, and the other in June, 1603, occurs the following memorandum:*

4. Augusti
As you like yt / a booke
Henry the ffift / a booke
Euery man in his humour / a booke
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing
a booke /
} to be staied.

All these "books" are stated to be "my lord chamberlens menns plaies," which confirms Malone's opinion that the entry refers to the year 1600. *Henry V.* and *Much Ado About Nothing* were duly licensed (the former on the 14th and the latter on the 23d of August) and published that year; and it is not likely that the plays would have been "staied" after the publication of two of them. The prohibition was probably removed soon after it was recorded; and, as Halliwell suggests, the clerk may not have considered it worth the formality of a note in the body of the register.

On the other hand, *As You Like It* is not mentioned by Meres in his enumeration of Shakespeare's plays† in *Palladis Tamia*, which was published in September, 1598; and it contains a quotation (see iii. 5. 80) from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, the earliest known edition of which appeared in the same year. It may therefore be reasonably concluded,

* We print this as Wright gives it. In Halliwell's folio ed. it appears thus:

4 Augusti.
As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Commedie of Much Adoo about nothinge, a book.
} To be staied.

Collier gives it twice (in the introductions to *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*), but the versions do not agree with each other or with either of the above. The matter is of little importance, and we refer to it only as illustrating one of the minor trials of an editor who cannot refer to original documents, but has to depend on copies made by others.

† See the passage in our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9.

as nearly all the commentators agree, that *As You Like It* was written between September, 1598, and August, 1600; probably in the year 1599.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Shakespeare was chiefly indebted for the story of the play to a novel by Thomas Lodge, published in 1590 under the title of "Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra, bequeathed to Philautus sonnes noursed up with their father in England, Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L., gent., Imprinted by T. Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie, 1590."* This book was reprinted in 1592, and eight editions are known to have appeared before 1643. How closely the poet followed the novel may be seen by the extracts from the latter printed in our *Notes* below.

We may add here that Lodge took some of the main incidents of his novel from *The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, which is found in a few of the later manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, but which the best editors of that poet believe to be the production of another writer.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."*†]

Shakespear has here converted the forest of Arden into another Arcadia, where they "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." It is the most ideal of any of this author's plays. It is a pastoral drama, in which the interest arises more out of the sentiments and characters than out of the actions or situations. It is not what is done, but what is said, that claims our attention. Nursed in solitude, "under the shade of melancholy boughs," the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness,

* Possibly the poet used a lost play based upon the novel.

† *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 214 fol.

like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy reign and revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those "who have felt them knowingly," softened by time and distance. "They hear the tumult, and are still." The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophical poetry; to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralizing, equally free from pedantry or petulance:

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There is hardly any of Shakespear's plays that contains a greater number of passages that have been quoted in books of extracts, or a greater number of phrases that have become in a manner proverbial. If we were to give all the striking passages, we should give half the play. We will only recall a few of the most delightful to the reader's recollection. Such are the meeting between Orlando and Adam; the exquisite appeal of Orlando to the humanity of the Duke and his company to supply him with food for the old man, and their answer; the Duke's description of a country life, and the account of Jaques moralizing on the wounded deer; his meeting with Touchstone in the forest, his apology for his own melancholy and his satirical vein, and the well-known speech on the stages of human life; the old song of "Blow, blow, thou winter's wind;" Rosalind's description of the marks of a lover, and of the progress of time with different persons; the picture of the snake wreathed around Oliver's body while the lioness watches her sleeping prey; Touchstone's lecture to the shepherd, his defence of cuckolds, and panegyric on the virtues of "an If." All of these are familiar

to the reader: there is one passage of equal delicacy and beauty which may have escaped him, and with it we shall close our account of *As You Like It.* It is Phebe's description of Ganymede, at the end of the third act: "Think not I love him, though I ask for him," etc. [iii. 5. 108–128].

[*From Verplanck's Introduction to the Play.**]

This comedy, at once romantic, philosophical, and picturesque, is in its way one of its author's most peculiar and original works—original, indeed, in everything but the rough materials of the story, and peculiar in all its poetic and dramatic characteristics. In addition to the interest it derives from its varied beauties, it has also that of belonging to a remarkable epoch of Shakespeare's intellectual life—that of the perfection of his art and taste in that especial walk of poetical comedy of which he had been the inventor, and which was the chief occupation of his genius from the beginning of his career of dramatic authorship, during the brilliant and crowded years of his youth and ripening manhood, until he approached middle life. When he entered upon that dramatic career, he found English tragedy not such certainly as he afterwards made it, in depth of passion or in moral truth, yet fully formed as a part of the national literature, and possessing many productions of great though unequal merits. Even the tragedies of the preceding generation had their share of bold and true conception mixed with their extravagance, and (as Sir Philip Sidney, the stern censurer of their defects, allowed) "were full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases;" while Shakespeare's immediate dramatic predecessors, Peel and Kyd and Greene, were fertile in glowing imagery and invention, and Marlowe had clothed much magnificence of thought and declamatory passion in that flowing and "mighty line" so much admired

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. p. 5 of *A. Y. L.*

by his contemporaries. Shakespeare did not shrink from measuring his strength with these dramatists at an early period, and — not to speak of *Pericles*, or more doubtful pieces—gave the bright promise of his future glories in his first form of *Romeo and Juliet*, and probably of *Hamlet*, as well as in the heroic scenes of several of his historical dramas. But these appear to have been the occasional employment of his genius, when excited by some congenial theme; while he discovered before him a wide province of poetic art and invention unoccupied by any predecessor, and open to his sway. The comedy of the English stage, so far as the drama could be said to have assumed that form at all, was but a coarse farce, having no higher or other object in view than "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh." Shakespeare seems, at the very first, to have formed to himself a different conception of the object and character of the poetic comedy. Even in his first regular effort, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he embodied his leading idea as distinctly as in after-works of far more exquisite execution. Of all genuine comedy, the delineation and exhibition of character must be the foundation; but the peculiarity of Shakespeare is that he does this not merely in the spirit of the satirist, or the faithful painter of humorous absurdity, but constantly entwines and contrasts the whole with the most refined forms of grace and beauty, with the poetry of fancy, of sentiment, and even of moral meditation. Upon this new and rich field of invention he entered with the ardour and high relish of youth; so that, between the year 1584 and 1602, he had given to our language thirteen dramatic productions, original in their very conception and character, as combining exquisite truth of character and scenes of the wildest drollery with romantic grace and every form of purely poetic fancy. I include in these productions, together with his comedies written within the above dates, the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, as stamped with

the same characteristics; the poetry of high heroic song there supplying the same effect of contrast to the mirthful that results from the poetry of the gentler passions and the pure fancy in his professed comedies. The whole of these were without any model in any preceding literature, as they are without equals in that of any other age or nation. It is worthy of observation that the only work of humour, in which he neglected this principle of contrast, was the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its earlier form; and that he considered it of so much importance to the effect of even such a pure exhibition of contemporary English life, in its most domestic aspect, that in his revision of the play he rejected the concluding very pleasant and appropriate scene, to substitute some fragments of a pure chivalric and legendary poetry. For the same purpose of enabling himself thus to associate, in one mixed impression upon his audience, the higher graces of imagination with laugh-provoking images and incidents, he generally selected such scenes of action and periods of time as might be associated with legendary and romantic recollections, instead of painting the men and women of his country and times in their every-day costume.

In separately analyzing his comedies, it is very perceptible how, in each new effort, the work became more peculiarly conformed to that pervading idea of poetic comedy, while the execution became more perfect in itself, and more free from whatever he had imbibed merely from the taste of the age or the writings of contemporaries. In his first comedies, we find the humour verging to farce, and contrasted chiefly with the dialogue of artificial though often sparkling wit; and when these are relieved, as they so frequently are, by purer poetry, these beauties are rather those of the masque, the sonnet, or the pastoral, then belonging to dramatic personation of life.

These characteristics, as well as the rhyming dialogues, were thrown aside more and more in the Poet's progress,

while a graver and, at times, a more didactic morality gradually mingled itself with the luxuriant sweetness of his verse, and the revelling jollity of his prose scenes; and at the same time his wider intercourse with varied society is attested by the boldness and freedom with which he marks and individualizes the personages who throng with such infinite variety through his crowded and living scenes.

To the close of this progressive creation of the peculiarly Shakespearian, or poetic and romantic comedy, during the brilliant summer of the author's youth, and to the era of the perfection of his style, *As You Like It* belongs—a period of the author's intellectual history which was soon to end with the *Twelfth Night;* after which graver thoughts took fuller possession of his mind, and he turned away from the more brilliant aspect of the world and the playful exposure of its follies and frailties, to deal with man's sufferings and crimes, his darker and sterner emotions—*mox in reluctantes dracones.* . . .

The prevailing characteristic of this comedy has been noted by Mr. Hallam, with his usual philosophical discrimination; and it corresponds well with the period of the author's rapidly evolving genius, as marked by other evidence. "In no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." . . . Equally original in its poetical character with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, it differs from both in this—that they are founded on the fanciful mingling of the supernatural with the natural, while here all is human and natural, and yet throughout it is idealized truth. The time and place and manners are thrown out of the definite into the undefined time and region, where and when the heroes and ladies of chivalric poetry were wont to "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Charles Lamb used to call *Love's Labour's Lost* the "Comedy of Leisure," because its

personages not only "led purely ornamental lives" but were well content to do so, and, having nothing to do, did it agreeably. He might have given the title in a higher sense to *As You Like It*, where the pervading feeling is that of a refined and tasteful, yet simple and unaffected throwing off the stiff "lendings" of artificial society; and this is done by those who had worn those trappings with ease and grace. The humour too is toned down to suit the general impression, being odd, fanciful, gay, and whimsical, without much connection with the more substantial absurdities of the real "work-day world." *As You Like It* is less magnificent than the *Merchant of Venice*, which had not long preceded it, and less exhilarating than the *Twelfth Night*, which soon followed it; and yet it keeps up and leaves a more uniformly pleasurable impression than either.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* *]

Rosalind is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all-enchanting as she is?—to the silvery summer clouds which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers?—to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and "charm of earliest birds?"—to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd-boy might "pipe to Amaryllis in the shade?"—to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine—or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on! . . .

Everything about Rosalind breathes of "youth and youth's sweet prime." She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 110 fol.

among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand, it will not hurt a fly!" As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnment of her delicacy. . . . Rosalind has in truth "no doublet and hose in her disposition." How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of his 'kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession—her fears lest she should have revealed her sex—her presence of mind, and quick-witted excuse—

"I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited"—

and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses—are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety!

"For innocence hath a privilege in her
To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes."

And if the freedom of some of the expressions used by

Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakspeare or the women, but generally of the age. Portia, Beatrice, Rosalind, and the rest lived in times when more importance was attached to things than to words; now we think more of words than of things; and happy are we in these later days of super-refinement, if we are to be saved by our verbal morality. But this is meddling with the province of the melancholy Jaques, and our argument is Rosalind. . . .

Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia, nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best; nor is her taunting address to Phebe, beautiful and celebrated as it is, equal to Phebe's own description of her. The latter, indeed, is more in earnest.*

Celia is more quiet and retired: but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> "Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
> And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
> When she is gone"—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakspeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particu-

* Rousseau could describe such a character as Rosalind, but failed to represent it consistently: "N'est-ce pas de ton cœur que viennent les graces de ton enjouement? Tes railleries sont des signes d'intérêt plus touchants que les compliments d'un autre. Tu caresses quand tu folâtres. Tu ris, mais ton rire pénètre l'âme; tu ris, mais tu fais pleurer de tendresse, et je te vois presque toujours sérieuse avec les indifférents" (*Héloïse*).

lar, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind—

> "If she be a traitor,
> Why, so am I; we have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we were coupled and inseparable."

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Sylvius, Shakspeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral, and surpassed Tasso and Guarini. We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe: the taunting speech to Sylvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume—which last is finer than the portrait of Bathyllus in Anacreon.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."* *]

Shakspere, when he had completed his English historical plays, needed rest for his imagination; and in such a mood, craving refreshment and recreation, he wrote his play of *As You Like It.* To understand the spirit of this play, we must bear in mind that it was written immediately after Shakspere's great series of histories, ending with *Henry V.* (1599), and before he began the great series of tragedies. Shakspere turned with a sense of relief, and a long easeful

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 76 fol.

sigh, from the oppressive subjects of history, so grave, so real, so massive, and found rest and freedom and pleasure in escape from courts and camps to the Forest of Arden:

> "Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither."

In somewhat the same spirit, needing relief for an overstrained imagination, he wrote his other pastoral drama, *The Winter's Tale*, immediately or almost immediately after *Timon of Athens*. In each case he chose a graceful story in great part made ready to his hand, from among the prose writings of his early contemporaries, Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene. Like the banished Duke, Shakspere himself found the forest-life of Arden more sweet than that of painted pomp; a life "exempt from public haunt," in a quiet retreat, where for turbulent citizens the deer, "poor dappled fools," are the only native burghers. . . .

Upon the whole, *As You Like It* is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakspere's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an eager intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in *The Merchant of Venice*, as there is in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite; there is none of the rollicking fun of a Sir Toby here; the songs are not "coziers' catches" shouted in the night-time, "without any mitigation or remorse of voice," but the solos and duets of pages in the wild-wood, or the noisier chorus of foresters. The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significances; it is a dainty kind of absurdity worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando in the beauty and strength of early manhood, and Rosalind—

> "A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh,
> A boar-spear in her hand,"

and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within—are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does, which

is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world.

Shakspere, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition—the historical plays—and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found, possessed of a flora and a fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. "Never is the scene within-doors, except when something discordant is introduced to heighten as it were the harmony."* After the trumpet-tones of *Henry V.* comes the sweet pastoral strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not all be in keeping? Shakspere was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakspere confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.†

* C. A. Brown: *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems*, p. 283.

† Hebler (*Aufsätze über Shakespeare*, p. 195) writes of *As You Like It:* "Es ist eine Waldcur für Hofleute, die zum Glück mit heutigen Bad- oder Luftcuren das gemein hat, dass viele Gesunde dabei sind. So vor Allen Orlando und Rosalinde, für welche beide die Cur keine andere Bedeutung hat als ihre Liebe auf die lieblichste Weise zur Erscheinung und Reife zu bringen, während das vorübergehend Bedenkliche ihrer Lage den Alles, selbst die Liebe noch, verschönenden Götterfunken des Humors hervorlockt. Daneben der Contrast der blossen lieben Natur in dem Schäferpäärchen, und die heitere Parodie des idyllischen Hoflebens in der Heirath des Narren mit einem Landmädchen, während der Blasirte (Jaques) auch der frischesten Natur seine eigene Farbe ankränkelt."

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

"The sweetest and happiest of Shakspere's comedies," says Professor Dowden. Yes, sweetest, because the sweetness has been drawn from the bitters of life: happiest, because the happiness has sprung from, has overcome, sorrow and suffering. What most we prize is misfortune borne with cheery mind, the sun of man's spirit shining through and dispersing the clouds that strive to shade it.† And surely this is the spirit of the play. The play goes back, too, to the old Robin Hood spirit of England, to that same love of country and of forest and of adventure which still sends our men all over the world, and empties yearly our women out of town:

"They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world;"

or, as Orlando puts the other side of it—

"In this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. lvii.

† My friend Dr. Ingleby says on this, "The moral of the play is much more concrete. It is not, how to bear misfortune with cheery mind, but, *how to read the lessons in the vicissitudes of physical nature.*" This is what the banisht Duke says as to "the penalty of Adam," and what Amiens says in "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" and "Under the greenwood tree." Everywhere it is "in these inclement skies we shall feel what we are, but find no enemy. We who have known the insincerity of flattery, covering ingratitude and backbiting, shall here find frank and outspoken friends, who teach us to read the message of cold winds, etc.; and through that, make us believe that all adversity has its uses and, sweet ones."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity. . . ."

"Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornesses of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

It is true this is not Prospero's task, but Shakspere is in his Second Period, not his Fourth. We are out of all wrangle of court and struggle of camp, in this forest of enchantment, Arden, where lions and palms and serpents grow, where ambition is shunnd, and all are pleased with what they get. 'Tis Chaucer's "Flee fro the pres and dwelle with sooth fastnesse," his "Former Age;" a fancy picture if you will; but let us enjoy it while we may. The picture is not painted in the same high key of colour as *Much Ado*. Instead of the hot sun of Beatrice's and Benedick's sharp wit-combats, with its golden reds and yellows, backt by the dark clouds of Hero's terrible distress, we have a picture of greys and greens and blues, lit through a soft haze of silvery light. Rosalind's rippling laugh comes to us from the far-off forest glades, and the wedded couples' sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody. The play stretches backwards and forwards as *Much Ado* does: back to the First Period, *Love's Labours Lost*. The scene is the Forest of Arden, like the King of Navarre's park; the early Stratford woodland life is in both. And in both is the same almost childish love of the girl tormenting her sweetheart by assuming or continuing unnecessary disguises, the lover's writing of verses, the hunting, etc.; the names Rosaline and Rosalind, and certain points of likeness between their owners. Miss Baillie says, "The way in which Rosalind delights in teasing Orlando is essentially womanly. There are many women who take unaccountable pleasure in causing pain to those they love, for the sake of healing it afterwards." The love at first sight is like that in *Love's Labours Lost*, and Touchstone and Audrey are a far better Armado and Jacquenetta. To *Midsummer-Night's Dream* this play is linkt by its enchanted land, and its pretty picture of Rosalind's and Celia's friendship matching that of Helena and Hermia. With *The Merchant* we get the links of Rosalind's description of her dressing as a man, like Portia's (and Julia's in *The Two*

Gentlemen), while the melancholy of Jaques reminds us, in name, of that of Antonio in *The Merchant.* Rosalind's description of herself as "one out of suits with fortune" suits Portia's "My little body is aweary of this great world." The reach forward of the play is most interesting in its anticipation of the Fourth-Period lesson,* that repentance and reconciliation are better than revenge, taught by the two instances of Oliver and Duke Frederick; while in *Pericles* we see that Marina is to be killed because she stained her friend Cleon's daughter, as Duke Frederick justifies his cruelty to Rosalind because she throws Celia into the shade. One cannot also forget the fool here, "who'll go along o'er the wide world with Celia," when thinking of Lear's fool, who'd never been happy since his young mistress went to France. And we may remember, too, Shakspere's quotation here from his dead friend Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, first printed in 1598:

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
> 'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'"

* Mr. Furnivall makes the following classification of Shakespeare's plays and poems:—

First Period (? 1588–1594):

a. The Comedy of Errors or Mistaken-Identity Group: *Love's Labours Lost; The Comedy of Errors; A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

b. Link-play: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

c. The Passion Group: *Romeo and Juliet; Venus and Adonis; Lucrece.*

d. The Early Histories: *Richard II.;* 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI.; Richard III.*

Second Period (? 1595–1601):

a. The Life-plea Group; a History and Comedy: *King John; The Merchant of Venice.*

b. A Farce: *The Taming of the Shrew.*

c. The three Comedies of Falstaff, with the Trilogy of *Henry IV.* and *V.:* 1 *Henry IV.;* 2 *Henry IV.;* The *Merry Wives; Henry V.*

d. The three Sunny or Sweet-Time Comedies: *Much Ado; As You Like It; Twelfth Night.*
e. The Darkening Comedy: *All's Well.*

THIRD PERIOD (1601–1608):
a. The Unfit-Nature or Under-Burden-failing Group: *Julius Cæsar; Hamlet; Measure for Measure.*
b. The Tempter-yielding Group: *Othello; Macbeth.*
c. The First Ingratitude and Cursing Play: *King Lear.*
d. The Lust or False-Love Group: *Troilus and Cressida; Antony and Cleopatra.*
e. The Second Ingratitude or Cursing Group: *Coriolanus; Timon of Athens.*

FOURTH PERIOD (1609–1613):
All of Re-union, of Reconciliation and Forgiveness:
a. By Men: *Pericles; The Tempest.*
b. By Women (mainly): *Cymbeline; The Winter's Tale; Henry VIII.*

In this classification *Titus Andronicus* is omitted as "not Shakspere's." *The Passionate Pilgrim* (? 1589–1599) and the *Sonnets* (? 1592–1608) are considered separately, the latter having an elaborate classification of their own.

We have not thought it worth while to interfere with Mr. Furnivall's orthographical eccentricities ("banisht," "shunnd," and the like), nor with his version of the title of *Love's Labour's Lost.* The folio, by the way, gives this last uniformly "Loues Labour's lost" in the title and head-lines of the play. In the table of contents it has "*Loues Labour Lost.*" The title-page of the quarto of 1598, according to several authorities, reads "Loues labors lost."—(*Ed.*).

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
JAQUES, } duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, } shepherds.
SILVIUS, }
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

"To liberty, and not to banishment" (i. 3. 136).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Orchard of Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired:

but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orlando. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orlando. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliver. What mar you then, sir?

Orlando. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliver. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orlando. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oliver. Know you where you are, sir?

Orlando. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oliver. Know you before whom, sir?

Orlando. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there

twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliver. What, boy!

Orlando. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliver. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orlando. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliver. Let me go, I say.

Orlando. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliver. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orlando. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oliver. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is 'old dog' my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

Oliver. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Dennis. Calls your worship?

Oliver. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Dennis. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oliver. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliver. Good Monsieur Charles, what 's the new news at the new court?

Charles. There 's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliver. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliver. Where will the old duke live?

Charles. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young

gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 111

Oliver. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Charles. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will. 124

Oliver. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I 'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 142

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I 'll give him his payment. If ever he go

alone again, I 'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oliver. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he 's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Lawn before the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Celia. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Rosalind. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celia. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Rosalind. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celia. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster! Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Celia. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Rosalind. What shall be our sport, then?

Celia. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Rosalind. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Celia. 'T is true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favouredly.

Rosalind. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Celia. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Rosalind. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Celia. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touchstone. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Celia. Were you made the messenger?

Touchstone. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Rosalind. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touchstone. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I 'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Celia. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Rosalind. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touchstone. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Celia. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touchstone. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Celia. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touchstone. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Celia. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you 'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touchstone. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Celia. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Rosalind. With his mouth full of news.

Celia. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Rosalind. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Celia. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Celia. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the destinies decree.

Celia. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touchstone. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Rosalind. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Rosalind. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end: for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Celia. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence,—

Rosalind. With bills on their necks, 'Be it known unto all men by these presents.'

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Rosalind. Alas!

Touchstone. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touchstone. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Celia. Or I, I promise thee.

Rosalind. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Celia. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

Duke Frederick. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Rosalind. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Celia. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke Frederick. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Rosalind. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke Frederick. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Celia. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke Frederick. Do so; I 'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orlando. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Rosalind. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orlando. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Celia. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Rosalind. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orlando. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Rosalind. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Celia. And mine, to eke out hers.

Rosalind. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Celia. Your heart's desires be with you!

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orlando. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke Frederick. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat

him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orlando. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Rosalind. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Celia. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Rosalind. O excellent young man!

Celia. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

Duke Frederick. No more, no more.

Orlando. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke Frederick. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke Frederick. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

Orlando. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke Frederick. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.*

Celia. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orlando. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Rosalind. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Celia. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Rosalind. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Celia. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orlando. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Rosalind. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I 'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Celia. Will you go, coz?

Rosalind. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orlando. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orlando. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the smaller is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orlando. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Celia. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

Duke Frederick. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Rosalind. Me, uncle?

Duke Frederick. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Rosalind. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke Frederick. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Rosalind. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke Frederick. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Rosalind. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Celia. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke Frederick. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.
Celia. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke Frederick. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Celia. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke Frederick. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*
Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I 'll go along with thee.
Rosalind. Why, whither shall we go?
Celia. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
Rosalind. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Celia. I 'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
Rosalind. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
Celia. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
Rosalind. I 'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Rosalind. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Celia. He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let 's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

"Dear master, I can go no further" (ii. 6. 1).

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords, *like foresters.*

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery'—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke Senior. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
''T is right,' quoth he, 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
Second Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke Senior. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.
First Lord. I 'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, *with* Lords.

Duke Frederick. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

Second Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke Frederick. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither:
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before Oliver's House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orlando. Who 's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orlando. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him in his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orlando. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I 'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orlando. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we 'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We 'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *for* Ganymede, Celia *for* Aliena, *and* Touchstone.

Rosalind. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Rosalind. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena!

Celia. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touchstone. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

Rosalind. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Rosalind. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Silvius. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Corin. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Silvius. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow;
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Silvius. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touchstone. And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers: but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Rosalind. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touchstone. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Rosalind. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touchstone. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Celia. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touchstone. Holla, you clown!

Rosalind. Peace, fool; he 's not thy kinsman.
Corin. Who calls?
Touchstone. Your betters, sir.
Corin. Else are they very wretched.
Rosalind. Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend.
Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Rosalind. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd
And faints for succour.
Corin. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Rosalind. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Corin. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Rosalind. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Celia. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and others.*

Song

Amiens. *Under the greenwood tree*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I prithee, more! 9

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more! I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more!

Amiens. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

Amiens. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing? 20

Amiens. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaques. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I 'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Amiens. Well, I 'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

Song.

Who doth ambition shun [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I 'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Amiens. And I 'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Amiens. What 's that 'ducdame?'

Jaques. 'T is a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I 'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I 'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

Amiens. And I 'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene VI. *The Forest.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I 'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter: and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *The Forest.*

A table set out. *Enter* Duke Senior, Amiens, *and* Lords *like* outlaws.

Duke Senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast:
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke Senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke Senior. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily!

Jaques. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool!—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.'
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.

Duke Senior. What fool is this?

Jaques. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Senior. Thou shalt have one.

Jaques. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
But to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke Senior. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke Senior. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Senior. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orlando. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Senior. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Senior. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orlando. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke Senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke Senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden.
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke Senior. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

Amiens. *Blow, blow, thou winter wind,*
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

Duke Senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
That lov'd your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

'Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love" (iii. 2. 1).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, *and* OLIVER.

Duke Frederick. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oliver. O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke Frederick. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orlando. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I 'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touchstone. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now

in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Corin. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touchstone. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly.

Touchstone. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope,—

Touchstone. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touchstone. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touchstone. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Corin. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touchstone. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

Corin. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touchstone. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again! A more sounder instance; come.

Corin. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touchstone. Most shallow man! thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Corin. You have too courtly a wit for me; I 'll rest.

Touchstone. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Corin. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touchstone. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Corin. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Rosalind. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touchstone. I 'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Rosalind. Out, fool!

Touchstone. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Rosalind. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touchstone. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Rosalind. I 'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you 'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that 's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touchstone. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *with a writing.*

Rosalind. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Celia. [Reads]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I 'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend.
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Rosalind. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'

Celia. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little. —Go with him, sirrah.

Touchstone. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That 's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck? Change you colour?

Rosalind. I prithee, who?

Celia. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping?

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though

I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Celia. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Rosalind. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Celia. It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking! speak sad brow and true maid.

Celia. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Celia. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Rosalind. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Celia. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the

propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Rosalind. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Celia. Give me audience, good madam.

Rosalind. Proceed.

Celia. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Rosalind. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Celia. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Rosalind. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Celia. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

Rosalind. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Celia. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Rosalind. 'T is he: slink by, and note him.

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orlando. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. God be wi' you: let 's meet as little as we can.

Orlando. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orlando. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orlando. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orlando. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orlando. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaques. You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orlando. 'T is a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orlando. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orlando. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaques. I 'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orlando. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

Rosalind. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orlando. Very well: what would you?

Rosalind. I pray you, what is 't o' clock?

Orlando. You should ask me what time o' day; there 's no clock in the forest.

Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else

sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orlando. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Rosalind. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I 'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orlando. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orlando. Who ambles Time withal?

Rosalind. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?

Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orlando. Who stays it still withal?

Rosalind. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orlando. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Rosalind. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orlando. Are you native of this place?

Rosalind. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orlando. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Rosalind. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orlando. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Rosalind. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orlando. I prithee, recount some of them.

Rosalind. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orlando. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Rosalind. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orlando. What were his marks?

Rosalind. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orlando. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rosalind. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orlando. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rosalind. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orlando. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rosalind. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orlando. I would not be cured, youth.

Rosalind. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orlando. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Rosalind. Go with me to it and I 'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orlando. With all my heart, good youth.

Rosalind. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind.*

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaques. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touchstone. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touchstone. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaques. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touchstone. Amen! A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods:' right! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Are horns given to poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by

so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.—

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oliver. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touchstone. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oliver. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaques. [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I 'll give her.

Touchstone. Good even, good Master What-ye-call-'t: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ield you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be covered.

Jaques. Will you be married, motley?

Touchstone. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaques. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touchstone. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaques. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touchstone. Come, sweet Audrey.—
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not—

'O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:'

but—

'Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.'

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oliver. 'T is no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Forest. Before a Cottage.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Rosalind. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Celia. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Celia. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all 's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Celia. Well, and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Rosalind. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murther in mine eye:
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murtherers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Silvius. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phebe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
Rosalind. [*Advancing*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.—'Od 's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children;
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets;
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Rosalind. He 's fallen in love with your foulness, and she 'll fall in love with my anger.—If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phebe. For no ill will I bear you.

Rosalind. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud; though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

Phebe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Silvius. Sweet Phebe,—

Phebe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Silvius. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phebe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Silvius. I would have you.

Phebe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I 'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.
Phebe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Silvius. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;
'T is but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well :
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty :
But, sure, he 's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He 'll make a proper man : the best thing in him
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he 's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me. 130
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Silvius. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. I 'll write it straight;
The matter 's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaques. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosalind. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaques. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosalind. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaques. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosalind. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rosalind. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaques. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Rosalind. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orlando. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaques. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orlando. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosalind. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I 'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosalind. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orlando. Of a snail?

Rosalind. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: besides he brings his destiny with him.

Orlando. What 's that?

Rosalind. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orlando. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Rosalind. And I am your Rosalind.

Celia. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rosalind. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orlando. I would kiss before I spoke.

Rosalind. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orlando. How if the kiss be denied?

Rosalind. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orlando. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orlando. What, of my suit?

Rosalind. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind? 80

Orlando. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rosalind. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orlando. Then in mine own person I die.

Rosalind. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. 97

Orlando. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Rosalind. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it. 102

Orlando. Then love me, Rosalind.

Rosalind. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orlando. And wilt thou have me?

Rosalind. Ay, and twenty such.

Orlando. What sayest thou?

Rosalind. Are you not good?

Orlando. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orlando. Pray thee, marry us.

Celia. I cannot say the words.

Rosalind. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Celia. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orlando. I will.

Rosalind. Ay, but when?

Orlando. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosalind. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orlando. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosalind. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There 's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orlando. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Rosalind. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orlando. For ever and a day.

Rosalind. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orlando. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosalind. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orlando. O, but she is wise.

Rosalind. Or else she could not have the wit to do this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orlando. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Rosalind. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orlando. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosalind. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orlando. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosalind. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orlando. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosalind. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 't is but one cast away, and so, come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orlando. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosalind. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orlando. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

Celia. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Celia. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosalind. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I 'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I 'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Celia. And I 'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, *and* Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let 's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Forester. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

Forester. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.
[The rest shall bear this burthen.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

Scene III. *The Forest.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Silvius. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.
Silvius. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.
Rosalind. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that 's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.
Silvius. Sure, it is hers.
Rosalind. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?
Silvius. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.
Rosalind. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.
[Reads] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,*
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—
Can a woman rail thus?
Silvius. Call you this railing?
Rosalind. [Reads]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?—
Did you ever hear such railing?—
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—
Meaning me a beast.—
If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind:
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I 'll study how to die.

Silvius. Call you this chiding?

Celia. Alas, poor shepherd!

Rosalind. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom;
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There 's none within.

Oliver. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;

Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owners of the house I did enquire for?
Celia. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oliver. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin.—Are you he?
Rosalind. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oliver. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Celia. I pray you, tell it.
Oliver. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir: for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Celia. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.
Oliver. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Rosalind. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oliver. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Celia. Are you his brother?
Rosalind. Was 't you he rescued?
Celia. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oliver. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Rosalind. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oliver. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place,—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [*Rosalind swoons.*

Celia. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oliver. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Celia. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede!

Oliver. Look, he recovers.

Rosalind. I would I were at home.

Celia. We 'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oliver. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Rosalind. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!

Oliver. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Rosalind. Counterfeit, I assure you.

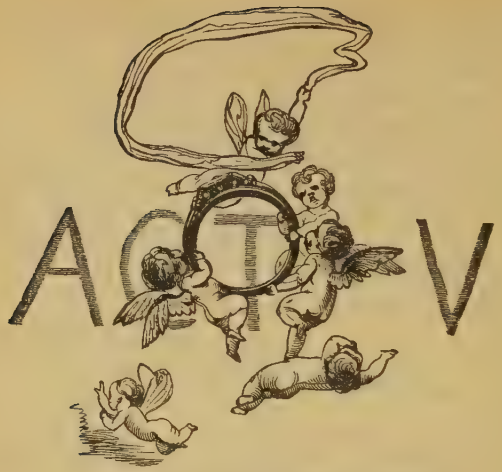
Oliver. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Rosalind. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Celia. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oliver. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Rosalind. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*



"In the spring time, the only pretty ring time."

Scene I. *The Forest.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touchstone. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Audrey. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touchstone. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Audrey. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean. 9

Touchstone. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. Good even, Audrey.

Audrey. God ye good even, William.

William. And good even to you, sir.

Touchstone. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

William. Five and twenty, sir.

Touchstone. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

William. William, sir.

Touchstone. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

William. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touchstone. Thank God!—a good answer. Art rich?

William. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touchstone. So-so is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

William. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touchstone. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

William. I do, sir.

Touchstone. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

William. No, sir.

Touchstone. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

William. Which he, sir?

Touchstone. He, sir, that must marry this woman. There-

fore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Audrey. Do, good William.

William. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touchstone. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey!—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orlando. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oliver. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orlando. You have my consent. Let your wedding be

to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke and all 's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Rosalind. God save you, brother.

Oliver. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Rosalind. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf! 20

Orlando. It is my arm.

Rosalind. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orlando. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosalind. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orlando. Ay, and greater wonders than that. 27

Rosalind. O, I know where you are: nay, 't is true; there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame.' For your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 38

Orlando. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Rosalind. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind? 46

Orlando. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rosalind. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orlando. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Rosalind. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rosalind. I care not if I have; it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Silvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And I for no woman.

Silvius. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orlando. And so am I for Rosalind.

Rosalind. And so am I for no woman.

Phebe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Silvius. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orlando. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Rosalind. Why do you speak too, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orlando. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Rosalind. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Silvius*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phebe*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phebe*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I 'll be married to-morrow. [*To Orlando*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Silvius*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orlando*] As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To Silvius*] as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I 'll meet. So fare you well; I have left you commands.

Silvius. I 'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.
Orlando. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Forest.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Audrey. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touchstone. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Second Page. We are for you; sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Second Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touchstone. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touchstone. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Forest.*

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke Senior. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Rosalind. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke Senior. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosalind. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orlando. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Rosalind. You say you 'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Rosalind. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You 'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phebe. So is the bargain.
Rosalind. You say that you 'll have Phebe, if she will?
Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Rosalind. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you 'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you 'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*
Duke Senior. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.
Orlando. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.
Touchstone. Salutation and greeting to you all!
Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touchstone. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touchstone. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Senior. I like him very well.

Touchstone. God 'ield you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke Senior. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touchstone. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say,

I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touchstone. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touchstone. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an 'If.' I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an 'If,' as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'If.'

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he 's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Senior. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in her proper habit, and* CELIA. *Still Music.*

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Rosalind. [*To Duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.—
[*To Orlando*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
Duke Senior. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
Orlando. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
Rosalind. I 'll have no father, if you be not he;—
I 'll have no husband, if you be not he;—
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.
Hymen. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'T is I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part;—
You and you are heart in heart;—
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord;—
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.—
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke Senior. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.
Phebe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaques de Boys. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke Senior. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music!—And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaques de Boys. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I; out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
[*To Duke*] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—
[*To Orlando*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:—
[*To Oliver*] You to your land and love and great allies:—
[*To Silvius*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:—
[*To Touchstone*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Senior. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I 'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke Senior. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they 'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

Epilogue.

Rosalind. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beg-

gar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I 'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Hen. V. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry V.*
Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII.*
Id. (*idem*), the same.
J. C. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Cæsar.*
J. H., John Hunter's edition of *As You Like It* (London, n. d.).
K., Knight (second edition).
M., Rev. C. E. Moberly's "Rugby" edition of *As You Like It* (London, 1872).
Macb. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Macbeth.*
Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice.*
M. N. D. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
Rich. II. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Richard II.*
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest.*
Theo., Theobald
V., Verplanck.
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Whiter, Rev. W. Whiter's *Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare* (London, 1794).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).
Wr., W. A. Wright's "Clarendon Press" edition of *As You Like It* (Oxford, 1876).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets.*

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

It is probable that the title *As You Like It* was suggested by the preface of Lodge's novel. In his address "To the Gentlemen readers," he says: "Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtelaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, where everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. *If you like it*, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour." Tieck believed that the title

was meant as a reply to Ben Jonson's criticisms on the loose and irregular style of Shakespeare's comedy, and that it was suggested by the following passage in the Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels:*

> "I 'll only speak what I have heard him say,
> 'By —— 't is good, and if you like 't you may.'"

Ulrici sees in it a reference to the meaning and spirit of the play itself. In summing up his argument, he says: "In fact, all do exactly what and as they please; each gives himself or herself up, in unbridled wilfulness, to good or evil, according to his or her own whims, moods, or impulses, whatever the consequences may prove to be. Each looks upon and turns and shapes life as it pleases him or her. . . . It is a life such as not only must please the dramatic personages themselves, but would please every one, were such a life only possible; it is the poetic reflex of a life *as you like it*, light and smooth in its flow, unencumbered by serious tasks, free from the fetters of definite objects, and from intentions difficult to realize; an amusing play of caprice, of imagination, and of wavering sensations and feelings."*

The following extracts from Lodge's novel† include the parts chiefly used by Shakespeare:

["Sir John of Burdeaux," on his death-bed, calls his three sons, Saladyne, Fernandine, and Rosader, and divides his estate among them. To Saladyne he gives "fourteene ploughlands," with his "mannor houses and richest plate;" to Fernandine, "twelve ploughlands;" and to Rosader, his horse, armour, and lance, "with sixteene ploughlands."]

Saladyne, "after a months mourning was past, fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yoonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might, if not defraud them of their due, yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: whereupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe. . . .

"Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for,—'Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.' Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much: suppresse his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou riflest with golde, and pore on his booke whilest thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

i. 1.

"In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young

* *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, 3d ed., trans. by L. D. Schmitz (London, 1876), vol. ii. p. 16.

† We take these from Halliwell, who reprints the novel in full in his folio ed. We insert the paragraphs in brackets to supply the gaps in the narrative.

gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowmed for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and intreated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. Alas, quoth hee to himselfe, nature woorking these effectuall passions, why should I, that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother: nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denies mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exployt, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that, casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As he was thus ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha, quoth he, what is your heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee, Saladyne, for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in thy bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answere mee as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemie. At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therfore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good lookes drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith, sir boy, I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt. You, sirs, lay holde on him and binde him, and then I wil give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes. . . .

"These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, for he was of a milde and curteous nature, so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends. . . . Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as, *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*, taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus: —He went to yoong Rosader, who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him, and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the countrey. Now, brother, quoth hee, for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowmed father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approoved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial exployes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my launce: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou thy fathers launce, his sword, and his horse, and hye thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his curtesie. . . .

"But leaving him so desirous of the journey, turn we to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then

i. 2.

love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France. . . .

"At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a chalenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these, dooing his obeysance to the king, entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the yoonger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. . . .

"With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beauty so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton was not halfe so glorious. The Normane, seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes, drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt dreame, discovered to all by the furye of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action: but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an incounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde

which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman, hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie." . . .

Torismond "thought to banish her [Rosalynd] from the court: for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so ful of favour, that it pleades pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had-I-wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall, as an exile, eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for, quoth he, I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus." i. 3.

[Then follows "Alindas Oration to her Father in Defence of faire Rosalynde," the result of which is that Alinda is included in the sentence against Rosalynd.]

"At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, . . . they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush, quoth Rosalynd, art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that, trust me, in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al

their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes, and Alinda, from her royall weedes, put herselfe in more homelie attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away goe these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveiled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveiled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes." . . .

[They found verses written on the trees, but they were the "passion" of Montanus, the Silvius of Shakespeare; and then they continued their journey until "comming into a faire valley, compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaunt shrubbes, they might descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed."]

"Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard
ii. 4. [Montanus] sate, and with him a yoong swaine [Coridon], under a covert most pleasantly scituated. . . .

"The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue,* Aliena stept with Ganimede from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile, for such wee deeme you by your flockes, and lovers, good lucke, for such you seeme by your passions, our eyes being witnesse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour, be it never so meane, I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answere.—Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: ful of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follyes. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releeve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimede by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded, in his thought, her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question with her thus.—If I should not, faire Damosell, occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dangerous forest? Aliena, that was as courteous as she was fayre, made this

* The "Eglogue" is a dialogue of thirty-four stanzas of four lines each.

replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this forrest to light on some cotage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a countrey life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life, oh mistres, did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice, the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not in dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit.* By my troth, shepheard, quoth Aliena, thou makest mee in love with thy countrey life, and therfore send for thy landslord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepheards bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepheard passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepheard looked so sorrowful? Oh sir, quoth he, the boy is in love. . . .

"With this they were at Coridon's cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimede, glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting

on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimede of a yong swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage." . . .

[Meanwhile Rosader, driven from home by the harshness of his brother, takes with him his father's old servant, Adam Spencer, and makes for the forest of Arden.]

"But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune, who is like the camelion, variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, being olde, began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares. . . . ii. 6.

"As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my launce encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I, Adam, combate with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister, quoth he, you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that til I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader, full of courage, though verie faint, rose up, and wisht Adam Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, that I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having ii. 7.

store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such men as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be lorde of the feast. Gramercy, sir, quoth Rosader, but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer. . . .

"The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing
iii. 1. that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse suche faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste: who, marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. . . .

"In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who, with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine, quoth he, I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and countrey of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Sala-

dyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penaunce of his former follies to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader." . . .

[Meanwhile, "Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests. . . . Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie." At length he meets Ganimede and Aliena.]

"Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepheards say, tis time to go to dinner; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepheards dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets. Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thankes for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie.* . . . iii. 2.

"And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content, quoth Ganimede, and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and wonne his Rosalynde. . . .

"All this while did poore Saladyne, banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond, wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by-pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon iv. 3.

* "The wooing Eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader," which follows, is too long for quotation, and besides Shakespeare appears to have made no use of it.

him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe, and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader, having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket, came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He espyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stoode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distressed and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his relefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. . . .

"With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him such a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John of Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded.

"Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one humble and submisse, the other milde and curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. . . . Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke; during which time hee was greatly mist of his Ganymede, who mused much with Aliena what should become of their forrester.

"With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversely affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne,* and Ganimede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them, almost out of breath with his hast. What newes with you, quoth Aliena, that you come in such post? Oh, mistres, quoth Coridon, you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepheardesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walk with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus and her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine. The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate, the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine in the whole forrest, she in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have been compassionate. . . . Ah, Phœbe, quoth he, whereof art thou made, that thou regardest not my maladie? . . . At these wordes she fild her face full of frowns, and made him this short and sharpe reply.—Importunate shepheard, whose loves are lawlesse, because restlesse, are thy passions so extreame that thou canst not conceale them with patience? . . . Wert thou, Montanus, as faire as Paris, as hardy as Hector, as constant as Troylus, as loving as Leander, Phœbe could not love, because she cannot love at all: and therefore if thou pursue me with Phœbus I must flie with Daphne. Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brooke the crueltie of Phœbe, but starting from behind the bush said: And if, damzell, you fled from mee, I would transforme you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe at this sodaine replye was amazed, especially when shee saw so faire a swaine as Ganimede; blushing therefore, she would have bene gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepheardesse, so faire and so cruell? Disdaine beseemes not cottages, nor coynesse maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward . . . Love while thou art yoong, least thou be disdained

iii. 5.

* "An incident in the novel, which accounts for the sudden falling in love of Saladyne and Aliena, is altogether omitted by Shakespeare. A band of robbers attempt to carry off Aliena, Rosader encounters them single-handed, but is wounded and almost overpowered, when his brother comes to the rescue. While Ganimede is dressing Rosader's wounds, Aliena and Saladyne indulge in some 'quirkes and quiddities of love,' the course of which is told with considerable detail. Aliena's secret is soon extorted from her by Ganimede" (Wright).

when thou art olde. Beautie nor time cannot be recalde, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great. Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamored on his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers. . . .

"I am glad, quoth Ganimede,* you looke into your own faults, and see where your shoo wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your owne passions. Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my frowardnesse towards the shepheard, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, wil she then favour Montanus? When reason, quoth she, doth quench that love that I doe owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepheardesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe. . . . Ganimede tooke his leave of Phœbe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased. . . . As she came on the plaines, shee might espy where Rosader and Saladyne sat with Aliena under the shade. . . . I had not gone abroad so soone, quoth Rosader, but that I am bidden to a marriage, which, on Sunday next, must bee solemnpnized betweene my brother and Aliena. I see well where love leads delay is loathsome, and that small wooing serves where both the parties are willing, Truth. quoth Ganimede; but what a happy day should it be, if Rosader that day might be married to Rosalynd. Ah, good Ganimede, quoth he, by naming Rosalynd, renue not my sorrowes; for the thought of her perfections is the thrall of my miseries. Tush, bee of good cheare, man, quoth Ganimede: I have a friend that is deeply experienst in negromancy and magicke; what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage. I wil cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard. . . .

v. 2.

"In these humors the weeke went away, that at last Sunday came. . . . As they were thus drinking and ready to go to church, came in Montanus, apparalled all in tawny, to signifie that he was forsaken: on his head hee wore a garland of willow, his bottle hanged by his side, whereon was painted dispaire, and on his sheephooke hung two sonnets, as labels of his loves and fortunes. . . . Gerismond, desirous to prosecute the ende of these passions, called in Ganimede, who, knowing the case, came in graced with such a blush, as beautified the christall of his face with a ruddie brightnesse. The king noting well the phisnomy of Ganimede, began by his favour to cal to mind the face of his Rosalynd, and with that fetcht a deepe sigh. Rosader, that was passing familiar with Gerismond, demanded of him why he sighed so sore? Because, Rosader, quoth hee, the favour of Ganimede puts mee in minde of Rosalynde. At this word Rosader sighed so deeply, as though his heart would

v. 4.

* This is at an interview with Phœbe after the latter has sent a letter to Ganimede by Montanus.

have burst. And whats the matter, quoth Gerismond, that you quite mee with such a sigh? Pardon me, sir, quoth Rosader, because I love none but Rosalynd. And upon that condition, quoth Gerismond, that Rosalynd were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee. At this Aliena turnd her head and smilde upon Ganimede, and shee could scarce keep countenance. Yet shee salved all with secrecie; and Gerismond, to drive away his dumpes, questioned with Ganimede, what the reason was he regarded not Phœbes love, seeing she was as faire as the wanton that brought Troy to ruine? Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppresse Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, quoth Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your victory, quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, led us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while, quoth shee, and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalind in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised. . . .

"While every one was amazed, . . . Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariages were solemnly solemnized." . . .

It will be seen, that while the Poet followed the novel closely in the main incidents of his plot, the characterization is exclusively his own. The personages common to the novel and the play are as truly new creations in the latter as Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, who have no place in the former. Even the deviations in the conduct of the story, as Knight remarks, "furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men." We cannot discuss these in detail; the quotations we have given from the novel will enable the reader to examine them for himself.*

* Compare what Campbell says in his introduction to the play: "The plot of this delicious comedy was taken by our Poet from Lodge's 'Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacye.' Some of Lodge's incidents are judiciously omitted, but the greater part are preserved—the wrestling scene, the flight of the two ladies into the forest of Arden, the

We may add that the character of Adam has a peculiar interest from the fact that, according to a tradition current in the last century, the part was performed by Shakespeare himself. Steevens gives the following extract from Oldys's manuscript collections for a life of the Poet:

"One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *K. Charles II.*, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors [exciting them] to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor* among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song."

Capell also has the following:

"A traditional story was current some years ago about Stratford,—that a very old man of that place,—of weak intellects, but yet related to Shakespeare,—being ask'd by some of his neighbours, what he remember'd about him; answer'd,—that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back; which answer was apply'd by the hearers, to his having seen him perform in this scene the part of Adam."

This story came to Capell from Mr. Thomas Jones, of Tarbick, in Worcestershire; and Malone suggests that he may have heard it from Richard Quiney (who died in 1656, at the age of 69) or from Thomas Quiney, Shakespeare's son-in-law (who lived till about 1663, and who was 27 years old when the poet died), or from one of the Hathaways.

---

meeting there of Rosalind with her father and mother, and the whole happy termination of the plot, are found in the prose romance. Even the names of the personages are but slightly changed; for Lodge's Rosalind, in her male attire, calls herself Ganymede, and her cousin, as a shepherdess, is named Aliena. But never was the prolixity and pedantry of a prosaic narrative transmuted by genius into such magical poetry. In the days of James I., George Heriot, the Edinburgh merchant who built a hospital still bearing his name, is said to have made his fortune by purchasing for a trifle a quantity of sand that had been brought as ballast by a ship from Africa. As it was dry, he suspected from its weight that it contained gold, and he succeeded in filtering a treasure from it. Shakespeare, like Heriot, took the dry and heavy sand of Lodge, and made gold out of it."

* Charles Hart, who was perhaps a grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *As I remember*, etc. We follow the folio here, with Halliwell, K., and others. Warb., who has been followed by D. and some other editors, thought it necessary to mend the grammar by reading "upon this fashion: *he* bequeathed," etc. W. points it thus: "fashion,—bequeathed," etc., which is plausible. *Bequeathed* is then in the past tense, the subject being omitted; as Abbott (Gr. 399) explains *charged* just below. With our pointing *bequeathed* is a participle, and *charged* may be considered the same, or as Abbott gives it.

2. *Poor a.* This transposition of the article is akin to that still allowed after *how* and *so*. Cf. Gr. 85, 422. In *A. and C.* v. 2. 236, we have "What poor an instrument." K. says that Orlando is "quoting the will, and *poor* is the adjective to *a thousand crowns*." Caldecott puts the whole

passage thus: "It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by [my father in his] will, but poor a (the poor pittance of a) thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, [it was, or he there] charged my brother," etc.

3. *On his blessing.* *On* is often so used in asseverations and obsecrations (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 5. 87: "On height of our displeasure," etc. Wr. quotes Heywood, *English Traveller:* "This doe vpon my blessing."

To breed = to bring up, educate; as in 9 and 101 below. Cf. our present use in *well-bred, good breeding*, etc.

5. *At school.* That is, at the university. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 113: "going back to school in Wittenberg." On *goldenly*, cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 33: "golden opinions." *Profit* = proficiency. Cf. the use of the verb in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 166:

> "Exceedingly well read, and profited
> In strange concealments," etc.

7. *Stays.* Detains. Cf. i. 3. 65 below: "we stay'd her for your sake." Warb. substituted "sties," and Johnson approved the change.

11. *Manage.* The training of a horse (Fr. *manège*). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 179; and see also *Mer.* p. 153. For the ellipsis in *dearly hired*, see Gr. 403.

13. *The which.* See Gr. 270.

15. *Countenance.* Bearing, behaviour. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 69: "By unkind usage, dangerous countenance." Wr. explains it as = "favour, regard, patronage;" Walker, "the style of living which he allows me;" J. H., "the way in which he acknowledges or entertains me." *Seems* = seems as if it wished (Capell). Cf. *Macb.* p. 170.

17. *Hinds.* Menials, servants; as in *M. W.* iii. 5. 99 and *R. and J.* i. 7. 73. Elsewhere the word = boor, peasant; as in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 123, etc.

18. *Mines.* Undermines, seeks to destroy.

20. *Mutiny.* Rebel. S. also uses the form *mutine*, both verb and noun; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 83, v. 2. 6, and *K. John*, ii. 1. 378.

26. *What make you here?* What do you here? As Halliwell notes, the phrase is very common, and is quibbled upon in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190 fol. and in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol. Cf. iii. 2. 206 below.

29. *Marry.* Originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin; but its derivation had come to be forgotten in the time of S. Wr. remarks that "here it keeps up a poor pun upon *mar.*"

32. *Be naught awhile.* "This is merely a petty oath, equivalent to *a mischief on you*, or sometimes to *get you gone immediately*" (Halliwell). Steevens quotes *Storie of King Darius*, 1565: "Come away, and be nought awhyle;" and other commentators add many other examples of the phrase from writers of the time.

34. The allusion to the story of the prodigal (*Luke*, xv.) is obvious. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 103: "a motion of the Prodigal Son" (that is, a puppet-show, illustrating the story); and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 157: "the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work" (where the context shows that it was used in tapestries and hangings). See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 4, *M. of V.* ii. 6. 17, etc.

40. *Him.* Often put, by attraction to *whom* understood, for *he whom*

(Gr. 208). Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 1. 15: "Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away," etc.

41. *In the gentle condition of blood.* "On any kindly view of relationship" (M.).

46. *Your coming*, etc. That is, you are more closely and directly the representative of his honours, and therefore entitled to the respect due to him. Warb. suggested "his *revenue*," which Hanmer adopted. Halliwell quotes 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 41:

> "My due from thee is this imperial crown,
> Which, as *immediate* from thy place and blood,
> Derives itself to me."

Whiter thinks that Orlando uses *reverence* in an ironical sense, and means to say that "his brother, by coming before him, is nearer to a respectable and venerable elder of a family."

48. *What, boy!* Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando in return seizes his brother by the throat.

49. *Young.* Raw, inexperienced. Cf. Lodge (p. 122 above): "I am yongest to performe any martial exploytes," etc. See also *Mach.* iii. 4. 144: "We are yet but young in deed." As Wr. notes, "too young" is used in just the contrary sense in *Much Ado*, v. 1. 119.

52. *Villain.* Oliver uses the word in the present sense; Orlando, with a play upon this and the old meaning of serf or base-born fellow. Cf. *T. A.* iv. 3. 73, *Lear*, iii. 7. 78, etc. The word was sometimes used as a familiar form of address, and even as a term of endearment; as in *C. of E.* i. 2. 19, *W. T.* i. 2. 136, etc. In *T. N.* ii. 5. 16 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 35 it is applied to women in this sense.

66. *Such exercises*, etc. Wr. quotes *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 30:

> "There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
> Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
> And be in eye of every exercise
> Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth."

67. *Allotery.* Allotment, portion. S. uses the word only here.

68. *Go buy.* Go to buy; a very common ellipsis with *go* in S. Cf i. 2. 223 below. As Abbott remarks (Gr. 349), even now we retain a dislike to use the formal *to* after *go* and *come*, and therefore substitute *and*. Cf. ii. 3. 31 below: "wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?"

69. *And what*, etc. W. points the passage thus: "And what wilt thou do, beg, when that is spent?" *Beg* is then = *I* beg, as *pray* often = I pray; but S. does not elsewhere use *beg* in that way, and the ordinary pointing gives a sufficiently clear meaning.

70. *Get you in.* On the use of *you*, see Gr. 232.

76. *Lost my teeth*, etc. M. quotes Tacitus, *Ann.* i. 34: "quidam [milites], prensa manu Germanici per speciem osculandi, inseruerunt digitos, ut vacua dentibus ora contingeret;" a mute appeal to the same effect as Adam's.

78. *Spoke.* See Gr. 343.

79. *Grow upon me.* Get the better of me, get the upper hand of me (Schmidt); or, perhaps, "increase in disobedience to my authority" (Halliwell). Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1, 107: "growing on the south" (that is, gaining

on it, tending that way); *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 55: "sickness growing Upon our soldiers," etc.

80. *Physic your rankness.* Check this rank growth of your insolence.

83. *Wrestler.* "Wrastler" in the folio here and elsewhere; but the other spelling was also used in the time of S. The former indicates the pronunciation, which is still a vulgar one in New England.

85. *So please you.* If it please you; of which our "if you please" is a corruption. Cf. *Sonn.* 136. 11: "so it please thee," etc. See *Mer.* pp. 134, 136; and for the *so*, Gr. 133.

90. Some eds. print "Good monsieur Charles!—what's," etc.; making *Good monsieur Charles!* a response to the greeting = "you are very kind" (M.).

97. *Good leave.* Full permission. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 326 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 20.

102. *She.* The 1st and 2d folios have "he;" the 3d and 4th, "she." For the "indefinite" use of the infinitive in *to stay* (very common in S.), see Gr. 356.

107. *The forest of Arden.* The Forest of Ardennes was in the north-east of France, "between the Meuse and the Moselle;" but it is not necessary to suppose that the poet had this fact in mind. He took the scene from Lodge's novel, lions and all, and did not trouble himself about its geography, which has nevertheless been a sore vexation to some of his commentators. K. has well said: "We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our Forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be 'clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz rock, and quartzose sandstone.' We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

> 'two fountains grew,
> Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
> *Plac'd in Ardenna*, each in other's view:
> Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike;
> Contrary of the other doth ensue,
> Who drinks thereof their lovers shall mislike.'

We are equally sure that Shakespeare *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness."

There was also a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire. Drayton, in his *Matilda*, 1594, speaks of "sweet Arden's nightingales;" and again, in the *Idea:*

> "Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
> Amongst the daintie dew-impearled flowers."

108. *A many.* See *Hen. V.* p. 170, or Gr. 87.

110. *Fleet.* Not elsewhere used transitively by S. The intransitive verb occurs often; as in *Sonn.* 19. 5, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 108, iv. 1. 135, *K. John*, ii. 1. 285, etc.

111. *The golden world.* That is, the golden age.

112. *What.* Often so used, "superfluously introducing a question" (Schmidt). Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 10, *Ham.* i. 1. 19, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 59, etc.

118. *Shall.* Must, will have to. Gr. 315.

121. *Withal.* With this, with it. Cf. i. 2. 22 and ii. 7. 48 below. Gr. 196.

122. *Intendment.* Intention, purpose. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 144: "the main intendment of the Scot."

127. *By underhand means.* "Because of the obstinacy which he attributes to him" (Wr.).

129. *It is.* Used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18: "It is the most impenetrable cur;" and *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 71: "Why, 't is a gull, a fool," etc. In *Macb.* i. 4. 58 ("It is a peerless kinsman") the familiarity is affectionate. See also iii. 5. 112 below.

130. *Emulator.* Used by S. only here. For *emulation* = envy, jealousy, see *J. C.* ii. 3. 14 and note in our ed. p. 153. So *emulous* = envious; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 79, 242, etc.

131. *Contriver.* Plotter; as in *T. A.* iv. 1. 36, *J. C.* ii. 1. 158, and *Macb.* iii. 5. 7. *Contrive* is used in the same bad sense; as in iv. 3. 134 below. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 171, *J. C.* ii. 3. 16, *Ham.* iv. 7. 136, etc.

132. *His natural brother.* Halliwell remarks that "*natural* did not formerly imply, as now, illegitimacy." He quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585: "*Filius naturalis*, a natural or lawfully begotten sonne."

133. *Had as lief.* Good old English, but condemned by some modern grammar-mongers because they cannot "parse" it. *Lief* is the A. S. *leof*, dear. The comparative *liefer* or *lever* and the superlative *liefest* are common in our early writers. Cf. Gower (quoted by Tooke):

> "And let no thyng to thee be lefe
> Which to another man is grefe;"

and again:

> "Three pointes which, I fynde,
> Ben levest unto mans kynde;"

Chaucer, *C. T.* 10995: "It were me lever than twenty pound worth lond;" *Id.* 11004: "And he had lever talken with a page," etc. S. does not use *liefer*, but has *liefest* in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 164: "my liefest liege." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 33: "my liefest liefe" (my dearest love). We have both *lief* and *liefer* in *F. Q.* iii. 1. 24:

> "These six would me enforce by odds of might
> To chaunge my liefe, and love another Dame;
> That death me liefer were then such despight"—

that is, death would be more welcome to me than such despite. The old use of the comparative is also illustrated by *F. Q.* i. 9. 32: "For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

Lief, at first = dear, beloved, pleasing, came to mean willing. Spenser has *lief or loth** = willing or unwilling; as in *F. Q.* iii. 9. 13: "Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;" and *Id.* vi. 1. 44: "He up arose, however liefe or loth." From this the transition is easy to the adverbial use = willingly, as in *had as lief* = would as willingly. The forms *lief* and

* Cf. Chaucer's "For lefe ne lothe" (for friend nor enemy), "al be him loth or lefe" (whether it be disagreeable or agreeable to him), etc.

lieve are used interchangeably in the folios. The latter is not unknown in good writers of recent date. Mätzner quotes Sheridan: "I had as lieve be shot."

134. *Thou wert best.* Another old English idiom, now obsolete. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 3. 12: "Ay, and truly, you were best," etc. The pronoun was originally a dative (*to* you it were best), but came to be regarded as a nominative; as in *if you please*=if it please you (see on 85 above). See Gr. 230, 352, and cf. 190.

136. *Practise.* Use stratagems, plot (Schmidt). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 171: "Have practis'd dangerously against your state." Elsewhere it is followed by *on* or *upon;* as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 398, *Lear*, iii. 2. 57, *Oth.* ii. 1. 319, etc.

140. *Brotherly.* An adverb, as in the only other instances of the word in S.: 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 38, and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 158.

141. *Anatomize.* Used literally (=dissect) in *Lear*, iii. 6. 80; figuratively (as here and in ii. 7. 56 below) in *R. of L.* 1450, *A. W.* iv. 3. 37, etc.

147. *Gamester.* "A frolicsome fellow, a merry rogue" (Schmidt); as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 402 and *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 45. It means a gambler in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 44, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 119, etc.; and a harlot in *A. W.* v. 3. 188 and *Per.* iv. 6. 81.

148. *Than he.* See Gr. 206, and cf. lines 14 and 250 of the next scene.

Coleridge, writing of this passage in 1810, says: "This has always appeared to me one of the most un-Shakspearian speeches in all the genuine works of our poet; yet I should be nothing surprised, and greatly pleased, to find it hereafter a fresh beauty, as has so often happened to me with other supposed defects of great men."

In 1818, he adds: "It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakspeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily have presented to itself in connection with feelings and intentions so malignant, and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (*sit pro ratione voluntas!*) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."

149. *Full of noble device.* "Of noble conceptions and aims." Wr. adds that in a copy of the fourth folio which formerly belonged to Steevens he has marked these lines as descriptive of Shakespeare himself.

150. *Sorts.* Ranks, classes. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 230:

> "With voices and applause of every sort,
> Patricians and plebeians," etc.

152. *Misprised.* Undervalued, slighted. Cf. i. 2. 164 below, and *A. W.* iii. 2. 33; also the noun *misprision* in *A. W.* ii. 3. 159.

154. *Kindle.* Incite. Cf. *enkindle* in *Macb.* i. 3. 121. *Thither*=thereto. On *go about*=set about, undertake, see *M. N. D.* p. 177.

SCENE II.—The name of Rosalind, here taken by S. from Lodge, was a favourite one with our early poets (Halliwell).

1. *Sweet my coz.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 25: "dear my lord," etc. Gr. 13. *Coz* was the common abbreviation of *cousin*, on the use of which see *Rich. II.* p. 158.

3. *I.* Not in the folios; inserted by Rowe.

5. *Learn.* Teach; but always with the object expressed. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 12: "learn me how to love;" *Cymb.* i. 5. 12: "learn'd me how To make perfumes," etc. Gr. 291.

8. *So.* See on i. 1. 85 above, or Gr. 133; and for *so . . . as*, in 11, Gr. 275.

11. *Tempered.* "Having a certain state or quality, conditioned" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 265:

> "were your days
> As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd," etc.

See also *Hen. V.* p. 156.

14. *Nor none.* For the double negative, so common in S., see Gr. 406. Cf. 23 below.

15. *Like.* Likely, as very often in S. Cf. iv. 1. 63 below.

16. *Perforce.* Here = by force; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 95, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 121, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 26, etc. Elsewhere it is = of necessity; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 90, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 161, etc.

17. *Render.* Give back. Cf. ii. 5. 25 below; also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 383, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 127, etc.

22. *Withal.* See on i. 1. 121 above.

24. *A pure blush.* A blush and no more (Schmidt and M.); or, perhaps, a blush that has no shame in it (Wr.). *Come off* = get off, escape; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 128, *Cor.* ii. 2. 116, etc.

27. *The good housewife Fortune*, etc. Cf. *A and C.* iv. 15. 44: "That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel." There, as in *Hen. V.* v. i. 85 ("Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?") *housewife* or *huswife* (the latter is the usual spelling in the folio) is used contemptuously = hussy. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 515. J. H. thinks the word has that meaning here. Fortune is represented with a wheel, as Fluelen explains (*Hen. V.* iii. 6. 35), "to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation."

34. *Honest.* Chaste, virtuous; as often. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 2. 107, 136, etc.

35. *Ill-favouredly.* Ill-favoured, ugly. Cf. iii. 5. 53: "ill-favour'd children." Rowe thought it necessary to substitute *ill-favoured* here; but cf. iii. 2. 215: "looks he as freshly," etc. Schmidt (p. 1418) gives many examples of this use of adverbs for adjectives. For *favour* = face, see *J. C.* p. 131; and cf. *Gen.* xxix. 17, xxxix. 6, xli. 2, 3, 4, etc.

36. *From Fortune's office*, etc. "S. constantly harps on the motive powers of human action: nature, destiny, chance, art, custom. In this place, he playfully distinguishes nature from chance; in *W. T.* iv. 3, he argues that the resources of art are themselves gifts of nature:

> 'Nature still is bettered by no mean
> But nature made that mean.'

In *Mach.* i. 3 he shows that destiny can work itself without our help ('if

chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me'), and in *Ham.* iii. 4. 161, he splendidly exhibits the force of custom in 'almost changing the stamp of nature'" (M.).

39. *When Nature*, etc. "True that fortune does not make fair features; but she can mar them by some accident. So nature makes us able to philosophize, chance spoils our grave philosophy by sending us a fool" (M.).

44. *Natural.* Fool, idiot. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 37, and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 96.

47. *Who, perceiving*, etc. The folio reads: "who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall," etc. Malone inserted "and" before *hath;* the reading in the text is that of the 2d and later folios.

M. paraphrases the passage thus: "Or, perhaps, on the other hand, good mother Nature thinks us so dull that she sends us her 'natural' to sharpen our wits."

To reason of=to talk about, discuss. For *of*, see Gr. 174.

49. *Whetstone of the wits.* The title of Robert Recorde's Arithmetic is "The Whetstone of Witte."

50. *Wit! whither wander you?* "Wit, whither wilt?" (iv. 1. 151) was a proverbial saying; perhaps, as St. suggests, the beginning of some old ballad.

58. *Naught.* Worthless, bad. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 157: "the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught;" *Hen. V.* i. 2. 73: "corrupt and naught," etc. The word in this sense is usually spelled *naught* in the early eds.; but *nought* when it means nothing (Schmidt).

And yet was not the knight forsworn. Boswell quotes the old play of *Damon and Pithias:*

> "I haue taken a wise othe on him: have I not, trow ye,
> To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?
> As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,
> And breke his oth for this never a whit."

Halliwell compares *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 366 fol.

73. *Old Frederick.* The reading of the folios, which, however, assign the following speech to Rosalind. As Frederick was Celia's father (v. 4. 149), some editors have changed *Frederick* to "Ferdinand;" others have given, as we do, the next speech to Celia. The latter seems the simpler way out of the difficulty; and such errors in the names of characters are by no means rare in the early eds.

74. *To honour him enough.* The pointing of the folio. Some eds. follow Hanmer's "to honour him: enough!" but the original reading is quite in the manner of S.

75. *Taxation.* Satire, invective. Cf. *tax*=accuse, inveigh against, in ii. 7. 71, 86 below; also in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 46, *T. and C.* i. 3. 97, *Ham.* i. 4. 18, etc. We still speak of "taxing a person with" anything.

Whipping, as Douce shows, was the usual punishment of fools.

79. *By my troth.* The most common form of the petty oath of which *o' my troth! in troth! good troth!* and the simple *troth!* are variations. For *troth* in its original sense (=truth), cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 36: "to speak troth;" and see notes in our ed. pp. 151, 153.

80. *Was silenced.* "Perhaps referring to some recent inhibition of the players" (Wr.).

84. *Put on us.* Inflict on us, force upon us; or perhaps simply = tell us, as Schmidt and Wr. explain it. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 133, *T. N.* v. 1. 70, *Ham.* i. 3. 94, etc.

90. *Sport! of what colour?* The Coll. MS. gives "Spot!" and Coll. suggests that Celia is ridiculing Le Beau's affected pronunciation of the word; but *colour* may be = kind, as Schmidt makes it. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 145: "a fellow of the self-same colour," etc.

94. *Laid on with a trowel.* This was no doubt a proverbial hit at clumsy or gross flattery; but M. strangely explains it, "well rounded off into a jingle; the lines being pronounced

'As wit and fortune will. Or as
The destinies decree.'"

Schmidt thinks it is "probably = without ceremony."

95, 96. *Rank.* There is a similar play upon the word in *Cymb.* ii. 1. 17 (Schmidt).

97. *Amaze.* Confuse, put me in a maze. Cf. *V. and A.* 684: "a labyrinth to amaze his foes;" *K. John*, iv. 3. 140: "I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way;" *M. for M.* iv. 2. 224: "Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you," etc.

101. *To do.* A common idiomatic use of the infinitive active. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 2. 18: "What 's to do?" etc. Gr. 359. It is still in good use in many phrases; as "a house to let," for which some over-fastidious folk think it necessary to substitute "to be let."

104. *Comes.* The singular verb is often found before two singular subjects (Gr. 336), as well as before a plural subject (Gr. 335); and here we have a combination of the two cases.

106. *Proper.* Comely. See *Mer.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.* Cf. *Heb.* xi. 23.

108. *With bills on their necks.* Farmer and D. would make these words part of the preceding speech, and Coll. favours that arrangement. The *bill* was "a kind of pike or halberd, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen" (Nares). It was also used by foresters. Lodge describes Rosader "with his forrest bill on his necke," that is, on his shoulder. For the play upon *bill*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191 and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 135.

On the whole, we think that the entire speech belongs to Rosalind, and that the main pun, so to speak, is on *presence* and *presents*, as Johnson and Capell have suggested. Of course there may be a secondary play on the two senses of *bills*.

111. *Which Charles.* See Gr. 269; and for *that* = *so* that, Gr. 283.

115. *Dole.* Grief. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 283: "What dreadful dole is here!" *Ham.* i. 2. 13: "delight and dole," etc.

125. *Broken music.* Chappell (quoted by Wr.) says: "Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'"

For the play upon the expression, cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 263 and *T. and C.* iii. 1. 52.

The use of *see* here has troubled some of the critics. Warb. wished to read "set," and Heath "get;" but, as Johnson remarks, *see* is used colloquially for perception. Cf. *Luke*, xii. 55: "see the south wind blow;" Pope, *Odyssey:* "See from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh," etc. In the present case, we might say that, though Rosalind speaks of seeing "broken music," she has in mind the wrestling.

137. *Looks successfully.* Looks as if he would be successful. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 39: "But freshly looks;" *Temp.* iii. 1. 32: "You look wearily;" *Rich. III.* i. 4. 1: "Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?" etc. See also on 35 above.

138. *Are you crept?* Have you crept? See Gr. 295.

140. *So please you.* See on i. 1. 85 above.

142. *In the men.* The folios have "man," which some editors retain, but it is probably a misprint for "men."

148. *The princess calls.* Theo. changed this to "the princesses call;" Walker, D., and M. take "princess" to be a plural (Gr. 471). Coll. explains the passage thus: "Celia had desired Le Beau to call Orlando to her, and Orlando, seeing two ladies, very naturally answers, 'I attend *them*.'"

157. *Your eyes*, etc. Warb. substituted "our eyes" and "our judgment," as does the Coll. MS.; but the meaning, as Johnson notes, is "if you could use *your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know* yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you."

164. *Misprised.* See on i. 1. 152.

165. *Might.* May. Cf. Gr. 370, 371.

167. *Wherein.* Apparently used, as other relative words sometimes are, before the antecedent clause: Punish me not with your hard thoughts for denying you anything; wherein (in doing which) I confess myself much guilty. Johnson wished to read "therein," and M. Mason "herein." For the reflexive use of *me*, see Gr. 223.

170. *Gracious.* Favoured, acceptable. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 11 (cf. 170 and 429): "gracious in the eyes of Rome;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 117: "gracious in the people's eye." Schmidt makes it = happy, fortunate.

173. *Only*, etc. That is, I only fill up, etc. Cf. *Mach.* iii. 6. 2: "Only I say;" *J. C.* v. 4. 12: "Only I yield to die," etc. Gr. 420.

185. *Working.* S. often uses the word of mental operations (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 93. 11, *M. for M.* ii. 1. 10, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 33, etc.

190. *You mean*, etc. Theo. suggested that *An* should precede this sentence, and M. Mason *if;* but no change is called for. M. remarks that S. seems to have been thinking of 1 *Kings*, xx. 11.

191. *Come your ways.* Cf. ii. 3. 66 and iv. 1. 165 below.

192. *Speed.* Patron, protector. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 194: "Saint Dennis be my speed!" *R. and J.* v. 3. 121: "Saint Francis be my speed!" etc. The word often means good fortune, success; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 139, *W. T.* iii. 2. 146, etc. So the verb often = succeed; as in *A. W.* iii. 7. 44, *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 112, etc. It is also used in wishing success; as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 180: "God speed fair Helena!" etc. See also *Gen.* xxiv. 12 and 2 *John*, 10, 11.

197. *Should down.* A common ellipsis in S. See Gr. 405.

199. *Well-breathed.* In full breath, well started. Schmidt compares the Fr. *mis en haleine.* Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 50: "as swift As breathed stags;" *A. and C.* iii. 13. 178: "I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd;" *L. L. L.* v. 2. 659:

> "A man so breath'd that certain he would fight: yea
> From morn till night."

209. *Still.* Constantly. Gr. 69.

210. *Shouldst.* We should say "wouldst." Gr. 322.

216. *Calling.* "Appellation; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word" (Steevens). Elsewhere S. uses it in the modern sense; but (with the exception of *Per.* iv. 2. 43) only of the ecclesiastical profession.

221. *Unto.* In addition to. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 97: "Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee." For *to* in the same sense, see Gr. 185.

225. *At heart.* To the heart. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 202. For the omission of the article, see Gr. 90.

227. *But justly as.* Just as, only as (Caldecott). Hanmer and Steevens omit *all.* The 2d folio has "all in."

229. *This.* A chain; as appears from iii. 2. 169.

Out of suits, etc. Either "turned out of the service of Fortune and stripped of her livery" (Steevens), or "out of her books or graces" (Johnson). "Out of sorts" is an anonymous emendation.

230. *Could.* Could with a good will, would like to. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 131: "The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on."

232. *My better parts.* Caldecott quotes *Macb.* v. 8. 18: "For it hath cow'd my better part of man."

234. *A quintain.* That is, a mere wooden image of a man. The *quintain*, in its simplest form, was an upright post, with a cross-bar turning on a pivot at the top; at one end of this bar was a broad target, at the other a heavy sand-bag. The sport was to ride at full speed at the target, hit it with a lance, and get out of the way before the sand-bag should swing round and strike the tilter on the back. The figure of a Saracen, with a shield on his left arm, and a drawn sabre in his right hand, sometimes took the place of the post with its cross-bar. Running at the quintain is said to have been a favourite sport at country weddings in Oxfordshire as late as the end of the 17th century. According to Halliwell, a quintain is still preserved at Offham, in Kent, the owner of the estate being obliged under some ancient tenure to support it. The same editor quotes Minsheu, *Dict.* 1617: "A quintaine or quintelle, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dick, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland;" also Randolph, *Poems*, 1642:

> "Foot-ball with us may be with them balloone;
> As they at tilts, so we at quintaine run;
> And those old pastimes relish best with me,
> That have least art, and most simplicitie."

237. *Overthrown more*, etc. Cf. what Celia says in iii. 2. 197: "It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant."

239. *Have with you.* I'll go with you; a common idiom. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 161, 229, 239, iii. 2. 93, *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 151, *Cor.* ii. 1. 286, etc.

241. *Conference.* Conversation; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 229: "the conference was sadly borne," etc. For the measure, see Gr. 494.

243. *Or . . . or.* See Gr. 136.

247. *Condition.* Temper, disposition (Johnson). Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint," etc. The word is here a quadrisyllable. See Gr. 479.

248. *Misconstrues.* The folio has "misconsters," the old spelling of the word, which Halliwell and W. retain. So *construe* was spelled and pronounced "conster."

249. *Humorous.* Capricious. Cf. ii. 3. 8 and iv. 1. 18 below. See also *K. John*, iii. 1. 119: "her humorous ladyship" [Fortune], etc.

250. *I.* See on i. 1. 148 above, and cf. iii. 2. 144 below.

253. *Was.* Changed by Halliwell to "were;" but see Gr. 333 and cf. 412.

255. *Smaller.* The folio has "taller;" but cf. i. 3. 113 and iv. 3. 87 below. We adopt Malone's emendation, as nearest to the old text. Cf. Greene, *James IV.*: "my small son." "Shorter," "lower," and "lesser" are other modern readings.

262. *Argument.* Cause, reason. Cf. iii. 1. 3 below; also *M. W.* ii. 2. 256, *T. N.* iii. 3. 12, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 148, etc.

265. *On my life.* A common oath. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 200, *W. T.* v. i. 43, etc. So *O' my life* (*M. W.* i. 1. 40), *by my life* (iv. 1. 143 and v. 2. 65 below), etc.

267. *In a better world.* In better times. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 78: "in this new world" (this new state of things); *T. and C.* iii. 2. 180: "in the world to come" (in coming time, in future generations), etc.

269. *Rest.* Remain. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 152: "rest debtor;" *W. T.* iii. 3. 49: "still rest thine," etc. See also iii. 2. 64 below. On *bounden*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 29; and see Gr. 344.

270. *From the smoke*, etc. That is, from bad to worse. *Smother*= "thick and suffocating smoke" (Schmidt).

SCENE III.—11. *My child's father.* That is, him whom I hope to marry. Rowe (2d ed.) changed it to "my father's child," which is approved by Coleridge and H., and adopted by K., D., and Coll., who finds it in the Coll. MS. But, as M. remarks, "S. would have smiled at the emendation." The original reading would undoubtedly be indelicate now, but it was not considered so in the poet's day. Besides, the change is inconsistent with the conduct of the dialogue, in which Rosalind is represented as constantly thinking and speaking of her lover (Halliwell). For a fuller discussion of the subject, see White's *Shakespeare's Scholar.*

12. *This working-day world.* This every-day life of ours. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 55: "but a worky-day fortune."

18. *Hem them away.* Cough them away; as if the "burs" were in her throat or chest (M.). In *cry hem and have him*, there is perhaps a play on *hem* and *him.*

26. *On such a sudden.* Not elsewhere used by S. *On the sudden*

seems to be his favourite phrase, but he uses also *on a sudden* and *of a sudden*. *With* = for. For other peculiar uses of *with*, see Gr. 193, 194.

31. *Chase.* That is, *following* the argument; "alluding, possibly, to the *deer*, quibbling on the word *dearly*" (Halliwell). For a play on *dear* and *deer*, see *V. and A.* 231, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 115, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, etc.

32. *Dearly.* Heartily. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 43; and see *Temp.* p. 124 (note on *The dear'st o' th' loss*) or *Rich. II.* p. 154.

35. *Deserve well.* Deserve *it* well; that is, to be hated. Rosalind purposely misinterprets the phrase. Theo. wished to read "Why should I hate?" Malone explains it thus: "Celia answers Rosalind, who had desired her *not to hate* Orlando, as if she had said *love* him."

39. *Safest haste.* "The haste which is your best safety" (M.). "Fastest haste" is a stupid suggestion of the Coll. MS.

40. *Cousin.* Niece; as in *T. N.* i. 3. 5, *T. and C.* i. 2. 44, etc. Elsewhere S. uses it for nephew, uncle, brother-in-law, and grandchild; also as a mere complimentary form of address between princes, etc.

41. *If that.* For *that* as "a conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287. Cf. 47 just below.

45. *If with myself*, etc. If I know my own mind.

51. *Purgation.* Exculpation. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 152: "and fair purgation," etc. See also v. 4. 43 below.

61. *My father was no traitor.* "Rosalind's brave spirit will not allow her to defend herself at her father's expense, or to separate her cause from his. There are few passages in S. more instinctively true and noble than this. She had *not* offended her uncle, even in thought, though every one else was doing so. But the least suggestion that her father is a traitor rouses her in arms to defend him" (M.).

62. *Good my liege.* See on i. 2. 1 above.

63. *To think.* As to think. See Gr. 281. *My poverty* – one so poor as I.

65. *Stay'd.* See on i. 1. 7 above.

68. *Remorse.* Pity, compassion. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 20: "mercy and remorse;" *K. John*, iii. 4. 50: "tears of soft remorse," etc. The only meaning of *remorseful* in S. is compassionate, and of *remorseless* (as in our day) pitiless.

69. *That time..* At that time. Wr. quotes *A. and C.* ii. 5. 18:

> "That time—O times!—
> I laugh'd him out of patience."

71. *Still.* See on i. 2. 209 above.

72. *At an instant.* For *an* = one, see Gr. 81.

73. *Juno's swans.* M. says "the swans which draw Juno's chariot;" but we are not aware of any classical authority for this. Her chariot was drawn by peacocks, as S. himself makes it in *Temp.* iv. 1. 73. Wr. suggests that we ought to read "Venus'" here, as Ovid (*Met.* x. 708) represents her as drawn by swans; but S. (*Temp.* iv. 1. 94) describes her as "dove-drawn," which is also in accordance with the old mythology. S. probably wrote "Juno's" here, forgetting or confusing the ancient fables for the moment, as the Rugby master seems to have done above.

76. *Patience.* A trisyllable here. Gr. 479.

79. *Show.* Appear; as often in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 366: "Show'd like two silver doves;" *R. of L.* ded. 5: "my duty would show greater;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 196: "doth then show likest God's," etc. For the thought Wr. compares *A. and C.* ii. 3. 28:

> "Thy lustre thickens
> When he shines by."

85. *Provide yourself.* Prepare yourself, get ready to go. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 7: "We will ourselves provide," etc.

94. *No, hath not?* The pointing of the folio, which seems well enough. Sr. and Halliwell read "no hath not;" and the latter calls it "a singular idiom, found also in other plays, which perhaps would be better understood by the modern reader if printed *no 'hath not.'*"

95. *Which teacheth thee*, etc. "Which ought to teach you as it has already taught me" (M.). Theo. changed *thee* to "me" and *am* to "are;" but the sense does not require the former change, nor the grammar—that is, Elizabethan grammar—the latter one. Even the learned Ben Jonson could write (*The Fox*, ii. 1) "both it and I am at your service," and (*Cynthia's Revels*, i. 1) "My thoughts and I am for this other element, water." Cf. Gr. 412.

100. *The charge.* The 1st folio has "your change," the other folios "your charge." Sr. proposed *the charge*, which D. and W. adopt. Malone explains "your change" as "your *change* or *reverse of fortune.*"

102. *For, by this heaven*, etc. "By this heaven, or the light of heaven, with its lustre faded in sympathy with our feelings" (Caldecott).

105. *To seek my uncle*, etc. Campbell remarks: "Before I say more of this dramatic treasure, I must absolve myself by a confession as to some of its improbabilities. Rosalind asks her cousin Celia, 'Whither shall we go?' and Celia answers, 'To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.' But, arrived there, and having purchased a cottage and sheep-farm, neither the daughter nor niece of the banished Duke seem to trouble themselves much to inquire about either father or uncle. The lively and natural-hearted Rosalind discovers no impatience to embrace her sire until she has finished her masked courtship with Orlando. But Rosalind was in love, as I have been with the comedy these forty years; and love is blind—for until a late period my eyes were never couched so as to see this objection. The truth, however, is, that love is *wilfully* blind; and now that my eyes are opened, I shut them against the fault. Away with your best-proved improbabilities, when the heart has been touched and the fancy fascinated! When I think of the lovely Mrs. Jordan in this part, I have no more desire for proofs of probability on this subject (though 'proofs pellucid as the morning dews'), than for 'the cogent logic of a bailiff's writ.'"

108. *Beauty provoketh thieves*, etc. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 393:

> "But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
> Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
> Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
> To save her blossoms and defend her fruit," etc.

112. *Stir.* Excite, rouse. Cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 74: "I am sorry I have thus far stirred you," etc.

113. *Because that.* See on 41 above, or Gr. 287; and for *common*, Gr. 1.

114. *Suit me all points.* Dress myself in all respects. For the omission of the preposition, see Gr. 202.

115. *Curtle-axe.* Cutlass. It is the Fr. *coutelas*, which from the form *courtelas* became corrupted into *curtlass*, *curtlaxe*, and *curtle-axe*. These are but a few of the old spellings, but will serve to show how a sword was gradually turned into an "axe." Spenser (*F. Q.* iv. 2. 42) calls it "curtaxe." *Cutlash* and *cutlace* (Johnson) were later forms. For the derivation of the word, see Wb.

118. *Swashing.* Swaggering, blustering. Cf. *swasher* = braggart, bully, in *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 30. *Swashbuckler* was used in the same sense. Caldecott quotes *Antichrist*, 1550: "Swashing abbottes, which will be called and regarded as princes, and kepe a state, as if they were lordes."

119. *Mannish.* Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 236: "though now our voices Have got the mannish crack;" and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 217: "A woman impudent and mannish grown."

120. *Outface it.* Face it out. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 94: "Scambling, outfacing, fashion-monging boys." For the use of *it*, see Gr. 226.

126. *Aliena.* Wr. says, "with the accent on the second syllable;" but surely *Celia* is a trisyllable, as in 65 above, and *Aliena* accented on the penult, as it ought to be.

127. *Assay'd.* Tried, attempted. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 207: "Assays to lead the way," etc.

131. *Woo.* Solicit, gain over. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 4. 28: "Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles;" *T. and C.* iii. 1. 162: "I must woo you To help unarm our Hector," etc.

135. *Go we in content.* The reading of the later folios; the first has "in we." *Content* is a noun, as in iii. 2. 24 below.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Exile.* Accented on the last syllable, as in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 20, 140 (but *éxile* in 13 and 43), v. 3. 211, etc. S. also uses the verb with both accents.

2. *Old custom.* Continued habit.

5. *Here feel we not*, etc. This is the reading of the folios, retained by Caldecott, Halliwell, K., V., and H. Most editors follow Theo. in reading "feel we but." K., following Whiter, thus defends the old text: "We ask, what is 'the penalty of Adam?' All the commentators say, 'the seasons' difference.' On the contrary, it was, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty:

> 'On me the curse aslope
> Glanced on the ground; *with labour I must earn*
> *My bread;* what harm? Idleness had been worse.'

The beautiful passage in Cowper's *Task*, describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader:

> 'See him sweating o'er his bread
> Before he eats it. 'T is the *primal curse*,
> But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
> Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.'

'The seasons' difference,' it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and was in no respect a *penalty*. We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested,

> 'Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam?'

In the first act, Charles the Wrestler, describing the Duke and his comates, says, they 'fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world*.' One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel:

> 'Oh! happy golden age!
> Not for that rivers ran
> With streams of milk and honey dropp'd from trees;
> Not that the earth did gage
> Unto the husbandman
> Her voluntary fruits, free without fees.'

The song of Amiens, in the fifth scene of this act, conveys, we think, the same allusion—

> 'Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> *Seeking the food he eats,*
> *And pleas'd with what he gets.*'

The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from the 'penalty of Adam.' We close, therefore, the sentence at 'Adam.' 'The seasons' difference' is now the antecedent of 'these are counsellors;' the freedom of construction common to Shakespeare and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptation of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, 'The differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am; —as, for example, the winter's wind—which, when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, this is no flattery.' We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the *Paradise Lost*, Adam alludes to 'the seasons' difference,' but in no respect as part of the curse:

> 'With labour I must earn
> My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse.
> My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
> Or heat should injure us, his timely care
> Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
> Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd.
> How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear
> Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
> And teach us further by what means to shun
> Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.'"

On the other hand, W., Wr., and M. take the ground that "the seasons' difference" *was* the penalty of Adam. Wr. quotes Bacon, who says that in the golden age of Paradise there was "a spring all the year round;" and M. refers to Milton, *P. L.* x. 668–679.

It is not easy to choose between the two readings, and in such cases our rule is to adhere to the early text. We shall not quarrel with those who prefer the very plausible emendation of Theo.

6. *As.* As for instance, namely. Cf. iv. 3. 141 below. See also *Macb.* v. iii. 25, etc. Gr. 113.

8. *Which.* As to which. See Gr. 272.

13. *Like the toad*, etc. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 138: "venom toads;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 148: "Never hung poison on a fouler toad," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 228. Halliwell says that a woodcut in *A New Years Gifte to the Pope's Holinesse*, 1579, represents a monk of Swinstead Abbey extracting poison from a toad, with which he poisons King John. The same editor gives many quotations to show that better naturalists than S. believed in the *toad-stone*, the "precious jewel" of the text. Fenton, in his *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, 1569, says that "there is founde in the heades of old and great toades, a stone which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the head of a hee toad, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone." The Italian physician Camillo, in his *Speculum Lapidum*, describes it by the names of Borax, Nosa, and Crapondinus, and as being found in the brain of a toad just killed. Its virtues are also set forth in Lupton's *Thousand Notable Things*, 1586, in Topsell's *History of Serpents*, 1608, and by other learned writers of the time. Fuller, in his *Church History*, tells us that "some report that the toad before her death sucks up, if not prevented with sudden reprisal, the precious stone, as yet but a jelly, in her head, grudging mankind the good thereof."

Allusions to the toad-stone are frequent in the literature of that day. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia* (see p. 10 above), says: "As the foule toade hath a faire stone in his head; the fine golde is founde in the filthie earth; the sweete kernell lyeth in the harde shell," etc. Lyly, in his *Euphues*, also says that "the foule toad hath a faire stone in his head." Cf. B. and F., *Monsieur Thomas:*

> "in most physicians' heads
> There is a kind of toadstone bred;"

Ben Jonson, *The Fox:* "His saffron jewel with the toadstone in it," etc.

18. *I would not change it.* The folios make these words the end of the preceding speech, but Upton has been generally followed in transferring them to Amiens. Capell defends the old text.

21. *Go and kill us.* See on i. 1. 68; and for *us*, Gr. 223.

22. *Irks me.* Cf. the *Eton Latin Grammar:* "Taedet, it irketh." See also 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 105: "it irks his heart;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 6: "it irks my very soul." S. uses the word only three times. *Irksome* occurs in iii. 5. 94 below.

Fool is sometimes used as "a term of endearment or pity" (Schmidt). Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 18: "Do not weep, poor fools;" 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 36: "So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean," etc. Halliwell quotes a poem by Harington, addressed to his wife:

> "Thus then I doe rejoice in that thou grievest.
> And yet, sweet foole, I love thee, thou beleevest."

23. *Burghers.* Citizens. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 10: "Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood." In Sidney's *Arcadia* (quoted by Steevens) deer are called "the wild burgesses of the forest;" and in Drayton's *Polyolbion* the hart is "a burgess of the wood." Malone adds from Lodge's novel,

"About her wond'ring stood
The citizens of the wood."

24. *Confines.* For the accent, cf. *Sonn.* 83. 4: "In whose confine immured is the store," etc. S. oftener accents it on the first syllable; as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 272: "Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice," etc. Cf. Gr. 490.

Forked heads. Of arrows. Wr. quotes Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "Commodus the Emperoure vsed forked heades, whose facion Herodaine doeth lyuely and naturally describe, sayinge that they were lyke the shap of a new mone wherwyth he would smite of the heade of a birde and neuer misse."

26. *Jaques.* A dissyllable, as always in S. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 4. 4: "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;" *Id.* iii. 5. 98: "There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound," etc.

27. *In that kind.* In that way. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 70: "if the prince do solicit you in that kind," etc.

30. *Lay along.* Lay at full length. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 15: "That now on Pompey's basis lies along," etc See also iii. 2. 225 below.

"Shakspeare," said Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate: but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination. Thus, in *As You Like It*, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line—

'Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakspeare, the 'antique' root furnishes the whole picture."

Steevens quotes Gray's *Elegy*, 101:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

31. *Antique.* Spelt *antique* or *antick* in the early eds. without regard to the meaning, but always accented on the first syllable. See *Macb.* p. 234.

33. *Sequester'd.* Separated from his companions. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 75: "Why are you sequester'd from all your train?" Here the accent is on the first syllable, as in the noun in *Oth.* iii. 4. 40: "A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer." In *T. and C.* iii. 3. 8, it is accented as in the text.

36. *The wretched animal*, etc. In a marginal note to a similar passage

in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is said that "the harte weepeth at his dying: his tears are held to be precious in medicine." We find the same idea in Batman, Sidney, and other writers of the time. Malone quotes Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 500:

> "Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
> Successitque gemens stabulis; questuque, cruentus,
> Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

39. *Cours'd.* Chased. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 21: "We cours'd him at the heels," etc.

41. *The melancholy Jaques.* M. observes: "To furnish a marked contrast to these characters [Orlando, Rosalind, and the Duke]—to assail them one after another with attempts to shake their trust in mankind—to whisper sneers against love and happiness—to suggest that their life, simple though it is, still has the taint of the world upon it—and to patronize enthusiastically such rascalities as accident brings there—is the part assigned to the melancholy Jaques; a character created, with consummate skill, to throw the whole meaning of the play into a clear light, and to bring out the moral lesson conveyed by it. He has been most profligate in his youth; has travelled in Italy, the mother of all iniquities, to gain experience there; and has spent his estate in so doing. He is therefore persuaded that the knowledge of human nature which he has thus gained will be of great service to the world, if it can only be induced to listen. But how instantly and humiliatingly is he put to rout by the three glad hearts that he tries to sour! Orlando absolutely refuses to rail against the world in his company, and reciprocates with a hearty good will, though jocosely, all Jaques' expressions of antipathy to his ways of thinking. Rosalind sarcastically asks him about his travels. What have they done for him? Has he learned to despise home dress and home manners? sold his own lands to see other people's? learned to chide God for making him the countryman he is? And what is this melancholy of which he boasts? Something as bad or worse than the most giddy merriment; something that incapacitates him from action as completely and more permanently than drunkenness. Above all, the Duke tells him, without the slightest reserve, although with perfect good humour, that his gifts as a moralist can do nothing for the world; that his former life unfits him to be a reformer; that if he attempts such a task, he will only corrupt the world by his experience; and to all these buffetings, right hand and left, Jaques replies in a way which shows that he is incapable of understanding their depth of meaning. He escapes from Rosalind and Orlando because he does not like the 'blank verse' they talk; and shirks the admonition of the Duke and all its serious wisdom, by arguing that no one would have a right to be offended by satire of a general character, or need apply it to himself—as if the Duke had been admonishing him to avoid offending others, and not to avoid corrupting others."

For a similar (but earlier) view of Jaques's character, see White's *Shakespeare's Scholar* (New York, 1854) or his *Tale of the Forest of Arden* in the *Galaxy* for April, 1875. In the latter he remarks: "What Jaques called melancholy was what we now call cynicism—a sullen,

scoffing, snarling spirit. And this Jaques had. He was simply a cynic, and a very bitter one. . . . He was one of those men who believe in nothing good, and who, as the reason of their lack of faith in human nature and of hope of human happiness, and their want of charity, tell us that they have seen the world. . . . In brief, Jaques was Falstaff, without his fat and his humour."

See also Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries*, trans. by Miss Bunnett, revised ed. (1875), p. 393 fol.*

42. *Th' extremest verge.* The very edge. S. accents *extreme* on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10 (Schmidt). *Extremest*, which he uses often, has the modern accent. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 138, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 47, etc.

44. *Moralize.* Moralize upon, draw a moral from. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 81: "I pray thee, moralize them," etc.

46. *Into.* Changed by Pope to "in." Cf. Gr. 159.

Needless. Not needing it. Cf. *careless* = uncared for (*Macb.* i. 4. 11), *sightless* = unseen (*Macb.* i. 7. 23), etc. Gr. 4. Steevens quotes *L. C.* 38–40 and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 8.

49. *Being there.* As to his being there.

50. *Of.* By. Gr. 170. *Velvet*—"sleek and prosperous" (Wr.), or "soft, delicate" (Schmidt). The folios have "friend," which Halliwell, K., and V. retain.

52. *Flux.* Flow, confluence. S. uses the word only here and in iii. 2. 63 below.

57. *Bankrupt.* M. remarks: "A few dates will show the painful reality of this simile to S. His own father had been bankrupt at Strat-

* On the other hand, Hudson (*Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Characters*. 1872, vol. i. p. 343) says: "Jaques is, I believe, an universal favourite, as indeed he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. . . . Shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character, he represents the abstract and sum-total of an utterly useless yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. . . . On the whole, if in Touchstone there is much of the philosopher in the fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the philosopher; so that the German critic, Ulrici, is not so wide of the mark in calling them 'two fools.'"

Ulrici (*Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*. trans. from the 3d. ed. by L. D. Schmitz. 1876, vol. ii. p. 18) says: "The melancholy Jaques is not the fool by profession, he appears rather to be simply a comic character *par excellence;* but his meditative superficiality, his witty sentimentality, his merry sadness, have taken so complete a hold of his nature, that it seems to contradict itself, and therefore upon a closer examination distinctly bears the impress of folly, although it certainly is an original kind of folly."

Dowden (see p. 20 above) remarks: "The melancholy of Jaques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humour, a petted foible of character, melancholy prepense and cultivated. . . . Jaques died, we know not how or when or where; but he came to life again a century later, and appeared in the world as an English clergyman; we need stand in no doubt as to his character, for we all know him under his later name of Lawrence Sterne. . . . His whole life is unsubstantial and unreal; a curiosity of dainty mockery. To him 'all the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;' to him sentiment stands in place of passion; an æsthetic, amateurish experience of various modes of life stands in place of practical wisdom; and words in place of deeds. . . . The world, not as it is, but as it mirrors itself in his own mind, which gives to each object a humorous distortion; this is what alone interests Jaques. Shakspere would say to us, 'This egotistic, contemplative, unreal manner of teaching life is only a delicate kind of foolery. Real knowledge of life can never be acquired by the curious seeker for experiences.' But this Shakspere says in his non-hortatory, undogmatic way."

ford. From 1579 he had been 'warned,' and had ceased to attend the market. In 1586 he was superseded in his position as alderman; and in 1592 it is mentioned that he 'coome not to churche for feare of processe for debt.'"

59. *The country.* The article is omitted in the 1st folio, but inserted in the 2d. *The body* = "the whole system" (M.).

62. *Up.* Often used, as now, to "impart to verbs the sense of completion" (Schmidt). Cf. "dries up" (*V. and A.* 756), "burnt up" (*Temp.* iii. 1. 17), "mould up" (*Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 27), "poisons up" (*L. L. L.* iv. 3. 305), etc. Caldecott quotes Robinson's trans. of More's *Utopia:* "olde age kylleth them vp;" and Ascham, *Toxophilus:* "were quyte slayne vp."

67. *Cope.* Encounter. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 78: "to cope malicious censurers;" *V. and A.* 888: "who shall cope him first?" etc.

68. *Matter.* Good sense. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 344: "all mirth and no matter;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 95: "more matter with less art," etc.

SCENE II.—3. *Are of consent and sufferance.* That is, have connived at it and allowed it. M. says: "This is a quasi-legal term, applied to a landlord who takes no steps to eject a tenant whose time is expired."

7. *Untreasur'd.* Used by S. only here; and *treasure* (= enrich) only in *Sonn.* 6. 3.

8. *Roynish.* Scurvy, mean (Fr. *rogneux*). Cf. *ronyon* (*Macb.* i. 3. 6 and *M. W.* iv. 2. 195), which has the same origin.

13. *Parts.* Gifts, qualities; as in i. 1. 131 above. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 118: "I thy parts admire," etc. *Graces* = attractions. Cf. *Sonn.* 103. 12: "your graces and your gifts." *Wrestler* is here a trisyllable. See Gr. 477.

17. *Brother.* M. Mason suggested "brother's," since *the gallant* is Orlando.

19. *Suddenly.* Quickly. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 1. 6: "Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly." See also ii. 4. 95 below.

20. *Inquisition.* Inquiry; as in the only other instance of the word in S. (*Temp.* i. 2. 35). *Quail* = flag, slacken.

SCENE III.—3. *Memory.* Memorial, reminder. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 77:

> "a good memory
> And witness of the malice and displeasur
> Which thou shouldst bear me."

4. *What make you here?* Cf. i. 1. 26 and iii. 2. 206.

7. *So fond*, etc. So foolish as. Gr. 281. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 9:

> "I do wonder,
> Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
> To come abroad with him at his request."

On *fond*, see *Mer.* p. 152.

8. *The bonny priser.* The gallant prize-fighter. The 1st folio has "bonnie," the later folios "bonny." Warb. changed it to "bony" (= big-boned, sturdy), but S. does not use the word elsewhere, and it is doubtful whether it had that sense in his day. He has *bonny* several times = blithe, and once (2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 12: "the bonny beast he lov'd so well")

with quite the same force as here. *Priser*, or *prizer*, he uses only here and in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 56, where it is=appraiser. For *humorous* see on i. 2. 249.

12. *No more do yours.* Schmidt makes *no more*=as much, and adds that "we should expect *no less*." He finds a parallel instance in the troublesome passage in *A. W.* i. 3. 170: "I care no more for than I do for heaven," etc. It is really to be classed, we think, with the many peculiar cases of "double negative" which he discusses in his Appendix, p. 1420; such as *V. and A.* 478: "To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd" (where *marr'd*—we should say *made*—duplicates the idea in *hurt*); *M. of V.* iv. 1. 162: "Let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation" (either=no motive to let him lack, or=no impediment to let him have); *Cymb.* i. 4. 23: "a beggar without less quality" (="with less," or "without more," both of which have been proposed as emendations), etc. In the present passage *but as enemies*=nothing else than enemies, and *No more do yours* is an emphatic reiteration of the implied negative.

There are other passages, as Schmidt has noted, in which "a negative seems to be wanting, as being borne in mind, though not expressed;" as iii. 2. 27 below: "he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding" (that is, of not having had good breeding), etc. See also on ii. 4. 70 below.

15. *Envenoms.* Poisons. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 63, *Ham.* iv. 7. 104, etc. There may be an allusion to the poisoned garment and diadem which Medea sent to Creusa, or the poisoned tunic of Hercules (Wr.).

17. *Within.* Capell would read "beneath;" but D. compares Chapman, *Odyss.* xiv. 279: "Within your roofe;" and Wr. quotes B. and F., *Love's Pilgrimage*, iv. 1: "Enter my roof."

23. *Use.* Are accustomed. We still use the past tense of the verb in this sense, but not the present. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing;" *T. N.* ii. 5. 104: "with which she uses to seal;" *A. and C.* ii. 5. 32: "we use To say the dead are well," etc. See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 67: "Were it not better done, as others use," etc.

26. *Practices.* Plottings. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 90: "the practices of France;" *Id.* ii. 2. 144: "And God acquit them of their practices!" etc.

27. *Place.* That is, "place for you" (M. Mason). Cf. Fletcher, *Mad Lover*, i. 2:

> "*Memnon.* Why were there not such women in the camp then,
> Prepar'd to make me know 'em?
> *Eumenes.* 'T was no place, sir."

Or, perhaps, *place*=dwelling-place, residence; as Schmidt explains it. Cf. *L. C.* 82: "Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;" *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 69: "Did Julius Cæsar build that place [the Tower], my lord?" So "Crosby Place" (the quarto reading in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 213, etc.)= Crosby House; "Eltham Place" (1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 156)=Eltham House, etc.

Butchery here=slaughter-house; elsewhere (as in *Rich. III.* i. 2. 54, 100, etc.)=slaughter.

36. *Subject.* Wr. remarks: "with the accent on the last syllable, as

in *Temp.* i. 2. 114." This is the modern pronunciation of the verb, at least in this country; and it is the only one in S. See *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 176 and *K. John*, i. 1. 264, which are the only other instances.

37. *Diverted blood.* Alienated or perverted relationship. The Coll. MS. has "a diverted, proud, and bloody brother," but Coll. does not put it in his text.

39. *The thrifty hire I saved.* That is, the wages which I was thrifty in saving. The adjective is proleptic, as in ii. 7. 132: "two weak evils." Cf. also *Macb.* i. 3. 84: "the insane root;" *Id.* iii. 4. 76: "the gentle weal," etc.

42. *Thrown.* For the ellipsis of the auxiliary, see Gr. 403. "Be lame" has been suggested to obviate the irregularity in construction, but no change is called for.

43, 44. Cf. *Job* xxxviii. 41, *Psalms* lxxxiv. 3, cxlvii. 9, *Matt.* x. 29, and *Luke* xii. 6, 24.

49. *In my blood.* "These words seem by a kind of zeugma to belong both to the verb *apply* and to the adjectives *hot* and *rebellious*" (M.). Capell wished to read "to my blood."

50. *Nor did not.* Cf. ii. 4. 8 below. Gr. 406. *Unbashful*=shameless. *Woo the means*=seek pleasures that are the cause.

57. *Constant.* Faithful. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 5: "Constant loyalty;" *Cymb.* i. 5. 75:

> "a sly and constant knave,
> Not to be shak'd," etc.

For *service* the Coll. MS. substitutes "favour;" and somebody has suggested "servants" for *service* in the next line. No change is necessary. Cf. the repetition of *sweat* and *having* in the context, and many similar repetitions elsewhere in S.

58. *Sweat.* Past tense; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 205, *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 33, etc. It is also used for the participle; as in *T. of A.* iii. 2. 28. Cf. Gr. 341.

60. *Promotion.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 247, and cf. i. 3. 76.

61. *And having*, etc. "Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished" (Johnson).

63. *A rotten tree.* M. remarks here: "Orlando *says* melancholy things, as in i. 2; but his elastic mind rises instantly from such thoughts; and in a few moments he anticipates 'some settled low content.' A fine instance of the same manly temper is found in *Iliad* vi., where Hector at one moment dwells sorrowfully on his wife's inevitable doom of slavery at Argos (447–465), and the next thinks of her as a joyful Trojan mother welcoming back her victorious son (476–481)."

65. *In lieu of.* In return for; the only meaning in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 130, *M. of V.* iv. 1. 410, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 255, etc.

66. *Come thy ways.* See on i. 2. 191 above.

68. *Some settled low content.* Some place where we may get a humble living and settle down contented; a good example of Shakespearian condensation of language.

71. *Seventeen.* The folios have "seauentie" or "seventy," which Rowe corrected.

74. *Too late a week.* Probably a proverbial phrase, like a "day too late

for the fair." Wr. thinks that *a week* may be = "i' the week." Cf. *a-night*, ii. 4. 44 below.

SCENE IV.—1. *Weary.* The folios have "merry," which was corrected by Theo. Whiter and Halliwell retain "merry," on the ground that Rosalind is trying to comfort Celia by an assumed cheerfulness.

4. *I could find in my heart.* I am almost inclined. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 16: "I could find in my heart to stay here;" *A. W.* ii. 5. 13: "I cannot yet find in my heart to repent," etc. In *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 24 it is "find *it* in my heart."

5. *The weaker vessel.* Cf. 1 *Pet.* iii. 7.

6. *Doublet and hose.* Coat and breeches. According to Fairholt (*Costume in England*, quoted by Wr.) the *doublet* was so called from "being made of double stuff padded between. . . . The doublet was close, and fitted tightly to the body; the skirts reaching a little below the girdle." The same writer says of *hose*, "This word, now applied solely to the stocking, was originally used to imply the breeches or chausses."

9. *I had rather.* Good old English, like *had as lief*, etc. See on i. 1. 133 above, or *Mer.* p. 132.

For the play on *bear* and *bear with*, cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 125 and *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 128.

10. *Bear no cross.* The old English penny was called a *cross* from bearing the impress of one. For the play upon the word, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 253. Halliwell quotes Heywood, *Epigrammes:*

> "It will make a cross on this gate, yea crosse no;
> Thy crosses be on thy gates all, in thy purse no."

16. *Look you.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 132, etc. In *W. T.* iii. 3. 116 we have "look thee" (Gr. 212). Some eds. point "who comes here?"

17. *Solemn talk.* Earnest or serious conversation. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 227, etc.

27. *Fantasy.* Love; like *fancy* (cf. iii. 5. 29 and v. 4. 145), which is only a contracted form of the same word. It occurs again in the same sense in v. 2. 87 below.

34. *Wearing.* The reading of the 1st folio; the later ones have "Wearying," which means the same. Cf. *A. W.* v. 1. 4: "To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs." Whiter quotes Ben Jonson, *Masque of the Gypsies:* "Only time and ears out-wearing." W. prints "wear'ing."

36. *Broke.* Cf. *spoke* in 1. 1. 78. Gr. 343.

40. *Searching of.* In searching of, or a-searching of. See Gr. 178.

41. *By hard adventure.* By bad luck, unfortunately.

44. *A-night.* By night. Gr. 24. Cf. Chaucer, *Legende of Goode Women*, 1473:

> "yf that any straunge wyghte
> With tempest thider were yblow anyghte."

45. *Batlet.* The small *bat* used for beating clothes while washing them. The 1st folio has "batler," which has the same meaning, and is retained by Halliwell, V., and W.

Chopt=chapped. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 246: "their chopt hands," etc. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.:* "Crevasser. To chop, chawne, chap, chinke, riue, or cleaue asunder."

46. *Peascod.* Pea-pod. It was often used in rustic divination of love affairs. Mr. Davy, speaking of Suffolk, says: "The kitchen-maid, when she shells green pease, never omits, if she finds one having nine pease, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen-door, and the first clown who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart." "Winter-time for shoeing, peascod time for wooing" is an old Devonshire proverb. Halliwell quotes Gay:

> "As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
> One that was closely fill'd with three times three;
> Which, when cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
> And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
> The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in
> But, in his proper person, —— Lubberkin."

Cf. Browne, *Brittania's Pastorals:*

> "The peascod greene oft with no little toyle
> Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil'st soile,
> And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
> And in her bosome for acceptance wooe her."

47. *Two cods.* Johnson suggested "two peas," but *cods* or *peascods* seems sometimes to have been used for peas. Cf. B. and F., *Honest Man's Fortune:* "Shall feed on delicates, the first peascods, strawberries."

48. *Weeping tears.* This ridiculous expression occurs in Lodge's novel, and also in the old play of *The Victories of King Henry V.*, Peele's *Jests*, etc. (Steevens).

50. *Mortal in folly.* Mortally foolish. *Mortal* = very, great, is used in various English dialects. Schmidt thinks it may here mean "human, resembling man."

52. *Wiser.* More wisely. Gr. 1. *Ware* = aware, but not a contraction of that word, as most modern eds. make it. It is uniformly printed "ware" in the folio. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 162, note on *Longing.*

53. *Till I break*, etc. "Till I find to my cost the truth of some of my own aphorisms" (M.).

55. *Jove, Jove!* The Coll. MS. gives "Love, Love!"

56. *Upon my fashion.* After my fashion; as in i. 1. 1. Schmidt compares Lyly, *Euphues:* "he returned them a salute on this manner;" and Greene, *Pandosto:* "began to parley with her on this manner."

59. *Vond.* Not a contraction of *yonder*, as often printed. See *Temp.* p. 121 or *J. C.* p. 134.

66. *Love or gold.* Cf. the proverbial phrase, "for love or money."

69. *Much oppressed.* As Abbott remarks (Gr. 403), there is an ellipsis of "who is" here, or of "she" before *faints.* The latter is the more probable.

70. *Faints for succour.* That is, for want of succour. Schmidt puts this among the cases in which a negative seems to be wanting (see on ii. 3. 12 above); like "dead for breath" (*Macb.* 1. 5. 37), "to sink for food" (*Cymb.* iii. 6. 17), etc. In *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 136, "for catching cold" = for fear of catching cold. Cf. Gr. 154.

74. *That I graze.* Of the sheep that I feed.

76. *Little recks.* Little cares. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 40: "recking as

little what betideth me." See also *V. and A.* 283, etc. Halliwell has "wreaks," the folio spelling.

78. *Cote.* Cottage (cf. 87 below). So *sheepcote* in next line and in iv. 3. 77. See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 808, etc.

Bounds of feed=limits of pasturage, pastures.

82. *In my voice.* In my name, so far as I am concerned. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 185: "Implore her in my voice," etc.

83. *What is he?* Who is he? Cf. ii. 7. 79 below. See Gr. 254; and on *shall*, Gr. 315.

84. *But erewhile.* Just now. Cf. iii. 5. 104 below. See also *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 99 and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 274.

86. *If it stand with honesty.* If it is consistent with honesty; that is, with the understanding you have with Silvius. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 91, etc.

90. *Waste.* Spend. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 12, *Temp.* v. 1. 302, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 57, etc. See also Milton, *Sonn. to Mr. Lawrence*, 4: "Help waste a sullen day."

94. *Feeder.* Shepherd, the feeder of your flocks. Wr. makes it= servant, and compares *A. and C.* iii. 13. 109 (where Schmidt explains it as "parasite").

SCENE V.—3. *Turn.* Pope substituted "tune," but the editors generally retain the original reading. Sr. quotes Hall, *Satires*, vi. 1: "While threadbare Martial turns his merry note;" but Coll. thinks this is only justifying one misprint by another. Pope's emendation is favoured by *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 5:

> "And to the nightingale's complaining notes
> Tune my distresses and record my woes."

But, as Wr. remarks, "*to turn his merry note* may mean adapt or modulate his note to the sweet birds' song, following it in its changes." Whiter says that "*to turn a tune*, in the counties of York and Durham, is the appropriate and familiar phrase for modulating the voice properly according to the *turns* or air of the tune."

5. *Come hither.* Let him come hither. Gr. 364.

6. *Here shall he see*, etc. Cf. ii. 1. 6 fol.

12. *As a weasel sucks eggs.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 170:

> "For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

14. *Ragged.* Rough. Rowe substituted "rugged," but S. elsewhere uses *ragged* where we should use *rugged*. Cf. *R. of L.* 892: "Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;" *Sonn.* 6. 1: "winter's ragged hand," etc. Steevens quotes Nash, *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "his ragged verses."

16. *Stanzo.* The folio reading. M. thinks that the word is "spoiled on purpose in contempt for foreigners."

23. *The encounter*, etc. The grinning of two monkeys at each other. Bartholomæus says of apes: "some be call *cenophe;* and be lyke to an hounde in the face, and in the body lyke to an ape." Maplett, in his *Green Forest, or a Natural History*, 1567, speaks of five kinds of apes, one of which "is not much unlike our dog in figure or shew." The ref-

erence here, as in S., is probably to the dog-faced baboon, the *Simia hamadryas* of Linnæus.

25. *The beggarly thanks.* "The professionally benedictive thanks of a beggar" (M.).

28. *Cover the while.* Spread the table in the meantime. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 57, 65, and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 11. For *the while*, see *Temp.* iii. 1. 24, *Macb.* ii. 1. 29, etc. Gr. 137.

30. *To look you.* To look for you. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 115: "I must go look my twigs," etc. Gr. 200.

32. *Disputable.* Disputatious. For other examples of adjectives in *-able* used actively, see Gr. 3.

33. *I give heaven thanks*, etc. A proverbial expression. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 19: "Why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it."

36. *To live i' the sun.* That is, "a life of open-air freedom" (Wr.) or of "careless idleness" (Schmidt). The 4th folio has "lye" for *live.*

44. *In despite of my invention.* "As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition" (M.). *To this note*=to the same tune.

51. *Ducdame.* A word on which the commentators have wasted much ink, without giving a satisfactory answer to the question of Amiens, "What 's that *ducdame?*" It is probably mere nonsense coined for the occasion. Hanmer substituted "*duc ad me*" (supposed to be Latin for "bring him to me"), which W. thinks should be adopted "from the relation which the line bears to the corresponding one in the other stanzas." "*Huc ad me*" has been suggested on the same grounds; but we need not suppose that anything more than a metrical correspondence was intended. *Ducdame*, as Halliwell thinks, may be the burden of some old song.

54. *To me.* Farmer suggested "to Ami," which, as Wr. remarks, "secures a rhyme at the expense of the metre."

56. *To call fools into a circle.* M. adds, "for the purpose of etymologically and linguistically investigating the meaning of *ducdame;*" which is a fair hit at the commentators, one of whom (followed by several others) seriously argues that the word is "manifestly" the call of the *dame*, or housewife, to her *ducks!* "The answer of Jaques," he says, "plainly points out that the expression was intended for a certain cry to collect together some silly species of animals."

57. *Go sleep.* See on i. 1. 68. *The first-born of Egypt*, according to Johnson, is "a proverbial expression for high-born persons," but no other example of it has been pointed out. Perhaps, as Nares suggests, "Jaques is only intended to say that, if he cannot sleep, he will, like other discontented people, rail against his betters."

58. *Banquet.* Probably here=dinner, feast; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 178. It sometimes meant only the dessert; as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 9:

> "My banquet is to close our stomachs up
> After our great good cheer."

Wr. quotes Massinger, *The Unnatural Combat*, iii. 1:

> "We 'll dine in the great room, but let the music
> And banquet be prepared here."

SCENE VI.—1. *For food.* That is, for want of it. See on ii. 4. 70 above.

2. *Here lie I down*, etc. Steevens quotes *R. and J.* iii. 3. 70:

> "And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
> Taking the measure of an unmade grave."

5. *Comfort.* That is, comfort thyself; or it may be = take comfort, be comforted.

6. *Uncouth.* Unknown, strange; its original sense. Cf. *R. of L.* 1598: "What uncouth ill event Hath thee befallen?" *T. A.* ii. 3. 211: "I am surprised with an uncouth fear." S. uses the word only three times. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 15: "as that uncouth light upon them shone;" *Id.* iii. 10. 34: "many an uncouth way," etc. So Milton, *P. L.* ii. 406:

> "And through the palpable obscure find out
> His uncouth way."

7. *Thy conceit*, etc. "You conceive yourself nearer to death and weaker than you are" (M.). *Conceit* often = conception, idea, thought, etc. Wr. quotes here *Ham.* iii. 4. 114: "Conceit (that is, fancy or imagination) in weakest bodies strongest works."

10. *Presently.* Immediately. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 42, v. 1. 101, etc. Gr. 59.

12. *Well said!* "Well spoken and to the purpose" (Schmidt). He congratulates himself that his words make Adam "look cheerly." Wr. explains it as = "Well done!" and compares 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 75.

Thou lookest cheerly. That is, cheerily, cheerfully. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 223: "Prithee, man, look cheerly!" etc. See also ii. 7. 11 below.

SCENE VII.—1. *I think he be.* For the subjunctive, see Gr. 299.

3. *But even now.* But just now. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 232, etc. Gr. 38.

4. *Hearing of.* See on ii. 4. 40. Gr. 178.

5. *Compact of jars.* All made up of discords. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 8: "of imagination all compact," etc. Steevens quotes *Tamburlane*, 1590: "Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil."

6. *The spheres.* An allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the music of the spheres. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, *M. of V.* v. 1. 60, *A. and C.* v. 2. 84, etc. See also Milton, *Hymn on Nativity*, 125–132, etc.

13. *Motley.* The parti-coloured dress of the professional fool. The word is used as a noun (= fool) in *Sonn.* 110. 2, and in iii. 3. 69 below.

A miserable world! "Where this is one's best amusement" (M). Warb. suggested "varlet" for *world.*

16. *Rail'd on.* S. uses *on* or *upon* after *rail* oftener than *at. Against* is sometimes the preposition; as in ii. 5. 57 and iii. 2. 262 of the present play.

Lady Fortune. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 51: "O Lady Fortune!" *Temp.* i. 2. 178: "bountiful Fortune, Now my dear lady," etc. See also on i. 2. 27.

19. *Call me not fool*, etc. An allusion to the old proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis* (Upton). Halliwell quotes Ray, *Eng. Proverbs:* "Fortune favours fools, or fools have the best luck." Cf. B. J., *Alchemist*, prol.: "Fortune, that favours fools," etc.

20. *A watch.* This in the time of S. might mean either a watch or a portable sun-dial, and it is doubtful which is intended here. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 6: "my dial goes not true," etc.

Poke=pouch, pocket. We still use the word in the proverb, "to buy a pig in a poke." *Pocket* is a diminutive of it.

26. *Ripe.* Ripen; as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 40: "the very riping of the time." Schmidt and Wr. make it a verb in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 118 ("till now ripe not to reason"), where it seems to us very plainly an adjective. It is used transitively in *K. John*, ii. 1. 472: "no sun to ripe the bloom;" and in *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 13: "to ripe his growing fortunes."

29. *Moral.* Moralize. Schmidt considers it "probably an adjective;" as it is (=moralizing) in *Lear*, iv. 2. 58: "a moral fool."

30. *Crow.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 28: "You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock." See also *T. N.* i. 5. 95.

31. *Deep-contemplative.* For compound adjectives in S. see Gr. 2.

32. *Sans.* Cf. 166 below. See also *Temp.* i. 2. 97, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 91, etc. It was much used by the writers of the time, and appears to have been viewed as an English word. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) translates *sans* by "sanse, without, besides;" and Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) gives "sans" as an English equivalent for *senza.*

34. *The only wear.* The only thing to wear, the only dress in fashion. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 327: "Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a;" *M. for M.* iii. 2. 78: "it is not the wear," etc. Steevens quotes Donne, *Satire* iv. 86: "Your only wearing is your grogaram."

39. *Dry*, etc. Boswell quotes B. J., *Every Man Out of his Humour*, ind.:

> "And now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest,
> Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
> He steeps in his own laughter."

40. *Strange places.* Odd corners. Wr. explains *places* as "topics or subjects of discourse," but this does not suit so well with *cramm'd.*

44. *Suit.* For the play on the word cf. iv. 1. 78 below. See also *1 Hen. IV.* i. 2. 81.

48. *As the wind.* That "bloweth where it listeth" (*John*, iii. 8). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 253: "Speak frankly as the wind;" *Cor.* i. 9. 89: "as free as is the wind;" and *Hen. V.* i. 1. 48: "The air, a charter'd libertine."

52. *As plain as way*, etc. "When the spire is in full view" (M.).

53–57. *He that*, etc. In the folio the passage reads thus:

> "Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
> Doth very foolishly, although he smart
> Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
> The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
> Euen by the squandring glances of the foole."

Theo. made 55 read "Not to seem," etc.; and Coll., following the Coll. MS., "But to seem," etc. The meaning is essentially the same, but the latter seems the more Shakespearian expression. The sense then is: He whom a fool happens to hit well is very foolish unless he appears not to feel the rap; otherwise his folly is laid bare even by the random sallies of the fool.

Whiter would retain the folio reading, pointing it thus:

> "Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
> Seem senseless of the bob;"

that is, a wise man, "though he should be weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke." But the inversion in "very foolishly although he smart" is awkward; and, besides, the imperfect measure indicates that something has been lost from the text.

For another defence of the original reading, see Dr. Ingleby's *Still Lion*, p. 79 (or his *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 81); and for a good reply to the same, see the C. P. ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 116. Dr. I. admits that something seems to have dropped out of the text, and suggests that it may have read originally "If *he do* not," etc.

For *senseless* = insensible, cf. *Cymb.* i. 1. 135: "I am senseless of your wrath," etc. *Bob* = rap, hit, is not found elsewhere in S., but we have the verb (= beat, drub) in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76. For *anatomize* — lay open, disclose, cf. i. 1. 141 above. *Squander* is used by S. only here and in *M. of V.* i. 3. 22: "other ventures he hath, squandered abroad;" that is, scattered abroad. In *Oth.* iii. 3. 151 ("his scattering and unsure observance") *scattering* is used much like *squandering* here.

63. *For a counter.* "I bet a penny on it" (M.). A *counter* was "a round piece of metal used in calculations" (Schmidt). It is used contemptuously for coins in *J. C.* iv. 3. 80: "such rascal counters."

66. *The brutish sting.* Animal passion. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 59: "The wanton stings and motions of the sense; and *Oth.* i. 3. 335: "our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

67. *Embossed.* Tumid; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 227: "an embossed carbuncle." *Headed* = grown to a head. In the only other instance of the verb in S. (*M. for M.* ii. 1. 250: "it is but heading and hanging") it means to behead.

70. *Why, who cries out*, etc. "Chide as I will, why should I *offend* them? Who can say that I mean *him?* Jaques appears either wilfully or through shallowness to miss the deep wisdom of the Duke's saying, and the whole character of his admonition. The Duke had not said that Jaques would *offend* people, but that he would *corrupt* them" (M.).

71. *Tax.* Censure. See on i. 2. 75, and cf. 86 below. *Private* = "particular, opposed to general" (Schmidt); as in *Sonn.* 9. 7: "every private widow."

73. *The wearer's very means.* The folio has "wearie verie meanes," which Halliwell and V. retain. Pope changed it to "very very." The Coll. MS. has "the very means of wear." The emendation in the text is due to Sr., and is adopted by K., D., W., and Wr. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 83:

> "O, many
> Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
> For this great journey."

75. *When that.* See on i. 3. 4[n]. Gr. 287.

76. *The cost of princes*, etc. Wr. quotes 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 83: "She bears a duke's revenues on her back."

77. *Come in.* "Intervene" (Schmidt); as in *M. for M.* ii. 1. 31.

79. *Of basest function.* "Holding the meanest office" (Wr.).

80. *Bravery.* Finery. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 57: "With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery." See also Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 857: "Which oft maintain'd his master's braverie" (that is, dressed as well as his master). Cf. also *brave* = fine, beautiful; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 6, 411, iii. 2. 104, 111, 113, v. 183, 261, etc.

On my cost. At my expense. Both the Camb. ed. and Wr. misprint "of my cost." Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 25: "doth feed upon my cost."

82. *Mettle.* Substance, purport. The early eds. make no distinction between *metal* and *mettle.* See *Rich. II.* p. 157.

83. *How then? what then?* "Let us understand one another thoroughly" (M.).

84. *Do him right.* Give him his due, do him justice; as in *M. for M.* ii. 2. 103, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 138, and many other passages.

85. *Free.* Innocent; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 251, *Ham.* ii. 2. 590, *Oth.* ii. 3. 343, etc.

88. *Eat.* S. uses both *eat* and *eaten* for the participle, and the former regularly (so far as the early eds. show) for the past tense. See Gr. 343 and *Rich. II.* p. 204.

90. *Of what kind*, etc. Of what race, etc. On the double preposition, cf. 139 below. See also *A. W.* i. 2. 29, *T. and C.* v. 1. 63, *Cor.* ii. 1. 18, etc. Gr. 407.

91. *Boldened.* Not a contraction of *emboldened*, as sometimes printed. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 55. *Bold* is used as a verb in the same sense in *Lear*, v. 1. 26.

94. *Vein.* Disposition, temper. *At first* refers of course to 91.

96. *Inland bred.* Brought up in the interior of the country, as opposed to the less populous and less cultivated frontiers; or "perhaps opposed to mountainous districts as the seats of savage barbarousness" (Schmidt). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 119: "inland petty spirits;" that is, as Schmidt explains it, "given till then to the arts of peace." See also iii. 2. 323 below.

97. *Nurture.* Culture, good-breeding. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 189. So *ill-nurtured* = ill-bred in *V. and A.* 134 and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 42.

99. *Answered.* Satisfied; as in *J. C.* v. 1. 1, etc.

100. *Reason.* St. would read "reasons," on the ground that there may be a poor pun on *raisins.*

102. *Your gentleness*, etc. M. remarks: "This reciprocal inversion of subject and predicate was called by the Greeks χιασμός [from the letter χ]; the two subjects being at the left-hand points of the χ, and the two predicates at the right-hand points, and each subject linking itself with its predicate along the oblique lines (ἡ κατὰ διάμετρον σύζευξις, as Aristotle calls it)."

104. *For food.* See on ii. 4. 70 above. For *and* = and so, and therefore, Wr. compares *Temp.* i. 2. 186. See also Gr. 100.

109. *Commandment.* Command. Wr. quotes Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 8. 3: "We see the dignity of the commandment is according to the dignity of the commanded: to have commandment over beasts, as herdmen

have, is a thing contemptible: to have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honour: to have commandment over galley-slaves is a disparagement rather than an honour."

110. *Inaccessible.* Hard of access, "almost inaccessible" (*Temp.* ii. 1. 37).

114. *Knoll'd.* Cf. *Mach.* v. 8. 50 and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 103. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) translates *carilloner* by "To chyme, or knowle, bells" (Wr.). Halliwell cites Twyne's *Discourse concerning Earthquakes*, 1580: "the very shakinge caused the belles in some steeples to knoll a stroake or twaine."

118. *Enforcement.* Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 107: "by what rough enforcement You got it," etc.

120. *True is it*, etc. "A fine instance of epanadiplosis, each clause of Orlando's adjuration being repeated by the Duke with exquisite variation" (M.).

125. *Upon command.* At your will or pleasure.

128. *Whiles.* Cf. v. 4. 5, 132 below; also *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 374, etc. Gr. 137. On *like a doe*, cf. *V. and A.* 875.

131. *Suffic'd.* Satisfied. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 191: "when my knightly stomach is suffic'd," etc.

132. *Weak evils.* That is, causing weakness. See on ii. 3. 39 above. Gr. 4. Schmidt (p. 1416) makes it = evils of weakness; as "old wrinkles" (*M. of V.* i. 1. 80) = wrinkles of age, etc.

139. *Wherein we play in.* See on 90 above.

All the world 's a stage. "Totus mundus agit histrionem" (probably taken from a fragment of Petronius, where it reads "quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrionem") was the motto over the entrance to the Globe Theatre. The comparison is very common in writers of the time. Cf. *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

> "Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,
> Whereon many play their parts;"

Churchyard, *Farewell*, 1593: "A borrowde roume where we our pageants play;" *Of Love's Complaints*, 1597:

> "Whose life a sad continual tragedie,
> Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,
> While as the acts are measur'd by his age."

Sidney, *Arcadia:* "She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she played a part against her will," etc. Halliwell gives many similar passages.

143. *Seven ages.* The division of man's life into seven, ten, or more periods or "ages" was likewise common, and dates back to very ancient times. Wr. remarks: "A good deal of the literature of this subject has been collected by Mr. Winter Jones, in an interesting paper which he published in the *Archæologica* (xxxv. 167–189) on a block print of the 15th century which is in the British Museum. The so-called verses of Solon, quoted by Philo, *De opificio mundi*, are there given, as well as the passage in which Plato attributes to Hippocrates the division of man's life into seven periods. In the *Mishna* (*Aboth*, v. 24) fourteen periods are given, and a poem upon the ten stages of life was written by the great

Hebrew commentator Ibn Ezra. The *Midrash* on *Ecclesiastes*, i. 2 goes back to the seven divisions. The Jewish literature is very fully given by Löw in his treatise *Die Lebensalter in der Jüdischen Literatur*. Sir Thomas Browne devotes a chapter of his *Vulgar Errors* (iv. 12) to a consideration of the various divisions which have been proposed." See also Halliwell's folio ed. vol. vi. pp. 153 fol.

As W. remarks (see his *Tale of the Forest of Arden*, in the *Galaxy* for April, 1875), all these stages of life are here described "in scoffing and disparaging terms;" in fact, Jaques "seized the occasion to sneer at the representatives of the whole human race." See on ii. 1. 41 above.

144. *Mewling.* Squalling. Wr. quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.:* "Miauler To mewle, or mew, like a cat."

145. *Then.* Pope, followed by some modern eds., has "And then," which may be what S. wrote. If not, *Then* is a dissyllable. Cf. Gr. 486.

146. *Like snail.* Halliwell quotes Browne:

> "Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brooke
> Withouten paine: but when the morne doth looke
> Out of the easterne gates, a snayle would faster
> Glide to the schooles, then they unto their master."

148. *Sighing like furnace.* Malone quotes *Cymb.* i. 6. 66: "He furnaces The thick sighs from him." Wr. adds *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 140: "Saw sighs reek from you."

150. *Full of strange oaths.* Sir James Douglas, one day hearing the exclamation "The devil!" pronounced with great emphasis in a cottage, immediately concluded "that some gallant knights or good men-at-arms were lurking there" (*Pict. Hist. of Eng.* ii. 264, quoted by M.). Soldiers have always "sworn terribly," and not "in Flanders" alone. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 78.

Bearded like the pard="with long pointed mustaches, bristling like panther's or leopard's feelers" (Wr.).

151. *Sudden.* Impetuous, passionate. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 59: "Sudden, malicious;" *Oth.* ii. 1. 279: "rash and very sudden in choler," etc.

155. *Beard of formal cut.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 80: "a beard of the general's cut;" and see note in our ed. p. 168.

156. *Wise saws*, etc. Wise maxims and trite illustrations. For *modern* =commonplace, trivial, cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 170: "a modern ecstasy;" *A. W.* ii. 3. 2: "modern and familiar," etc. See also iv. 1. 6 below. Schmidt recognizes no other meaning of the word in S. *Instances* he makes here =*saws;* as in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 78: "an old instance," etc.

158. *Pantaloon.* As Wr. remarks, the word and character were borrowed from the Italian stage. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's *Dictionary*, quotes from Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* an account of the plays in Venice: "There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage: the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone*, and *Coviello* . . . *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper." Torriano (*Italian Dict.*, 1659) gives "Pantalone, a Pantalone, a covetous and yet amorous old dotard, properly applyed in Comedies unto a Venetian." Capell quotes from *The Travels of three English*

Brothers, 1607, a dialogue between an Italian Harlequin and Kemp the actor:

> "*Harl.* Marry sir, first we will have an old Pantaloune.
> *Kemp.* Some iealous Coxcombe.
> *Harl.* Right, and that part will I play."

Steevens gives a stage direction from *The Plotte of the Deade Mans Fortune*, "Enter the panteloun and pescode with spectakles."

Halliwell suggests that the term here may be applied more generally. Howell (1660) makes *pantaloon* = a "Venetian magnifico." In Calot's plates illustrating the Italian comedy is one in which the ancient pantaloon is represented as wearing slippers.

160. *Hose.* See on ii. 4. 6 above. *A world* was then as now a common hyperbole. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 159: "a world of sighs;" *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 223: "worlds of company;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 211: "all that world of wealth," etc.

163. *His.* Its. See *Temp.* p. 120, or Gr. 228.

166. *Sans.* See on 32 above.

167. *Venerable burden.* Steevens suggests that S. may have had in mind Ovid, *Met.* xiii. 125:

> "patremque
> Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros."

171. *Fall to.* Used by S. in other connections than of eating. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 51: "fall to thy prayers;" *J. C.* v. 3. 7: "his soldiers fell to spoil," etc. See also v. 4. 174 below.

175. *Unkind.* Explained by Malone as = unnatural (cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 73, 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 193, etc.), but it may have its ordinary sense.

178. *Because thou art not seen.* That is, "thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult" (Johnson). Warb. wanted to read "not sheen," that is, "smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds!" St. conjectures "art foreseen." Capell quotes *Lear*, iii. 2. 16–18: "I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness," etc.

180. *The holly.* "Songs of the holly were current long before the time of S. It was the emblem of mirth" (Halliwell).

187. *The waters warp.* Either referring to the curving of the surface in freezing, or in a more general sense to the change undergone. *Warp* is elsewhere = change, distort, etc. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 365, *A. W.* v. 3. 49, *Lear*, iii. 6. 56, etc. Nares (followed by V., H., and others) explains the passage: "though thou weave the waters into a firm texture." Wr. points out that the A. S. saying ("Winter sceal geweorpan weder") quoted by Holt White as = "winter shall warp water," and repeated by many other editors, is mistranslated, "weder" meaning weather (that is, fair weather), not water.

189. *As friend remember'd not.* "As what an unremembered friend feels" (M.). Hanmer changed it to "remembering." Schmidt explains *remember'd* as "having memory." Cf. "to be remembered" = to recollect; as in iii. 5. 130 below.

191. *Were.* D. conjectures "are," and also in the next line.

193. *Effigies.* Effigy, likeness. For the accent, see Gr. 490.
194. *Limn'd.* Painted. Used by S. only here and in *V. and A.* 290. *Dislimn* (=efface) occurs in *A. and C.* iv. 14. 10.
198. *Thou.* On the pronouns in this line and the next, see Gr. 233.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *The better part.* For the greater part. Cf. i. 3. 114, or Gr. 202.
3. *Argument.* See on i. 2. 262 above.
4. *Thou present.* You being present. Gr. 380.
6. *Seek him with candle.* As Steevens remarks, alluding probably to *Luke*, xv. 8.
7. *Turn.* Return; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 184: "Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror," etc.
11. *Quit thee.* Clear or acquit thyself. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 166: "God quit you in his mercy!"
16. *Of such a nature.* That is, whose duty it is.
17. *Make an extent*, etc. Put in an *extendi facias*, etc. Lord Campbell, in *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, quotes this passage as illustrating the poet's "deep technical knowledge of law," the writ of *extendi facias* applying to houses and lands, as that of *fieri facias* to goods and chattels, and that of *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person. Wr. cites Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, iv. 80: "Upon all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent;* which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands, and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent*, from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods, and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt."
18. *Expediently.* Expeditiously, quickly. So *expedient*=expeditious; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 60 and *Rich. II.* i. 4. 39.
Turn him going=send him packing; as in *J. C.* iii. 3. 38.

SCENE II.—2. *Thrice-crowned.* Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 391: "By the triple Hecate's team;" Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 511: "Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae;" and Horace, *Od.* iii. 22. 4: "Diva triformis:" Johnson quotes the memorial lines:

> "Terret, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,
> Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis."

Sr. quotes from Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthiam* a passage which may have been in Shakespeare's mind:

> "Nature's bright eye-sight, and the night's fair soul,
> That with thy triple forehead dost control
> Earth, seas, and hell."

4. *My full life doth sway.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 118: "doth sway my life."

6. *Character.* Write, inscribe. Cf. *Sonn.* 108. 1, *R. of L.* 807, *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 4, etc. S. accents the verb either on the first or second syllable; the noun on the first, except in *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 81.

7. *That.* So that. Gr. 283.

10. *Unexpressive.* Inexpressible. Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 176: "the unexpressive nuptial song;" *Hymn on Nativ.* 116: "With unexpressive notes." Cf. also *insuppressive*=not to be suppressed (*J. C.* ii. 1. 134), *uncomprehensive*=unknown (*T. and C.* iii. 3. 198), *plausive*=plausible, specious (*A. W.* i. 2. 53), *respective*=respectable (*T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 200), etc. See Gr. 3.

For *she*=woman, cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 259: "the cruellest she alive;" *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 83: "the only she;" *Cymb.* i. 6. 40: "two such shes," etc. See also *he* in 366 below. Gr. 224.

15. *Naught.* Bad. See on i. 1. 32 above.

16. *Private.* Lonely, solitary. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 2. 15: "I left him private," etc.

20. *Hast.* Cf. 30 below: "Wast ever in court?" Gr. 401.

28. *Of good breeding.* See on ii. 3. 12 above.

35. *All on one side.* It would seem obvious enough that these words are explanatory of *ill-roasted*, but Steevens connected them with *damned.*

39. *Good manners.* "A play upon words, *manners* being used for *morals* as well as for habits or deportment" (Halliwell). V. remarks that *morals* is not found in the old dictionaries and authors.

41. *Parlous.* A vulgar corruption of *perilous.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 14: "a parlous fear," etc. Gr. 461.

46. *But you kiss.* Without kissing. Gr. 125.

48. *Instance.* Proof. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42: "They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances," etc.

49. *Still.* Continually. Gr. 69.

50. *Fells.* Fleeces. Cf. *Macb.* v. 5. 11: "my fell of hair;" *Lear*, v. 3. 24: "flesh and fell," etc.

52. *A mutton.* A sheep. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 101: "a lost mutton;" *M. of V.* i. 3. 168: "flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats," etc.

56. *More sounder.* Cf. "more worthier" (iii. 3. 53 below), "more elder" (*M. of V.* iv. 1. 251), "more better" (*Temp.* i. 2. 19), etc. Gr. 11.

60. *Worms'-meat.* Wr. suggests that this expression may have struck S. in a book which he evidently read, the treatise of Vincentio Saviolo (see on v. 4. 86), in which a printer's device is found with the motto, "O wormes meate: O froath: O vanitie: why art thou so insolent."

62. *Perpend.* Ponder, consider; "a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the clowns" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 119, *Ham.* ii. 2. 105, etc.

66. *God make incision in thee!* Schmidt explains this, "God cure thee!" Heath says: "I apprehend the meaning is, 'God give thee a better understanding, thou art very raw and simple as yet.' The expression probably alludes to the common proverbial saying concerning a very silly fellow, that he ought to be cut for the simples." The reference is to bleeding as a method of cure. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 97.

On *raw*=green, inexperienced, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 77, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 42, etc.

68. *Owe no man hate.* Halliwell quotes *Romans*, xiii. 8: "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

69. *Content with my harm.* "Patient in tribulation."

75. *Scape.* Not a contraction of *escape*. Cf. Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "had scaped shipwreck," etc. See Wb. s. v.

78. *East.* Eastern. *Ind* is printed "Inde" in the folio, and the vowel is doubtless meant to be long; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 222, where the word rhymes with *blind*.

82. *Lin'd.* Delineated, drawn. Capell changed it to "limn'd."

85. *Fair.* Beauty; as often. Cf. *Sonn.* 16. 11: "Neither in inward worth nor outward fair," etc. Pope substituted "face" here; and Walker would change *face* in 84 to "fair." The latter is the more plausible emendation. Steevens quotes from Lodge's novel:

> "Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone
> The absence of fair Rosalynde,
> Since for her fair there is fairer none," etc.

86. *Rhyme you.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 74: "they will learn you by rote where services were done;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 188: "he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April," etc.

88. *Butter-women's rank.* That is, their jog-trot one after another. Hanmer suggested "rate," and Grey "rant." Wr. thinks "rack" may be the right word; but S. does not use it elsewhere in the sense of a horse's pace. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) defines *amble* as "an amble, pace, racke; . . . a smooth, or easie gate."

For *right*=true, downright, see Gr. 19; and cf. 110 and 258 below.

93. *If the cat*, etc. A common proverbial phrase. Halliwell quotes the *Enterlude of Jacob and Esau*, 1568: "Cat after kinde, saith the proverbe, swete milke wil lap;" Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch," etc.

95. *Winter.* The reading of 3d and 4th folios; the 1st and 2d have "Wintred."

103. *False gallop.* "Forced gait" (*1 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 135). S. uses *gallop* only in this expression, which occurs again in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 94. Malone quotes Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I would trot a false gallop through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet."

107. *Graff.* Graft. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* v. 3. 3: "of my own graffing," etc. See also *misgraffed* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 137. *Graft* occurs in *Cor.* ii. 1. 206: "grafted to your relish," etc.

108. *A medlar.* The fruit of the *Mespilus Germanica*, a tree still common in England. It was not considered fit to eat until it was over-ripe, or "rotten." Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 3870:

> "That ilke fruyt is ever lenger the wers
> Til it be rote in mullok or in stree," etc.

There is here a play on *medlar* and *meddler*, as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 307 fol.

The earliest fruit. Steevens thought that S. had "little knowledge in gardening," as the medlar is a very late fruit; but Rosalind says "for you 'll be rotten *ere you be half ripe.*"

115. *A desert.* Rowe supplied *a*, which is not in the folios. Tyrwhitt conjectured "Why should this desert silent be?" Halliwell retains the folio reading, making *Why* a dissyllable (Gr. 481).

116. *For.* Because. See *Mer.* p. 134 or *M. N. D.* p. 177. Gr. 151.

118. *Civil sayings.* "Maxims of social life" (Johnson), or "wise sayings" (M.). For *civil*=civilized, see 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 66:

> "Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
> Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;"

Cymb. iii. 6. 23:

> "Ho! who 's here?
> If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage,
> Take or lend," etc.

120. *Erring.* Errant, wandering. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 362: "an erring barbarian" (="extravagant and wheeling stranger" in *Id.* i. 1. 137); *Ham.* i. 1. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc.

122. *Buckles in.* Girds in, includes. Cf. *Macb.* v. 2. 15 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 30.

126. *Sentence end.* The possessive inflection was often omitted in dissyllables ending with a sibilant (Gr. 217), and sometimes before *sake*, as in 240 below.

129. *Quintessence.* The fifth or highest essence of the alchemists; and hence, figuratively, the concentrated virtue of anything. S. uses the word only here and in *Ham.* ii. 2. 321.

130. *In little.* In miniature. Cf. *L. C.* 90: "in little drawn," etc.

133. *Wide-enlarg'd.* "Spread through the world" (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 46:

> "but you, O you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best!"

135. *Helen's cheek.* Cf. *Sonn.* 53. 7: "On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set."

137. *Atalanta's better part.* What this means has been much disputed. Johnson remarks that the better part of the mythological Atalanta "seems to have been her heels," and thinks that S. had some other character in mind. Tollet suggests that it was "her beauty and graceful elegance of shape;" Farmer, "her wit, that is, the swiftness of her mind;" Steevens, "the best part about her, such as was most commended."

Whiter remarks on the passage: "The imagery selected to discriminate the perfections of Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta, and Lucretia was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those peculiar traits of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were, in the days of our Poet, the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of Helen, whether they were produced by the

skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty;* and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. With respect to the 'majesty' of Cleopatra, it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. I infer, therefore, that the familiarity of the image was impressed, both on the Poet and his reader, from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances. Atalanta, we know, was considered by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured, therefore, that her portraits were everywhere to be found. Since the story of Atalanta represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of virgin purity, and in delineating the fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person. Lucretia (we know) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages; and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of 'modesty.'

"Such, then, are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress—that the ripe and brilliant *beauties* of Helen should be united to the elegant *symmetry* and virgin *graces* of Atalanta; and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of Cleopatra, and the *matron modesty* of Lucretia."

140. *Heavenly synod.* S. has *synod* in six passages, and in all but one it refers to an assembly of the gods. See *Cor.* v. 2. 74, *Ham.* ii. 2. 516, *A. and C.* iii. 10. 5, and *Cymb.* v. 4. 89.

142. *Touches.* Traits, features. Cf. v. 4. 27 below.

144. *And I to live.* See Gr. 216 and 416, and cf. v. 4. 22 below.

145. *Jupiter.* The folio reading. Spedding suggested "pulpiter," which is plausible. D. and the Camb. ed. adopt it. But S. does not use the word elsewhere, nor *pulpit* (=rostra) except in *J. C.* Cf. Rosalind's "O Jupiter!" in ii. 4. 1.

151. *Scrip.* The shepherd's pouch. Cf. 1 *Sam.* xvii. 40, etc. S. has the word only here and in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 3, where it means list.

158. *The feet were lame.* Cf. *Per.* iv. prol. 48: "the lame feet of my rhyme."

162. *Should.* According to Abbott (Gr. 328), used to denote a statement not made by the speaker; but it may possibly depend on *wondering* rather than on *hear.*

163. *The nine days.* The proverbial nine that a wonder is supposed to last. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 113:

> "*Gloucester.* That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
> *Clarence.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts."

164. *A palm-tree.* A stumbling-block to some of the critics. See on i. 1. 107 above. Coll. suggests that S. wrote "plane-tree!"

165. *Pythagoras' time.* M. remarks that "the opinions of this philosopher are wittily explained in *T. N.* (iv. 2. 54–60), and forcibly in *M. of V.* (iv. 1. 131)."

166. *An Irish rat.* Cf. B. J., *Poetaster:*

> "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats,
> In drumming tunes;"

Sidney, *Defence of Poesie:* "Though I will not wish vnto you, the Asses eares of Midas, nor to bee driuen by a Poets verses, (as Bubonax was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland, yet thus much curse I must send you." In Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, the power of magic incantations is said to be claimed by the Irish witches: "The Irishmen addict themselves wonderfully to the credit and practice hereof; insomuch as they affirm, that not only their children, but their cattel, are (as they call it) eye-bitten, when they fall suddenly sick, and tearm one sort of their Witches eye-biters; only in that respect: yea and they will not stick to affirm, that they can rime either man or beast to death." Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, v. 2, has a reference to the same belief:

> "If he provoke my spleen, I 'll have him know
> I soldiers feed shall mince him, and my poets
> Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
> Rhyme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland."

Cf. Pope's version of Donne's *Second Satire*, 22:

> "One sings the fair: but songs no longer move;
> No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love."

Wr. adds that the supposed effect of music upon these animals will be present to the recollection of every one who has read Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin.*

On *that*, see Gr. 284; and on *which*, Gr. 271.

167. *Trow you.* Know you. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 165: "Trow you whither I am going?" etc.

169. *And a chain*, etc. Cf. i. 2. 229. On *and*, Wr. remarks: "This irregular and elliptical construction, in which *and* does yeoman's service for many words, may be illustrated by *Cor.* i. 1. 82: 'Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain;' and *Cymb.* v. 4. 179: 'But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer.'"

172. *For friends*, etc. Halliwell quotes Ray, *Eng. Proverbs:* "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet; *mons cum monte non miscebitur; pares cum paribus;* two haughty persons will seldom agree together;" *Three Lordes of London*, 1590: "I 'll tell thee why we meet; because we are no mountains;" and Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Then we two met, which argued that we were no mountains."

173. Tollet quotes from Holland's *Pliny* the following, which S. may or may not have had in mind: "There happened once (which I found in the bookes of the Tuscanes learning) within the territorie of Modena, (whiles L. Martius and Sex. Iulius were Consuls) a great strange wonder of the Earth: for two hilles encountred together, charging as it were,

and with violence assaulting one another, yea and retiring againe with a most mightie noise."

177. *Petitionary.* The word occurs again in *Cor.* v. 2. 82: "thy petitionary countrymen."

180. *Out of all whooping.* Beyond all exclamations of wonder. Steevens explains it, "out of all measure, or reckoning," and compares the old phrase "out of cry" or "out of all cry," of which Halliwell adds many examples.

The folio has "hooping," but the other spelling is found in writers of the time.

182. *Good my complexion!* "Let me not blush" (Warb.). Cf. 170 above. M. explains it less happily, "In the name of all my good looks." J. H. thinks that Rosalind "means to compliment her complexion for having by its blushes shown her genuine nature as a woman."

183. *Caparisoned.* Used jestingly, as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 67.

184. *A South Sea of discovery.* That is, "to be searched for discovery" (Schmidt); the least delay is as bad as a voyage of discovery.

190. *Is he of God's making?* Or his tailor's? Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 59: "You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee;" and Stephens, *Essayes and Characters*, ed. 1615: "Her body is (I presume) of God's making & yet I cannot tell, for many parts thereof she made her selfe" (Wr.).

195. *Let me stay*, etc. Tell me who he is, and I 'll wait for the growth of his beard. For *stay* = wait for, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 13, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 4, *Macb.* iv. 3. 142, etc.

199. *Speak sad brow*, etc. Speak seriously, as you are a true maid. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 185: "Speak you this with a sad brow?" (see also *M. N. D.* p. 175); and for the construction, *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 462: "He speaks plain cannon fire," etc. See also 258 below.

206. *Wherein went he?* How was he dressed? Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 151: "went never gay;" *Lear*, ii. 4. 27: "to go warm," etc. J. H. prefers to make *wherein* = whereinto.

207. *Makes.* Does. See on i. 1. 26 above.

208. *With.* Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 2: "parted with the king, etc. Gr. 194. We have "parted from" in iv. 3. 98 below.

210. *Gargantua's mouth.* Gargantua was the giant in Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims at a gulp. Wr. cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Gargantua. Great throat. Rab." Steevens quotes from the Registers of the Stationers' Company two items, showing that in 1592 [April 6] was entered "Gargantua his prophesie," and in 1594 [Dec. 4] "A booke entituled, the historie of Gargantua &c."

211. *To say ay and no*, etc. Wr. compares *Lear*, iv. 6. 100.

215. *Looks he as freshly.* See on i. 2. 137 and ii. 6. 12 above.

217. *Atomies.* Atoms, motes. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 57 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 33. Wr. quotes Cockeram (*Eng. Dict.*), who defines "atomy" as "A mote flying in the Sunne-beames." Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 7:

> "As thick and numberless
> As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

Resolve=solve, answer; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 135, etc.

219. *Observance.* Observation, attention. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 151: "scattering and unsure observance," etc.

221. *Jove's tree.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14: "Jove's spreading tree." The oak was sacred to Jupiter. Wr. quotes Virgil, *Geor.* iii. 332:

> "Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quercus
> Ingentes tendat ramos."

225. *Stretched along.* See on ii. 1. 30 above.

228. *The ground.* The background of the picture, as Caldecott explains it; though it may have its ordinary meaning.

229. *Holla.* Used in checking horses. Cf. *V. and A.* 284:

> "What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
> His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'"

On *curvets*, cf. *V. and A.* 279: "rears upright, curvets, and leaps." We have the noun, accented on the last syllable, in *A. W.* ii. 3. 299: "the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed." Modern authorities are divided on the accent of both verb and noun. See Worc.

230. *Furnished.* Dressed, equipped. Cf. epil. 8 below; also 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 21: "furnish'd like the king," etc.

231. *Heart.* There is a play on the word; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 63, *J. C.* iii. 1. 208, *V. and A.* 502, etc.

233. *Bringest me out.* Put me out; as in 236 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 171: "that brings me out."

237. *By.* Aside. So "walk by"=step aside, in *Oth.* v. 2. 30; "stand by"=stand aside, stand back, in *Much Ado.* iv. 1. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 143, etc.

239. *Had as lief have been.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 84, and see on i. 1. 133 above. *Myself alone*=by myself; an expression, as we are told, still used in Scotland.

240. *Fashion sake.* See on 126 above.

242. *God be wi' you.* "God buy you" in the folio; as in iv. 1. 28 and v. 3. 38 below, and many other passages. Some suppose our *good-bye* to be the same phrase. See Wb.

246. *Moe.* More; the folio reading here as in forty or more other passages, though we find "more" in 244 just above. The form is required by the rhyme in *R. of L.* 1479 and *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 72. As Wr. notes, *moe* appears to be used only with the plural. In the one apparent exception in the folio (*Temp.* v. 1. 234: "mo diversitie of sounds") the expression is virtually a plural.

249. *Just.* Just so; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 68, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 29, v. 1. 164, *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 158, etc.

256. *Conned.* Learned by heart; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 102, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 79, etc.

257. *Out of rings.* Alluding to the "posies" or mottoes inscribed on rings. See *Mer.* p. 164.

258. *I answer you right painted cloth.* For the construction, see on 199 above. *Painted cloth* alludes to the tapestry hangings for rooms, which were ornamented with figures and mottoes. Cf. *R. of L.* 245, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 579, 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 28, and *T. and C.* v. 10. 47. Steevens quotes Randolph, *The Muse's Looking-glass*, iii. 1:

"Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,
In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal."

Halliwell adds from *No Whipping nor Tripping*, 1601:

"Read what is written on the painted cloth:
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor;
Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye unto the door," etc.

263. *No breather.* Cf. *Sonn.* 81. 12: "all the breathers of this world;" and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 24: "a body rather than a life, A statue than a breather." Halliwell refers to 1 *Cor.* xi. 28, and quotes Law's remark that "every man knows something worse of himself than he is sure of with respect to others."

268. *By my troth.* See on i. 2. 79 above.

286. *Sighing every minute*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 50–58.

291. *Who.* See Gr. 274.

297. *A se'nnight.* A week. Cf. *fortnight*=fourteen nights.

298. *Year.* Cf. *Sonn.* 11. 8: "threescore year;" *Temp.* i. 2. 53: "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since," etc. See *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound.*

315. *Fringe.* Fairholt, in his *Costumes*, gives representations of petticoat fringes from portraits of the Elizabethan age.

316. *Native.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 14 and iv. 7. 180. S. has *native* as a noun (=source) only in *Cor.* iii. 1. 129: "the native of our so frank donation;" where some critics would read "motive."

317. *Cony.* Rabbit. Cf. *V. and A.* 687 and *Cor.* iv. 5. 226. *Kindled*=littered, born; still used of hares and rabbits in some provincial dialects. Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, 1530: "A konny kyndylleth every moneth in the yere."

320. *Purchase.* Get, acquire. Cf. *Mer.* ii. 9. 43: "purchased by the merit of the wearer;" *Rich. II.* i. 3. 282: "I sent thee forth to purchase honour," etc.

Removed=retired. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 116: "that removed house;" *M. for M.* i. 3. 8: "the life removed," etc. See also Milton, *Il Pens.* 78: "Some still removed place."

321. *Of.* By. Cf. i. 1. 103, 150, etc. Gr. 170.

322. *Religious.* That is, a monk or hermit. Cf. v. 4. 155, 176 below. So in *Rich. II.* v. 1. 23, "religious house"=convent.

323. *Courtship.* Court life; with a play on the other sense. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 34.

327. *Taxed.* Charged. See on i. 2. 75 above.

339. *Fancy-monger.* Love-monger. See on *fantasy*, ii. 4. 27 above.

340. *Quotidian.* A fever with daily paroxysms. Cf. Lyly's *Euphues:* "if euer she haue ben taken with the feuer of fancie, she will help his ague, who by a quotidian fit is conuerted into phrensie." See also *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124: "He is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold."

343. *There is none.* See Gr. 335.

344. *Cage of rushes.* That is, weak bondage.

347. *A blue eye.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1587:

> "And round about her tear-distained eye,
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

So in "blue-eyed hag," in *Temp.* i. 2. 270.

348. *Unquestionable.* Disinclined to question or conversation. Cf. *questionable* in *Ham.* i. 4. 43. For *question*=talk, conversation, see iii. 4. 32 and v. 4. 156 below.

350. *Simply.* Indeed, absolutely. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 9: "he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens;" *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 105: "He is simply the most active gentleman of France," etc.

Having=property, possession. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73: "the gentleman is of no having;" *Cymb.* i. 2. 19: "he added to your having," etc.

352. *Ungartered.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 79 and *Ham.* ii. 1. 80.

Bonnet=hat; as elsewhere in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 339: "his bonnet" (called "his hat" in 351 just below), etc. Stubbes (*Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, quoted by Wr.), describing the various fashions in hats of his time, says, "An other sort have round crownes, sometimes with one kinde of bande, sometime with an other; nowe blacke, now white, now russet, now red, now greene, now yellowe, now this, nowe that, never content with one colour or fashion two dayes to an ende." He also mentions with great scorn a fashion which had come in from France of wearing hats without bands. Cf. B. J., *Every Man Out of his Humour*, iv. 4: "I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had." For an illustration of the whole passage see Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange:*

> "No by my troth, if every tale of love,
> Or love it selfe, or foole-bewitching beauty,
> Make me crosse-arme my selfe; study ay-mees;
> Defie my hat-band; tread beneath my feet
> Shoo-strings and garters; practise in my glasse
> Distressed lookes, and dry my liver up,
> With sighes enough to win an argosie."

355. *Point-device.* "Up to the best mark devisable" (M.), affectedly nice. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 21 and *T. N.* ii. 5. 176.

362. *In good sooth.* In very truth. See *Mer.* p. 127 or *M. N. D.* p. 153.

366. *He.* See on 10 above.

372. *A dark house*, etc. The usual treatment of lunatics until a very recent date. Dr. Brown, a high medical authority of seventy years ago, seriously maintained that "the patient ought to be struck with fear and terror, and driven in his state of insanity to despair; as a remedy against over muscular excitement the labour of draught cattle should be imposed on him; the diet should be the poorest possible, and his drink only water." Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 148, v. 1. 350, *C. of E.* iv. 4. 97, etc.

379. *Moonish.* Changeable, variable; or possibly, as Halliwell suggests, foolish, weak. B. J. uses *moonling* in the sense of fool.

386. *Drave.* Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 190, *R. and J.* i. 1. 127, etc. S. also uses *drove* for the past tense (*M. W.* v. 5. 131, etc.), and *driven* and *droven* (*A. and C.* iv. 7. 5) for the participle.

387. *Living.* Real, as opposed to *mad.* Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 409: "a living reason."

389. *Merely.* Absolutely. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 59: "we are merely cheated of our lives," etc. See *J. C.* p. 129, note on *Merely upon myself.*

390. *Liver.* Considered the seat of love. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 56, *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 233, etc. See also *liver-vein* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 74. The simile, as Steevens remarks, is in keeping with Rosalind's assumed character of a shepherd.

SCENE III.—1. *Audrey.* A contraction of *Etheldreda.* The word *tawdry* is said to be a corruption of *Saint Audrey.* See Wb.

3. *Feature.* Shape, personal appearance (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 113. 12, *Temp.* iii. 1. 52, etc. It may here be = "facture" (or *making* in the early English sense of composition, verses), as Mr. W. Wilkins explains it.

5. *Goats.* There is a play on this word and *Goths*, which seems to have had the same pronunciation. So, as W. has shown, with *moth* and *mote*, *nothing* and *noting*, etc. Caldecott remarks that in our early printing *Goths* and *Gothic* were spelt *Gotes* and *Gottishe.* He quotes Thomas, *Hist. of Italye*, 1561: "against the gotes" (that is, Goths). *Capricious* is apparently used here on account of its derivation (Latin *caper*, goat).

7. *Ill-inhabited.* Ill-housed. See Gr. 294. For the allusion to the story of Philemon and Baucis, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 99.

11. *A great reckoning*, etc. A large bill for a small company or a mean entertainment. J. H. explains it, "an extensive reckoning to be written out in very small space."

18. *May be said.* M. Mason wished to read "it may be said;" but it is more likely a "confusion of construction" (cf. Gr. 415) for "may be said to be feigned."

22. *Honest.* See on i. 2. 34 above.

25. *Hard-favoured.* Ill-favoured (cf. i. 2. 35 above), ugly. Cf. *V. and A.* 133: "Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old;" *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 8: "Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd age," etc.

28. *Material.* "Full of matter" (ii. 1. 68), sensible.

34. *Foul.* Plain, ugly; as in the passage from *V. and A.* just quoted, and in iii. 5. 62 below.

44. *Stagger.* Waver, hesitate; as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 12, etc.

45. *What though?* What of it? Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 286, *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 9, etc. Gr. 64.

46. *Necessary.* Unavoidable; as in *J. C.* ii. 2. 36, etc.

50. *Are horns given*, etc. The emendation of the Coll. MS. for the folio reading: "hornes, euen so poore men alone: No, no," etc. Theo. pointed it thus: "Horns?—even so:—poor men alone?" D. reads: "Horns? ever to poor men alone?" Sundry other changes have been proposed.

51. *Rascal.* A lean or worthless deer. Puttenham, in his *English Poesie*, says: "raskall is properly the hunter's terme given to young deere, leane and out of season." Cf. Palsgrave: "Rascall, refuse beest, *refus*;" Quarles, *Virgin Widow:* "And have known a rascal from a fat deer;" Lovelace, *Lucasta:* "Passe rascall deare, strike me the largest doe," etc. For a play on the word, see *Cor.* i. 11. 63, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 45, v. 4. 34, etc.

53. *More worthier.* See on iii. 2. 56 above.

55. *By how much*, etc. See on v. 2. 41 below.

57. *Sir.* "The style of a priest, answering to *dominus*" (Halliwell).

61. *On gift of any man.* The idea seems to be that what is given away is not worth having.

66. *God 'ield you.* God yield you, reward you. See *Mach.* p. 175, and cf. v. 4. 53 below. The full form ("the gods yield you for 't!") occurs in *A. and C.* iv. 2. 33.

70. *Bow.* The English editors explain *ox-bow* as a provincialism, but it is in common use in New England. Cf. *fill*=thill (*Mer.* p. 139).

71. *Falcon.* The female bird (see Schmidt or Wb.), the male bird being called *tercel* or *tassel* (cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 56 and *R. and J.* ii. 2. 160). *Falcon* is masculine in *R. of L.* 506, but this is because it is applied metaphorically to Tarquin. On the *bells*, cf. *R. of L.* 511 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 47.

79. *But I were better.* That it were not better for me. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 245, *T. N.* i. 2. 27, etc. The construction was originally impersonal (=to me it were better), like *if I please*, etc. See on i. 1. 85 above, or Gr. 230, 352.

86. *O sweet Oliver.* A quotation from a ballad of the time. Steevens says: "In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of

'O swete Olyuer
Leaue me not behind the.'

Again [Aug. 20],

'The answeare of O sweete Olyuer.'

Again, in 1586 [Aug. 1],

'O sweete Olyver altered to ye scriptures.'"

90. *Wind.* Steevens notes that *wind*=wend in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: "Winde we then, Anthony, with this royal queen," etc. It may be=turn, as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 32, etc.

94. *Flout.* Mock, jeer; as in i. 2. 41 above, etc. For *calling*, see on i. 2. 216 above.

SCENE IV.—8. *Than Judas's.* It was a current opinion that Judas had red hair and beard, and he was commonly so represented in the paintings and tapestries of the time. Cf. Marston, *Insatiate Countess*, 1613: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas;" Middleton, *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1620: "Sure that was Judas with the red beard," etc.

11. *Your chestnut.* A common colloquial use of *your*. Cf. v. 4. 59 below; also *M. N. D.* i. 2. 95, iii. 1. 33, iv. 1. 36, etc. Gr. 221.

14. *Holy bread.* Sacramental bread. Warb. wished to read "beard;" that is, "the kiss of an holy saint or hermit!"

15. *Cast.* Cast off, discarded. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 23: "casted slough;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 48: "your colt's tooth is not cast yet," etc. The later folios read "chast." For the allusion to *Diana*, cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 58, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 387, *Cor.* v. 3. 65, etc.

16. *Winter's sisterhood.* That is, "an unfruitful sisterhood" (Warb.). Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 72:

> "To live a barren sister all your life,
> Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

Theo. would read "Winifred's sisterhood."

22. *Pick-purse.* Pickpocket; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 163, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 208, etc.

23. *Verity.* Faith, honesty; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 92: "justice, verity, temperance."

24. *A covered goblet.* Wr. says: "which having a convex top is more hollow than a goblet without a cover;" but perhaps better, as M. gives it, because the cover is on only when the cup is empty.

29. *The word of a tapster.* Who would cheat in his reckoning. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 42: "I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster;" *T. and C.* i. 2. 123: "a tapster's arithmetic," etc.

32. *Question.* Talk, conversation. Cf. v. 4. 156 below; also *W. T.* iv. 2. 55, etc. See on iii. 2. 348 above.

35. *What.* For what, why. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 123: "What need we any spur," etc. Gr. 253.

37. *A brave man!* A fine fellow! Cf. for the irony *Temp.* iii. 2. 12: "He were a brave monster indeed," etc. See on *bravery*, ii. 7. 80 above.

39. *Traverse.* Crosswise; that is, clumsily. It was thought disgraceful to break a lance across the body of an adversary, and not by a direct thrust. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 139: "give him another staff: this last was broke cross." Halliwell quotes *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "like a tilter that had broke his staves foul before his mistress."

Lever is feminine, as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 116, *Cymb.* v. 5. 172, etc.

40. *Puisny.* Puny (which is the same word), inferior.

41. *A noble goose.* The adjective is obviously ironical; but Hanmer wished to read "a nose-quill'd goose" (a term in falconry), and Farmer approved the change.

44. *Of love.* That is, of the want of it (Schmidt). See on ii. 3. 12 above, and cf. iii. 2. 28.

45. *Who.* For *who* following *that*, see Gr. 260; and for the form, Gr. 274. The later folios have "Whom."

48. *Pageant.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 114: "Shall we their fond pageant see?"

49. *Pale complexion.* Perhaps alluding to the popular belief that the heart lost a drop of blood with every sigh. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96:

> "All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
> With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear;"

and see note in our ed. p. 163.

54. *See.* Not in the folio, but inserted by D. Pope read, "Bring us but to this sight;" Capell, "Come, bring;" Malone, "Bring us unto," etc.

SCENE V.—5. *Falls.* For the transitive use cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 296, v. 1. 64, *J. C.* iv. 2. 26 (see note in our ed. p. 169), etc. Gr. 291.

6. *But first begs.* Without first begging. See on iii. 2. 46 above. Gr. 120.

7. *Dies and lives.* Lives and dies, gets his whole livelihood. Mr. Arrowsmith (*Notes and Queries*, 1 series, vii. 542) compares *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5790:

> "With sorrow they both die and live
> That unto richesse her hertes yeve;"

and Barclay, *Ship of Fooles*, 1570:

> "He is a foole, and so shall he dye and liue,
> That thinketh him wise, and yet can he nothing."

Dr. Ingleby (*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 59) admits that *to die and live* was sometimes = *to live and die*, but maintains that *to die and live by a thing* meant "to make that thing a matter of life and death." He adds: "The profession or calling of a man is that by which he dies and lives; i. e. by which he lives, and failing which he dies." The Camb. ed. records nine "emendations" of the passage, but none is needed.

11. *Sure.* Surely. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 388, ii. 1. 315, etc.

12. *Frail'st.* This contraction of superlatives is common in S. Cf. "civil'st" (2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 66), "kind'st (*Mach.* ii. 1. 24), "stern'st" (*Id.* ii. 2. 4) "secret'st" (*Id.* iii. 4. 126), etc. Gr. 473.

16. *And if.* An if. Gr. 103.

23. *Cicatrice.* Mark, impression. *Capable* is apparently = sensible. Cf. Greene, *Orpharion*, 1599: "conducted into the great hall of the gods, Mercury sprinkled me with water, and made me capable of their divine presence." See also *Ham.* iv. 7. 179, where "incapable of her own distress" = insensible, etc. For *impressure*, cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 103: "Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal;" and *T. and C.* iv. 5. 131: "my sword had not impressure made."

24. *Some moment.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 257: "some minute ere the time," etc. Wr. remarks that "*some* was formerly used with singular nouns." This is somewhat indefinite. The word is still used with singular nouns to express kind or quantity; as in "some fresh cheek" in 29 just below, "some food" (*Temp.* i. 2. 160), etc. We can even say "some half an hour" (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 90), "some month or two" (*M. of V.* iii. 2. 9), etc. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any Shakespearian use of the word which might not be allowed now. In *Temp.* i. 2. 7 ("Who had no doubt some noble creature in her") D., St., and others read "creatures;" but even here the singular would not be clearly an exceptional instance.

26. *Nor . . . no.* See Gr. 408, and cf. i. 2. 14 above.

29. *Fancy.* Love. See on iii. 2. 339 above.

36. *And all at once.* "And all the rest, and everything else" (Schmidt). See *Hen. V.* p. 145.

37. *No beauty.* It would seem to be clear enough from the context that Rosalind is bantering Phebe, but the negative has troubled some of the editors. Theo. reads "you have beauty;" Malone, "mo beauty;" Steevens, "more beauty;" Hanmer, "some beauty;" and so on.

39. *Dark.* In the dark. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 104: "I'll keep him dark," etc.

Seymour explains the passage, "Your beauty admits not of hyperbolical praise, I cannot say it illumines darkness;" Wr., "not being so very

brilliant;" M., "without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by."

43. *Sale-work.* "Ready-made," as we say, in distinction from "custom work" or that done to order.

Od 's my little life. A petty oath. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 72: "God 's my life!" See also "Od 's my will!" in iv. 3. 17 below; "Od 's me!" in *M. W.* i. 4. 64, etc.

47. *Bugle.* Black like "bugles," as beads of black glass are still called.

48. *Entame.* Tame, subdue; used by S. only here. Gr. 440. For *tame*=subdue, see *Much Ado*, v. 1. 210, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 278, iv. 1. 213, iv. 2. 53, 58, etc.

50. *Foggy south.* For the south wind as bringing fog and rain, cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 103, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 392, *Cor.* ii. 3. 32, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136, iv. 2. 349, etc.

51. *Properer.* Handsomer. See on i. 2. 106, and cf. 55 and 114 below.

53. *Makes.* For the use of the singular, see Gr. 247.

59. *Friendly.* As a friend. For the adverbial use, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 141, iv. 2. 107, *Cor.* iv. 6. 9, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 47, etc.

60. *You are not*, etc. We might use this expression, but not "This sky is not to walk in" (*J. C.* i. 3. 39), "He is not for your lordship's respect" (*A. W.* iii. 6. 109), etc. Cf. Gr. 405.

61. *Cry the man mercy.* That is, beg his pardon. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 27, *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 182, etc.

62. *Foul is most foul*, etc. "There is no ugliness like that which goes with scoffing" (M.). See on iii. 3. 34 above.

66. If the text is right, the first clause must be addressed to Phebe, and what follows to Silvius. Hanmer changed *your* to "her."

68. *Sauce.* Cf. our vulgarism of "sassing" a person. From meaning to give zest or piquancy to language, the word came to be used ironically in the sense of making it hot and sharp; or, in other words, from meaning to *spice* it came to mean to *pepper.* Cf. *M. W.* iv. 3. 11: "I 'll sauce them."

73. *If you will know*, etc. Probably addressed to Silvius.

75. *Look on him better.* Think better of him, regard him more favourably.

78. *Abus'd.* Deceived. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc.

80. *Dead shepherd*, etc. See introduction, p. 10 above. Marlowe was killed in a quarrel in 1593. For *saw*, cf. ii. 7. 156 above. *Of might*=forcibly true.

88. *Exterminated.* Used by S. only here. Its equivalent *exterminate* he does not use at all.

89. Possibly, as Halliwell suggests, there is an allusion to the Scriptural injunction, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

93. *Since that.* See on i. 3. 41 above. Gr. 287.

94. *Irksome.* See on ii. 1. 22 above.

99. *Grace.* Either favour, regard (as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 31, *L. L. L.* ii. 1.

60, etc.), or fortune, happiness (as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 69, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 89, etc.).

102. *Loose.* Let fall. Cf. *Ruth*, ii. 16.

104. *Erewhile.* See on ii. 4. 84 above.

106. *Bounds.* See on ii. 4. 78 above.

107. *Carlot.* Peasant; from *carl* (see *Cymb.* v. 2. 4), which has the same meaning.

109. *Peevish.* Silly. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

112. *It is.* See on i. 1. 129 above.

120. *Lusty.* Lively, fresh. Cf. *Sonn.* 5. 7, *Temp.* ii. 1. 52, etc.

122. *Constant.* Uniform; as opposed to the *mingled damask*, or red and white. Cf. *Sonn.* 130. 5: "roses damask'd, red and white."

124. *In parcels.* Piecemeal. Cf. "by parcels" in *Oth.* i. 3. 154.

Would have gone near to fall=would have come near falling. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 78, *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 24, etc.

127. *I.* Not in the 1st folio, but added in the 2d.

128. *What had he to do*, etc. What right had he, etc. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 164: "What have you to do (what is it to you) whither they bear it?" The phrase is used absolutely in *T. of S.* i. 2. 226 and iii. 2. 218.

130. *I am remember'd.* I recollect. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 110, 114, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 96, *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 23, etc. See on ii. 7. 189 above.

132. *Omittance is no quittance.* Doubtless a proverbial expression.

133. *To him.* W. omits *to*; probably a misprint.

135. *Straight.* Straightway, immediately. Cf. *Lear*, i. 3. 25: "I 'll write straight to my sister," etc. See also ii. 1. 69 above.

137. *Passing.* Exceedingly; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 20, *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 42, etc. It is occasionally an adjective; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 17: "a passing shame;" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 106: "O passing traitor!" etc.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—4. *I do love it*, etc. M. quotes what Johnson says to Boswell: "You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. Do not pretend to deny it: *manifestum habemus furem.* Make it an invariable and obligatory law on yourself never to mention your own mental diseases. If you are never to speak of them, you will think of them but little; and if you think little of them, they will molest you rarely."

5. *In extremity of either.* Extremely given to either. Cf. iv. 3. 23 below.

6. *Modern censure.* Ordinary judgment. See on ii. 7. 156 above. For *censure*, cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 37: "In my just censure, in my true opinion;" *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 144: "To give your censures in this weighty business," etc. So the verb=judge in *J. C.* iii. 2. 16, *Cor.* ii. 1. 25, etc.

Worse than drunkards. "For both alike are as incapable of action as drunkards, and their state is more permanent" (M.).

9. *Good to be a post.* M. again quotes Johnson: "I remember that I

was once at the house of a lady for whom I have a high respect. When the company were gone I said to her, 'What foolish talking have we had!' 'Yes,' said she, 'but while they talked you said nothing.' I was struck with the reproof. How much better is the man who does anything that is innocent, than he who does nothing!"

13. *Politic.* That is, arising from "professionally assumed or half real sympathy with his client" (M.).

14. *Nice.* Affected, squeamish. Halliwell quotes Heywood, *Proverbes:* "As nice as a nunnes hen."

15. *Simples.* The ingredients of a compound, especially of herbs and medicines. Cf. *R. of L.* 530, *R. and J.* v. 1. 40, *Ham.* iv. 7. 145, etc.

17. *My often.* The 1st folio has "by often," which Halliwell retains, considering the duplication of *in* an instance like that in ii. 7. 139.

18. *Humorous.* "Fanciful" (Wr.). Cf. its use in i. 2. 249 and ii. 3. 8. Schmidt explains it here as "sad."

19. *A traveller!* See on ii. 1. 41 above.

28. *God be wi' you.* See on iii. 2. 242 above; and for *an*=if, Gr. 101.

30. "See Overbury's *Characters*, where 'An Affectate Traveller' is described: 'He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lisping.' Rosalind's satire is not yet without point. She punishes Orlando for being late by pretending not to notice him till Jaques is gone" (Wr.).

31. *Strange suits.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 79 fol.: "How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy," etc.; and *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 30:

> "tall stockings,
> Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel."

Disable=disparage; as in v. 4. 73 below. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 30 and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 67.

33. *That countenance.* Of that countenance, or national physiognomy. See Gr. 201 and cf. i. 3. 114 above.

34. *Swam.* The folio has "swom" for the participle in *Temp.* ii. 2. 133, and for the past tense in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 26. (Schmidt).

Gondola is spelt "Gundello" in the folio, and the word is still pronounced "gundalow" in New England seaports.

Johnson explains the passage, "That is, been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion."

43. *Clapp'd him o' the shoulder.* That is, arrested him (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 3. 78. For another sense (as a mark of approval or good-will), see *Much Ado*, i. 1. 261, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 107. etc.

47. *Of.* By. Cf. iii. 2. 321 above. Gr. 170.

49. *Than you can make.* Hanmer's correction of the "you make" of the folio.

55. *Beholding.* Beholden. See Gr. 372 or *Mer.* p. 135.

61. *Leer.* Look. There seems to be a touch of sarcasm in the word, though in early English it meant simply face, aspect.

66. *You were better.* See on iii. 3. 79 above.

67. *Gravelled.* Stuck in the sand, brought to a standstill. Wr. quotes Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 7. 8: "Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance."

58. *Out.* At a loss for words. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 152, 165; *Cor.* v. 3. 41, etc. See also iii. 2. 233 above.

69. *God warn us!* God forbid! Some have thought it a corruption of "God ward (that is, guard) us!" Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 254.

77. *Ranker.* Schmidt explains this as="greater;" W. makes it= grosser, worse. Cf. *rank* in *Ham.* i. 2. 136, iii. 3. 36, etc. The Coll. MS. has "*thank* my honesty *rather* than my wit."

78. *Suit.* For the quibble, cf. ii. 7. 44 above.

86. *Was not.* Has not been. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc. Gr. 347.

88. *Troilus*, etc. "She will not give Troilus the honour of dying by Achilles' spear, nor trailed by his steeds, as in *Æn.* i. 474" (M.). It is of a piece with Leander's "cramp."

94. *Chroniclers.* Hanmer changed this to "coroners," not seeing that Rosalind sportively *compares* the chroniclers to a coroner's jury.

116. *Go to.* Come; a common phrase of exhortation or reproof. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 297, etc. See also *Gen.* xi. 4.

124. *Commission.* Warrant, authority to perform the rite.

125. *There 's.* Changed by Steevens to "There;" but a relative may be "understood." Cf. Gr. 244. *Goes before the priest;* that is, does not wait for him to dictate the words.

133. *April.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 93:

> "A day in April never came so sweet,
> To show how costly summer was at hand," etc.

Elsewhere the metaphor is drawn from the rainy April; as in *A. and C.* iii. 2. 43: "The April 's in her eyes," etc.

134. *May.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 102: "Love, whose month is ever May," etc.

136. *A Barbary cock-pigeon.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 108: "a Barbary hen."

137. *Against.* Before, in expectation of (Schmidt); as in *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 28, etc.

For *new-fangled*, cf. *Sonn.* 91. 3 and *L. L. L.* i. 1. 106. *Fangled*=given to finery, occurs in *Cymb.* v. 4. 134. Nares gives examples of *fangle*= trifle or toy, from Gayton, *Fest. Notes* ("What fangle now thy thronged guests to winne") and Wood, *Athenæ* ("a hatred to fangles and the French fooleries of his time"); and Todd (Johnson's *Dict.*) adds from Greene, *Mamillia:* "There was no feather, no fangle, jem, nor jewel."

139. *Diana in the fountain.* Malone thought this an allusion to the cross in Cheapside, the religious images of which were defaced in 1596. According to Stow (*Survey of London*, 1603), there was then "set up on the east side of the cross . . . a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her naked breast, but now decayed." This passage has been quoted as fixing the date of the play between 1596, when the image was set up, and 1603, when it was "decayed;" but it is doubtful whether S. had this Diana in mind. Statues of the goddess were a frequent ornament of fountains, as Whalley and others have shown by quotations from writers of the time.

140. *A hyen.* That is, a hyena. S. mentions the animal only here. Wr. quotes Holland's *Pliny*, xxviii. 8: "The Hyæns bloud taken inwardly with fried barley meale, doth mitigat the wrings and gripes of the bellie." The bark of the hyena was supposed to resemble a loud laugh. Steevens quotes *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594: "You laugh hyena-like, weep like a crocodile." Cf. Greene, *Never too Late:* "weeps with the crocodile, and smiles with the hiena."

146. *Make the doors.* Shut the doors. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 93: "The doors are made against you." According to Halliwell's *Archaic Dict.* the expression is still used in Yorkshire, and Dr. Evans (quoted by Wr.) says it is also heard in Leicestershire.

147. *'T will out.* For the ellipsis, cf. i. 2. 197; and see Gr. 405.

151. *Wit, whither wilt?* A proverbial expression, of which Steevens and others quote many contemporaneous examples. It seems to mean "What will your wit lead you to?" and was used to check one who was talking nonsense or talking too much.

156. *Without her answer.* Tyrwhitt quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 10141:

> "Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?
> Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,
> That I shall yeve hire suffisant answere,
> And alle women after for hire sake;
> That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
> With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,
> And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuse.
> For lacke of answere, non of us shall dien.
> Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,
> Yet shul we so visage it hardely,
> And wepe and swere, and chiden subtilly,
> That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees."

158. *Her husband's occasion.* That is, "caused by him" (Schmidt); or it may mean "an occasion against her husband, an opportunity for taking advantage of him" (Wr.).

162. *Lack.* Be without, do without. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 84: "Your noble friends do lack you," etc.

171. *By my troth*, etc. Wr. remarks that Rosalind swears, as Hotspur would have said (see 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 253), "like a comfit maker's wife: 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day.'"

175. *Pathetical.* Perhaps meant to be a somewhat affected word. S. puts it elsewhere only into the mouths of Armado (*L. L. L.* i. 2. 103) and Costard (*Id.* iv. 1. 150). Cotgrave, however, uses it to translate the Fr. *pathétique.* It is also found in Lodge's novel, in Florio's *Montaigne*, Greene's *Never too Late*, etc. Warb. changed it here to "atheistical," and Grey suggested "jesuitical."

176. *Hollow.* Cf. *concave* in iii. 4. 23 above.

181. *The old justice.* Steevens quotes *T. and C.* iv. 5. 225: "that old common arbitrator, Time."

182. *Simply misused.* Absolutely abused. See on iii. 2. 350 above; and cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 246, etc.

183. *We must have*, etc. Cf. Lodge's novel: "And I pray you, quoth Aliena, if your robes were off, what mettal are you made of that you

are so satyrical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest?"

189. *The bay of Portugal.* Wr. observes: "In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Ralegh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the Bay of Portugal' (Edwards, *Life of Ralegh*, ii. 56). This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognized, so far as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable."

192. *Thought.* Halliwell explains it, "moody reflection, melancholy." See *J. C.* p. 146, note on *Take thought, and die.* Schmidt makes it = love; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 69, *T. N.* ii. 4. 115, etc.

Spleen = caprice. The word means "any sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 10: "A mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;" etc. It is used figuratively in this sense in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 146:

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth," etc.

193. *Abuses.* Deceives. See on iii. 5. 78 above.

195. *Shadow.* Shade, shady spot. Cf. *V. and A.* 191, *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 25, etc. Steevens quotes *Mach.* iv. 3. 1:

> "Let us *seek out* some desolate *shade*, and there
> Weep our sad bosoms empty."

SCENE II.—11. *His leather skin*, etc. Steevens quotes Lodge's novel: "What news, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse; thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns."

12. In the folios this line and the stage direction are printed as one line:

> "Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen."

Theo. was the first to give "The rest shall bear this burthen" as a stage direction. K. regards the whole as a stage direction, and omits it. Coll. and D. print it in different type; W. does the same, reading "They" for "Then." Barron Field conjectured,

> "Men sing him home, the rest shall bear [This burthen."

Halliwell prints,

> "Then sing him home, the rest shall bear—This burthen."

13. *Take thou no scorn.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 107: "your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 4. 35: "And take foul scorn to fawn on him."

17. *Lusty.* Jocosely = gallant; or, as Schmidt gives it, "almost = merry."

SCENE III.—Johnson remarks that "the foregoing noisy scene was introduced to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours."

2. *Much Orlando!* Spoken ironically, of course; but J. H. thinks it necessary to print "And here—much, Orlando!" and to explain it, "To be here is too much trouble for you, Orlando!" The Camb. ed. notes five stupid attempts in the way of "emendation."

7. *Bid.* Often used by S. as the past tense. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 192, *T. of S.* i. 2. 30 (but *bade* in 37 just below), etc. The participle is *bid* in every instance except *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32 (Verges's speech), where it is *bidden*. Cf. i. 2. 53 above. In the present passage, the 1st folio has "did bid," the later folios "bid."

8. *Contents.* Accented as in 21 and in v. 4. 125 below; and so invariably in S., we believe. Cf. Worc.

9. *Action.* A trisyllable. See on i. 2. 247 above. Gr. 479.

10. *Of.* See on ii. 4. 40 above. Gr. 178.

14. *Swaggerer.* Bully. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 81, 83, 91, 104, etc. For the thought, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 207: "This would make Mercy swear and play the tyrant."

16. *And that.* And says that. Gr. 280 (cf. 415).

17. *As rare as phœnix.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 21:

> "Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
> At this hour reigning there."

In *L. C.* 93 *phœnix* is used as an adjective = matchless. According to the familiar fable, but one phœnix existed at a time, having risen from the ashes of its predecessor. See allusions to the story in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 35, *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 41, etc.

Od's my will! See on iii. 5. 43 above.

23. *Turn'd into.* Brought to. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 67: "turns me to shame;" *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen that I have turn'd you to," etc.

27. *A huswife's hand.* The hand of a working housewife.

32. *Defies.* For a different sense, see epil. 17 below.

33. *Woman's.* Rowe's correction of the "women's" of the folios, which some eds. retain.

34. *Giant-rude.* Gigantically or preposterously rude. Gr. 430.

35. *Ethiope.* Not used elsewhere by S. as an adjective. For the noun, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 6. 26, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 118, 268, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 257, etc.

37. *So please you.* See on i. 1. 85 above; and for *heard*, on iv. 1. 86.

39. *Phebes.* Addresses me in the same "cruel" strain.

44. *Laid apart.* Laid aside. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 78: "and lay apart The borrowed glories," etc.; also B. J., *To Cynthia:* "Lay thy bow of pearl apart," etc.

48. *Vengeance.* "Mischief" (Johnson and Schmidt). Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 113: "This vengeance on me had they executed."

49. *Meaning me*, etc. Meaning that I am, etc.

50. *Eyne.* Also written *eyen;* an old plural analogous to *oxen*, *shoon*, etc. It is used *without rhyme* in *R. of L.* 1229 and *Per.* iii. prol. 5.

52. *Alack.* Alas. S. uses the two words interchangeably. Thus we

have "alas the day!" in iii. 2. 204 above, and "alack the day!" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 73, etc.

53. *Aspect.* Perhaps used in its astrological sense, the eyes being compared to stars. Cf. *R. of L.* 14, *Sonn.* 26. 10, *W. T.* ii. 1. 107, *T. and C.* i. 3. 92, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 97, etc. The accent of the word in S. is always on the last syllable. Gr. 490.

54. *Whiles.* See on ii. 7. 128 above. *Chid* is the regular past tense of *chide* in S., the participle being *chid* or *chidden.*

55. *Prayers.* A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 478.

58. *By him seal up*, etc. That is, send a sealed letter by him to let me know, etc.

59. *Kind.* Nature; as in *A. W.* i. 3. 67, etc. *Youth and kind* seems to be = youthful nature or inclination (Halliwell).

61. *Make.* Earn (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 7: "he made five marks, ready money."

68. *Instrument.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 380–389: "You would play upon me," etc.

70. *Snake.* Often used in this contemptuous way (Malone). Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "And you, poor snakes," etc. Halliwell adds many similar examples.

76. *Purlieus.* A technical term for the borders of a forest; used by S. only here. Reed quotes Manwood, *Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx.: "Purlieu . . . is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with immoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 404: "In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play," etc.

78. *Bottom.* Valley, dale. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 105: "so rich a bottom;" Milton, *Comus*, 532: "the hilly crofts That brow this bottom-glade," etc. So *bottom-grass* in *V. and A.* 236 = grass growing in a deep valley.

84. *Description.* Quadrisyllable. See on i. 2. 247 above.

86. *Favour.* Look, aspect. Cf. *ill-favour'd*, iii. 5. 53 above, and see *J. C.* p. 131.

Bestows himself. Deports or conducts himself. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 225, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 186, etc.

87. *Ripe.* Elder, mature. *Low* = short of stature; as in *Much Ado*, i. 1. 173, iii. 1. 65 (where it is opposed to "tall"), *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 295–305, etc.

93. *Napkin.* Handkerchief, as is evident from 97 just below. Cf. *L. C.* 15: "Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne;" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 290, where Emilia says "I am glad I have found this napkin," and immediately after (306) to Iago, "What will you give me now For that same handkerchief?"

97. *Handkercher.* The folio spelling, indicating the pronunciation. In *Oth.* the quarto has "handkercher," the folio "handkerchief."

100. *An hour.* Hanmer substituted "two hours" (cf. iv. 1. 160).

101. *Food.* Commonly quoted "cud," which St. reads; but S. does not use the word. Even the all-meddlesome Coll. MS. leaves *food* undisturbed.

Sweet and bitter fancy. Malone quotes Lodge's novel: "Wherein I have noted the variable disposition of fancy, that lyke the polype in colours, so it changeth into sundry humors, being as it should seeme, a combat mixt with disquiet, and a bitter pleasure wrapt in a sweet prejudice, lyke to the synople tree, whose blossomes delight the smell, and whose fruit infects the taste."

102. *Threw his eye.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1499, *M. for M.* v. i. 23, *K. John*, iii. 3. 59, etc.

104. *An oak.* The folio has "an old Oake," but it is not likely that S. would crowd the line with an adjective implied in *age* and *antiquity*. It reminds us of a line in an ambitious college poem which read "In the old days of ancient yore."

108. *Gilded.* Schmidt notes that S. uses *gilded* twenty times and *gilt* only six times.

109. *Her.* There is here a confusion of genders, as in *Macb.* iii. 2. 13:

> "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd *it;*
> *She* 'll close and be *herself*, whilst our poor malice
> Remains in danger of *her* former tooth."

There is no clear case in S. of *her* as the possessive of *it*. Cf. Gr. 228, 229.

112. *Indented.* Sinuous, winding. Cf. *V. and A.* 704: "Turn and return, indenting with the way." Milton, like S., has the word twice. See *Vac. Ex.* 94:

> "Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant, spreads
> His thirsty arms along the indented meads;"

and *P. L.* ix. 496 (of the serpent):

> "not with indented wave,
> Prone on the ground, as since."

114. *With udders*, etc. "And therefore fierce with hunger" (Wr.). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 1. 12: "the cub-drawn bear." Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

> "the starven lioness
> When she is dry-suckt of her eager young."

116. *Should.* See Gr. 326; and for *as* in 117 (cf. 12 above) Gr. 115.

Douce quotes what Batman (*upon Barthol.* xviii. 65) says of lions: "Also their mercie is known by many and oft ensamples: for they spare them that lye on the ground." See also Lodge's novel, p. 130 above.

122. *Render.* Describe, report. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 27: "rendered me these news for true;" *Hen. V.* i. 1. 44: "A fearful battle render'd you in music," etc.

125. *To.* With regard to. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 334, *A. W.* iv. 3. 276, etc.

131. *Hurtling.* Din of conflict. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 22: "The noise of battle hurtled in the air;" Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 40: "Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily;" *Id.* i. 8. 17: "Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre;" Gray, *Fatal Sisters:*

> "Iron sleet of arrowy shower
> Hurtles in the darken'd air," etc.

134. *Contrive.* Plot. See on i. 1. 131 above; and cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 196, etc.

135. *Do not shame.* Am not ashamed. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 322: "Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery;" *Macb.* ii. 2. 64:

> "My hands are of your colour, but I shame
> To wear a heart so white;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 12. 23:

> "Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
> Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
> Or shame that ever should so fowle defects
> From her most cunning hand escaped bee."

138. *For.* As regards. Cf. v. 4. 64: "But, for the seventh cause," etc.

By and by. Presently, soon. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 2, and see note in our ed. p. 155.

140. *Recountments.* Relations, narratives; used by S. only here.

141. *As.* As for instance. Cf. ii. 1. 6 above.

149. *In fainting.* See Gr. 161.

150. *Brief.* "In brief" (142 above). Cf. *K. John*, v. 6. 18 and *Per.* iii. prol. 39. *Recover'd*=restored; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 71, 79, 97, *W. T.* iv. 4. 815, etc.

151. *Being strong at heart.* "Having now recovered from his faint" (M.).

155. *His.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "this," which some eds. retain.

159. *Cousin Ganymede.* Halliwell prints "Cousin—Ganymede!" following Johnson, who says: "Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, *Ganymede*." But *cousin* is probably used loosely, as explained on i. 3. 40 above.

165. *Ah, sirrah.* "On recovering herself, Rosalind immediately resumes her boyish sauciness, and a little overdoes it" (W.). Schmidt explains it thus: "Sometimes forming part of a soliloquy and addressed to an imaginary person, or rather to the speaker himself (always preceded by *ah*)." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 17 and *R. and J.* i. 5. 31, 128. Pope changed *sirrah* to "sir." See *Macb.* p. 236, note on *sirrah*.

M., who prints "sirra," remarks: "A similar form seems still in use in America (without any notion of upbraiding)." He apparently refers to the vulgar "sirree," which is of very recent origin and of course has no connection with *sirrah*.

A body. As Halliwell notes, the term was formerly used in this way in serious composition. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 4. 25, etc. Wr. quotes *Psalm* liii. 1 (Prayer-Book version): "The foolish body hath said in his heart."

169. *Of earnest.* In earnest. Cf. i. 2. 23, i. 3. 26, and iv. i. 171 above.

171. *Take a good heart.* S. does not elsewhere use the article in this and similar phrases. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 1. 56: "Bid her have good heart;" *J. C.* iv. 3. 288: "I have taken heart," etc.

175. *Draw homewards.* Come home. We still use *draw near*, but not=come in, enter, as in *Temp.* v. 1. 318, *A. W.* iii. 2. 101, and *T. of A.* ii. 2. 46.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—10. *It is meat and drink to me.* A common proverbial expression. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 306: "That 's meat and drink to me, now." Halliwell gives many examples from other writers of that day.

11. *We shall be flouting.* "We must have our joke" (Wr.). For *shall*, cf. i. 1. 118 above; and for *flouting*, iii. 3. 94.

14. *God ye good even.* That is, God give you good even. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 58: "God gi' good-den" ("Godgigoden" in the folio), and *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 89: "God-den," etc.

47. *Female.* Touchstone, like many of his kindred now, prefers *female* to the "common" *woman.* See *M. N. D.* p. 171, note on *Females.*

53. *Bandy.* Contend, strive. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 312: "fit to bandy with thy lawless sons." See also *R. and J.* iii. 1. 92 and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 190.

57. *God rest you merry.* God keep you merry. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 65: "rest you merry!" For similar forms, see *M. of V.* i. 3. 60, *M. for M.* iv. 3. 186, *A. and C.* i. 1. 62, etc.

58. *Seeks.* See Gr. 336.

SCENE II.—1. *Is 't possible*, etc. As Steevens remarks, the poet seems to be aware that, in varying from the novel here (see p. 131, foot-note), he makes the passion of Celia appear rather hasty.

3. *Persever.* The word was so spelt in the time of S. and accented on the penult. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 2. 36, 37, and see *M. N. D.* p. 166. On *wooing*, see Gr. 378.

6. *Of her.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 50: "The kindred of him," etc. Gr. 225.

7. *Her sudden.* The *her* is not in the folio; added by Rowe.

11. *Estate.* Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 85, etc. We find "estate unto" in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 98.

14. *And all 's contented followers.* M. remarks that this seems to mean "all his followers who will be kind enough to favour us."

17. *And you, fair sister.* Johnson would read "your fair sister;" but, as Chamier suggested, Oliver addresses her in her assumed character of a woman courted by Orlando. W. thinks that Oliver knows Rosalind's sex, having been informed of it by Celia, whom he has wooed and won since the end of the last act; "for to suppose that she kept Rosalind's secret from him one moment longer than was necessary to give her own due precedence would be to exhibit an ignorance in such matters quite deplorable." Let the reader judge.

25. *Handkercher.* See on iv. 3. 97 above.

26. *And greater wonders*, etc. Gervinus thinks that Oliver discovered the sex of Rosalind by her fainting, and told Orlando of it; but we cannot agree with him.

28. *I know where you are.* That is, what you hint at, what you mean. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 148: "O, ho, are you there with me?"

30. *Thrasonical.* Boastful; from Thraso, the bragging soldier in the *Eunuchus* of Terence. It is not necessary to suppose that S. had read Terence, for the word was already in use. Halliwell quotes several earlier instances of it; as *Orlando Furioso*, 1594: "a Thrasonical mad cap,'

etc. S. uses it again in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 14. For the reference to Cæsar, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 24.

36. *Incontinent.* Immediately. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 6. 48: "put on sullen black incontinent," etc.

37. *Wrath.* Passion, ardour.

38. *Clubs.* "Clubs!" was the rallying cry of the London apprentices, who used their clubs to put an end to a public disturbance, or sometimes (cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 53) merely to join in one. See *R. and J.* i. 1. 80. Malone aptly quotes *T. A.* ii. 1. 37: "Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace."

40. *Nuptial.* S. uses the singular except in *Per.* v. 3. 80. In *Oth.* ii. 2. 8 the quartos have the plural. See *Temp.* p. 143, note on *The nuptial;* and cf. *J. C.* p. 183, note on *His funerals.*

41. *By so much . . . by how much,* etc. Cf. for the same arrangement of clauses, *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 126:

> "Which would be so much the more dangerous,
> By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd;"

for the inverse order, *K. John,* ii. 1. 80 and 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 234. See also iii. 3. 55 above.

50. *Of good conceit.* Of good intellect. Schmidt thinks it may mean "birth," since it would need no magician to see that he was a man of good mental capacity. For *conceit* in this latter sense, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 92: "wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 263: "there 's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet," etc.

51. *Insomuch.* Seing that, since; used by S. nowhere else.

54. *Grace me.* Gain me credit. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 71: "goes to the wars, to grace himself on his return," etc. See also i. 1. 135 above.

56. *Three year.* See on iii. 2. 298 above.

Conversed. Been acquainted or associated with. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 63, *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 28, etc.

57. *Not damnable.* Not deserving the penalty usually meted out to his craft. By an act of the time of Elizabeth, death without benefit of clergy was the punishment for the practice of witchcraft whereby death ensued; imprisonment and the pillory for minor forms of the crime. An act of James I. repealing this made death the penalty for invoking evil spirits or practising witchcraft at all.

58. *Gesture.* Bearing, behaviour. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 88: "mark his gesture;" *Id.* iv. 1. 142: "his gesture imports it," etc. For *it* in *cries it out,* see on i. 3. 120 above.

61. *Inconvenient.* Disagreeable; used by S. only here.

62. *Human as she is,* etc. "That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation" (Johnson).

65. *Tender dearly.* Hold dear, value highly (though I risk it by confessing myself a magician). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 74: "which name I tender As dearly as my own;" *Ham.* i. 3. 107: "Tender yourself more dearly," etc. For the reflexive use of *you* in next line, see Gr. 223.

69. *Lover.* For the feminine use, see on iii. 4. 39 above.

70. *Ungentleness.* Unkindness; used nowhere else by S.

75. *Him.* The word is emphatic, as the measure shows. Gr. 483.

87. *Fantasy.* See on ii. 4. 27 above.

89. *Duty and observance.* Respect and homage. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 203: "followed her with a doting observance," etc.

In line 91 the folio repeats "observance," which is obviously an error. Coll. (following his MS.), D., and W. substitute "obedience" in 87; but we prefer to put it, as Malone does, in 89. It is urged in favour of the former arrangement that "obedience" goes better with "adoration and duty" than with "purity and trial;" but the same may be said of "observance." On the other hand, when we find a word repeated in this way, it is probably an accidental repetition in setting the type, the compositor having his eye or his thoughts on the word he has just set.

Other emendations proposed in 89 are "obeisance" (which S. uses only in *T. of S.* ind. 1. 108: "do him obeisance"), "endurance" (which he has three times in the sense of suffering, or sufferance), "deservance" (which he does not use at all), "perséverance" (as it is accented by S.), and "devotion." The last two are plausible, but no more so than "obedience," which the poet uses oftener than either.

96. *To love.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

99. *Why*, etc. Some editors adopt Rowe's "Who do you speak to," etc.; but no change is really called for. *Speak*=say; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 16, *Macb.* iv. 3. 154, etc. Orlando's reply is=Because I speak to her, etc.

101. *Nor doth not.* See on ii. 3. 50 above, and cf. v. 4. 82 below. Gr. 408.

102. *Like the howling*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. i. 379: "And the wolf behowls the moon." See also *J. C.* iv. 3. 27. In Lodge's novel we find the expression, "thou barkest with the wolves of Syria against the moone." There were wolves in Ireland down to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

SCENE III.—4. *Dishonest.* Immodest. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 49: "dishonest manners," etc. See also *honest* in i. 2. 34 and iii. 3. 22 above.

. *To be a woman of the world.* That is, a married woman. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 331: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt: I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" *A. W.* i. 3. 20: "If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may."

7. *By my troth.* See on i. 2. 79 above.

10. *Clap into 't roundly.* Set about it at once. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 43: "I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant 's come." See also *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44. For *roundly*=at once, without ceremony, cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 59, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 122, etc.; and note the use of *round*=blunt, unceremonious, in *T. A.* ii. 3. 102, *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 216, etc.

12. *The only prologues.* Only the prologues. Cf. i. 2. 173 above. Capell conjectured "only the," and W. reads "your only." Wr. quotes a parallel instance from Sidney, *Arcadia:* "Gynecia, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her shoulder put out of ioynct."

13. *A tune.* One tune. See Gr. 81.

15. In the folio the last stanza is made the second. The arrangement here given is found in the earliest copy of the song with musical notes, printed in Morley's *First Book of Ayres, or little short Songs to sing and play to the Lute*, 1600; also in a MS. copy made certainly before 1639, and preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

16. *With a hey*, etc. In the preface to his *Ghostly Psalms* (quoted by Wr.) Coverdale refers to these meaningless burdens of songs: "And if women, sitting at their rocks, or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Glehana's [Elkanah's] wife, Debora, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *hey nony nony, hey troly loly*, and such like phantasies."

18. *Ring time.* The reading of the Edinburgh MS.; the folio has "rang time." Schmidt explains it as "time of exchanging rings, of making love;" others, time for marriage.

21. *Acres.* Fields; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 81, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 25, etc.

33. *Matter.* Sense. Cf. ii. 1. 68 above.

34. *Untuneable.* Inharmonious, discordant (Schmidt). Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 208: "harsh, untuneable, and bad." See also *tuneable* in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 184 and iv. 1. 129. Theo. substituted "untimeable" (a word not found in S.), which W. adopts. Schmidt remarks that it is "more logical indeed, but not to the improvement of the jest." *Untuneable* agrees better with what Touchstone afterwards says, "God mend your voices!" The page mistakes the point of the criticism, perhaps intentionally.

SCENE IV.—4. *As those that fear*, etc. That is, whose hopes are mingled with fear, and only their fears certain. That this is the general meaning is evident from the preceding line. No less than twelve "emendations" are noted in the Camb. ed. Delius adopts Henley's, which merely changes the pointing: "As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear." This is bad enough, but most of the dozen are worse. As "a similar jingle" Halliwell quotes *M. for M.* v. 1. 203:

> "Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
> But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

5. *Whiles.* See on ii. 7. 128. *Compact* is accented by S. on the last syllable except in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 163. Cf. Gr. 490.

18. *Make all this matter even.* Or, as we now say, "make it all straight." So, just below, *make these doubts all even*=reconcile them, clear them up. Steevens quotes *M. for M.* iii. 1. 41:

> "Yet death we fear,
> That makes these odds all even."

In *A. W.* ii. 1. 194, "will you make it even?"=will you make it good?

22. *To wed.* For the infinitive, see Gr. 416.

27. *Lively.* Lifelike. Wr. quotes *T. of A.* i. 1. 38: "Livelier than life." For *favour*, see on i. 2. 35 above.

32. *Desperate.* "Forbidden by law" (Schmidt).

34. *Obscured.* Hidden; as in i. 1. 63 above. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 395: "why I obscured myself," etc.

35. *Toward.* At hand, coming. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 83: "a play toward;" *T. of S.* v. 1. 14: "some cheer is toward," etc. *Towards* is used once in the same sense, in *R. and J.* i. 5. 124.

39. *Good my lord.* See on i. 2. 1 above.

42. *Put me to my purgation.* Challenge me to prove it. *Purgation* properly = exculpation; as in i. 3. 51 above. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 7: "the guilt or the purgation," etc.

43. *A measure.* A formal court dance. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "a measure, full of state and ancientry." See also *Rich. II.* i. 3. 291, etc.

45. *And like.* And had like, or was likely. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 115: "We had like to have had our two noses snapped off;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 750: "Your worship had like to have given us one," etc. Schmidt makes *like* a noun here. Cf. *had as lief* (i. 1. 133) and *like*=likely (i. 2. 15). *Like* is still vulgarly used in this way, at least in New England.

47. *Ta'en up.* Made up. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 320: "I have his horse to take up the quarrel," etc.

53. *God 'ield you.* See on iii. 3. 66 above. On *I desire you of the like*, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance," and see note in our ed. p. 160.

54. *Copulatives.* Candidates for marriage.

56. *Blood.* Passion. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 187:

> "for beauty is a witch
> Against whose charms faith melteth into blood;"

and *Id.* ii. 3. 170: "O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory."

Ill-favoured. Cf. iii. 5. 53 above, and see on i. 2. 35.

58. *Honesty.* See on v. 3. 4 above.

59. *Your.* See on iii. 4. 11 above.

60. *Swift.* Ready, quick. Cf. iii. 2. 260: "a nimble wit." *Sententious*="full of pithy sayings" (Wr.) Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 3.

62. *The fool's bolt.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 132: "A fool's bolt is soon shot." A *bolt* was a blunt-headed arrow.

63. *Such dulcet diseases.* Schmidt explains this as "sweet mortifications." Walker considers it a continuation of what Touchstone has just said of "your pearl in your foul (diseased) oyster." Attempts have been made to mend the fool's talk by changing *diseases* to "discourses," "discords," or "phrases."

67. *Seeming.* Seemingly, becomingly. Gr. 1. For *as*, see Gr. 113; and cf. ii. 1. 6 above.

On *dislike*, Warb. quotes B. and F., *Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1:

> "Has he familiarly
> Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doublet
> Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report
> In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your sword,
> Cried 't was ill-mounted? has he given the lie
> In circle, or oblique, or semi-circle,
> Or direct parallel? you must challenge him."

72. *Quip.* A sharp jest, or sarcasm; or, as Lyly defines it in his *Campaspe*, "a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word." Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 12, *M. W.* i. 3. 45, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 249, etc.

See also Milton, *L'All.* 27: "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles;" Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 709: "And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface," etc. Spenser has it as a verb (=jeer, taunt) in *F. Q.* vi. 7. 44: "The more he laughes, and does her closely quip."

73. *Disabled.* Disparaged. See on iv. 1. 31 above.

77. *Lied.* Capell's correction of the "lie" of the folio.

Countercheck. Check; as in chess. S. uses the word again in *K. John*, ii. 1. 224: "A countercheck before your gates."

84. *Can you nominate*, etc. "Did you invent all this on the spur of the moment, or was it really a quotation such as you can repeat over again?" (M.).

86. *By the book.* As Warb. notes, S. doubtless refers here to a book by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594. It is entitled "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Bookes. The first intreating of the vse of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels." The second book contains "A Discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that haue in regarde their honors touching the giuing and receiuing of the Lie, wherevpon the Duello & the Combats in diuers sortes doth insue, & many other inconueniencies, for lack only of the true knowledge of honor, and the contrarie: & the right vnderstanding of wordes, which heere is plainly set downe, beginning thus." The subject is treated under the following heads: "Of the manner and diuersitie of Lies;" "Of Lies certaine;" "Of conditionall Lyes;" "Of the Lye in generall;" "Of the Lye in particular;" "Of foolish Lyes." The chapter "Of conditionall Lyes," which seems to correspond to Touchstone's "Lie circumstantial," begins thus: "Conditionall lyes be such as are giuen conditionally: as if a man should saie or write these woordes. If thou hast saide that I haue offered my Lord abuse, thou lyest: or if thou saiest so heerafter, thou shalt lye. And as often as thou hast or shalt so say, so oft do I and will I say that thou doest lye. Of these kinde of lyes giuen in this manner, often arise much contention in words, and diuers intricate worthy battailes, multiplying wordes vpon wordes whereof no sure conclusion can arise." The author warns his readers "by all meanes possible to shunne all conditionall lyes, neuer geuing anie other but certayne Lyes: the which in like manner they ought to haue great regarde, that they giue them not, vnless they be by some sure means infallibly assured, that they giue them rightly, to the ende that the parties vnto whome they be giuen, may be forced without further Ifs and Ands, either to deny or iustifie, that which they haue spoken."

87. *Books for good manners.* There were many such in the time of S., and indeed at a much earlier date. Halliwell mentions one published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1507, the colophon of which reads: "Here endeth and fynysshed the boke named and Intytled good maners. Emprynted at London in ye Flete Strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynken de Worde. In ye yere of our Lorde, M. cccccc. and vii. The x. daye of December," etc. There was an earlier edition printed by Pynson in 1494, stated to be "finyshed and translated out of Frenshe into Englissh the viij. day of June in the yere of oure Lorde 1486." Pynson also printed another book entitled "the myrrour of good maners," etc., translated

from the Latin by Alexander Bercley, "prest and monke of Ely." The work which S. may have had immediately in mind was "A lytle Booke of Good Maners for Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat," printed at London in 1554. Overbury, in his *Characters*, 1626, says: "A fine gentleman is the cynnamon tree, whose barke is more worth than his body. Hee hath reade the Booke of Good Manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it." Osric's "card or calendar of gentry" (*Ham.* v. 2. 114), ascribed by Wr. to Hamlet, may allude to the title of some such book.

97. *Swore brothers.* Like the *fratres jurati*, who took an oath to share each other's fortunes. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 20, and see note in our ed. p. 208. See also *Much Ado*, i. 1. 73, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 7, and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 345.

101. *A stalking-horse.* A horse, or the figure of one, behind which sportsmen approached their game. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 95: "Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits." Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk;" and Nares cites *The Malcontent:* "A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse."

102. *Presentation.* Semblance; used by S. only here and in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 84: "The presentation of but what I was."

103. *Still music.* Soft music. The folio has the stage-direction "*Musick still*" in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 80. Cf. "stilly sounds" in *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 5, and see note in our ed. p. 171.

105. *Atone together.* Are at one, or agree together. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 6. 72: "He and Aufidius can no more atone," etc. It is used transitively (= make at one, reconcile) in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 202 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 244.

109. *Her hand.* The 1st and 2d folios have "his hand;" and in the next line all the folios have "his bosom," which Wr. retains. Halliwell follows Caldecott in retaining "his" in both cases, on the ground that Rosalind is still in masculine dress. On 110 cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 826: "Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 205: "Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;" and *V. and A.* 582:

> "her heart,
> The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
> He carries thence incaged in his breast."

125. *If truth holds true contents.* "If truth contains truth, if the possession of truth be not imposture" (Caldecott).

126–131. The reader will have no difficulty in distributing these lines among the four couples.

128. *Accord.* Agree, consent. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 90, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 86, etc.

130. *Sure.* "Indissolubly united" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 237:

> "The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
> Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us."

134. *That reason*, etc. "That the facts when stated may diminish wonder" (M.).

135. *Finish.* Intransitive; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 201: "His days may finish ere that hapless time."

136. *Wedding is great Juno's crown*, etc. W. remarks: "Both the thought and the form of the thought in this Song seem to me as unlike

Shakespeare's as they could well be, and no less unworthy of his genius; and for the same reasons I think it not improbable that the whole of Hymen's part is from another pen than his." We are inclined to agree with him; and it may be noted also that lines 120–141 make an awkward break in the dialogue, which would run along very naturally without them.

139. *High wedlock*, etc. That is, let it be highly honoured, as the next line shows.

143. Theo. and some modern editors read "daughter-welcome."

145. *Fancy*. Love. See on iii. 2. 339 above. *Combine*=bind; as in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 149 (quoted by Steevens): "I am combined by a sacred vow."

151. *Address'd*. Prepared. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 58: "To-morrow for the march are we address'd." See also *J. C.* p. 156.

Power=army. S. uses both the singular and the plural in this sense, as we do *force* and *forces*. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 169: "with a mighty power;" and *Id.* iv. 3. 308: "Bid him set on his powers," etc.

152. *In his own conduct*. Led by himself. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 129: "Under whose conduct came those powers of France?" *Cymb.* iv. 2. 340: "Under the conduct of bold Iachimo," etc.

155. *Religious*. See on iii. 2. 322 above.

156. *Question*. See on iii. 4. 32 above; and for the ellipsis of the subject in *was converted*, Gr. 400.

159. *Restor'd*. Being restored; or "were" may be understood (Gr. 403). For *them* the folios have "him;" corrected by Rowe.

160. *Exil'd*. S. puts the accent on either syllable. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 133 and *Mach.* v. 8. 66. See Gr. 490; and for *to be true*, Gr. 354.

161. *Engage*. Pledge. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 563: "I will engage my word to thee;" *J. C.* ii. 1. 127: "honesty to honesty engaged," etc.

162. *Offer'st fairly*. Makest a goodly offering or contribution.

163. *To the other*. Through his marriage with Rosalind.

164. *At large*. "In its length and breadth" (M.); or "on a large scale" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 346:

> "The baby figure of the giant mass
> Of things to come at large."

165. *Do those ends*, etc. Finish up the work so well begun.

167. *After*. Afterwards; as in *Temp.* ii. 2. 10: "And after bite me," etc.

For *every*, cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 38: "every of your wishes." Wr. quotes Bacon, *Essay* xv.: "For the Motions of the greatest persons, in a Government, ought to be, as the Motions of the Planets, vnder *Primum Mobile;* (according to the old Opinion:) which is, That Every of them, is carried swiftly, by the Highest Motion, and softly in their owne Motion." It is curious that *every* is the only one of these so-called "adjective pronouns" which we do not now use in this way. We can say "any of them," "each of them," etc., but not "every of them."

168. *Shrewd*. Evil. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 178: "a shrewd turn" (that is, an ill turn); and see *Mer.* p. 151 or *J. C.* p. 145.

170. *States*. Estates; but not to be printed "'states," as W. gives it.

Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 262: "my state was nothing;" 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 46: "the exact wealth of all our states," etc. On the other hand, *estate* was sometimes =state, condition; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 239: "his letter there Will show you his estate," etc. Cf. *Gen.* xliii. 7, *Ps.* cxxxvi. 23, etc.

171. *New-fallen.* Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 44: "your new-fallen right." For *fall*=befall, see *A. and C.* iii. 7. 40: "no disgrace shall fall you," etc.

174. *Measures.* See on 43 above.

175. *By your patience.* With your permission. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 31, *Cor.* i. 3. 81, etc. So "with your patience;" as in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 78, etc.

177. *Pompous.* Full of pomp, splendid. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 250: "the pompous body of a king;" *Per.* iii. prol. 4: "this most pompous marriage-feast." It now carries with it the idea of ostentatious display.

179. *Convertites.* Converts; a word not used by S. Cf. *K. John*, v. 1. 19: "a gentle convertite;" and *R. of L.* 743: "a heavy convertite."

180. *Matter.* See on ii. 1. 68 above.

181. *You to your former honour*, etc. That is, bequeath your former honour to you. Schmidt (p. 1424) gives many examples of this inversion of ideas in S. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 282: "Impose me to what penance;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 106: "Till we assign you to your days of trial;" *Macb.* v. 8. 49: "I would not wish them to a fairer death," etc.

182. *Deserves.* For the singular, see Gr. 336.

193. Steevens remarks that S. has here forgotten old Adam, "whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found in the return of fortune to his master." Lodge, at the end of the novel, makes him captain of the king's guard.

EPILOGUE.

2. *Unhandsome.* Improper, unbecoming.

3. *Good wine needs no bush.* A common proverb. A bush or tuft of ivy was in olden time the sign of a vintner. Steevens quotes Gascoigne, *Glass of Government*, 1575: "Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland." Wr. cites Florio, *Second Frutes*, p. 185: "Womens beauty . . . is like vnto an Iuy bush, that cals men to the tauern, but hangs itselfe without to winde and wether." Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) has "Bouchon: m. A stopple; also, a wispe of strawe, &c., also, the bush of a tauerne, or alehouse." Cf. also Chaucer's description of the Sompnour, *C. T.* 668:

> A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
> "As gret as it were for an alestake."

7. *Insinuate with you.* Ingratiate myself with you. Cf. *V. and A* 1012: "With Death she humbly doth insinuate;" and *Rich. III.* i. 4 152: "he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh."

8. *Furnished.* Dressed. See on iii. 2. 230 above.

9. *Conjure.* Accented by S. on either syllable without regard to the meaning. See *M. N. D.* p. 164.

11. *As please you.* As may please you. See Gr. 367.

14. *If I were a woman.* Caldecott cites this in support of his opinion that Rosalind is still in male apparel (see on v. 4. 109 above); but he

forgets that in the time of S. women never played in the theatres. See *M. N. D.* p. 134, note on *Let me not play a woman.* Wr. remarks that Pepys in his *Diary* has several allusions to this. The following quotations are from the new edition by Mr. Bright:

August, 18th, 1660. "Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to see the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston,* a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life."

January 3, 1660. "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggar's Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

January 8, 1660/1. "After dinner I took my Lord Hinchinbroke and Mr. Sidney to the Theatre, and shewed them 'The Widdow,' an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women being too seek in their parts."

Feb. 12, 1660/1. "By water to Salsbury Court play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me."

16. *Liked.* Pleased. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 32: "The offer likes not;" *Id.* iv. 3. 77: "Which likes me better," etc. Gr. 297.

17. *Defied.* Slighted, despised (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 23: "No, I defy all counsel, all redress," etc.; also Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 8. 52: "Foole! (sayd the Pagan) I thy gift defye" (disdain, or refuse); *Four Prentices of London* (quoted by Nares):

> "Vain pleasures I abhor, all things defy,
> That teach not to despair, or how to die."

Cf. *defiance* = disdain, rejection; as in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 143, etc.

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 161) as follows:

"The time of this Play may be taken as ten days represented on the stage, with such sufficient intervals as the reader may imagine for himself as requisite for the probability of the plot.

1. Act I. sc. i.
2. Act I. sc. ii. and iii., and Act II. sc. i. [Act II. sc. iii.]

---

* This was Edward Kynaston, who was engaged by Sir W. Davenant in 1660 to perform the principal female characters. He also played leading male parts. Pepys, under date of January 7, 1660–1, says (we quote from Lord Braybrooke's ed.): "Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kinaston the boy had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house: and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house." It was this Kynaston who once kept Charles II. waiting for a tragedy to begin "because the queen was not shaved." He lived until 1712, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. —(*Ed.*)

3. Act II. sc. ii.* [Act III. sc. i.]
   An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.
4. Act II. sc. iv.
5. Act II. sc. v., vi., and vii.
   An interval of a few days—as the next scene shows.
6. Act III. sc. ii.
   An interval—indefinite.†
7. Act III. sc. iii.
8. Act III. sc. iv. and v., Act IV., sc. i., ii., and iii., and Act V. sc. i.
9. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.
10. Act V. sc. iv.

Two scenes of the Play—Act II. sc. iii. and Act III. sc. i.—are placed, within brackets, out of their actual order in this table. The first must be referred to day No. 2, the second to day No. 3. Looking to the *time* of the scenes, they are out of place: the author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand.

In a mere narrative this is, of course, a common practice; I am not sure that I know of any other instance in a dramatic composition."

---

* "*An interval* perhaps might be expected between the day of Rosalind's banishment and the day (No. 3) on which her flight is discovered. The Duke allows her ten days for preparation; but she and her companions would hardly delay so long, and any delay at all would throw the scheme of time utterly out of gear. . . . I believe the author started them on their journey on the night ensuing the banishment, and made Days 1, 2, and 3 consecutive. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, it may be observed, the Duke, who banishes his daughter as well as his niece, bids them depart the same night."

† "During this interval we may imagine the inhabitants of the forest 'fleeting the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world:' the Duke and his fellows hunting, carousing, and disputing with the melancholy Jaques; Orlando calling every day at the Sheepcote, wooing his mistress under the disguise of Ganymede; while Touchstone finds out and courts Audrey."

CHARLECOTE HOUSE FROM THE AVON.

INDEX OF WORDS EXPLAINED

a (transposed), 135.
a many, 138.
abused (= deceived), 183, 188.
accord (=consent), 199.
acres (=fields), 196.
action (trisyllable), 189.
addressed (=prepared), 200.
adventure, 158.
after (=afterwards), 200.
against, 186.
ages (of life), 166.
alack, 189.
Aliena (accent), 149.
allotery, 137.
along (=at full length), 152, 176.
am remembered, 184.
amaze (=confuse), 143.
an (=if), 185.
an (=one), 147, 196.
anatomize, 140, 164.
and (=an), 182.
and (=and so), 165.
and all at once, 182.
a-night, 158.
answered (=satisfied), 165.
antique, 152.
apart (=aside), 189.
April, 186.
Arden, 138.
argument (= cause), 146, 169.
as (=namely), 151, 192.
as (omitted), 155.
aspect, 190.
assayed (=tried), 149.
at heart, 145.
at large, 200.
Atalanta's better part, 172.
atomies, 175.
atone together, 199.
Audrey, 179.

bandy, 193.
bankrupt, 154.
banquet, 161.
Barbary cock-pigeon, 186.
batlet, 158.
Bay of Portugal, 188.
be naught awhile, 136.
bear (play upon), 158.
beard, 167.
beholding (=beholden), 185.
bestow (reflexive), 190.
better, I were, 180.
better world (=better times), 146.
bid (=bade), 189.
bills (weapons), 143.
blood (=kinship), 157.
blood (=passion), 197.
blue eye, 178.
books for good manners, 198.
bob (=rap), 164.
body, 192.
boldened, 165.
bonnet (=hat), 178.
bonny, 155.
bottom (=valley), 190.
bounden, 146.
bounds of feed, 160.
bow (=ox-bow), 180.
brave (=fine), 181.
bravery (=finery), 165.
breather, 177.
breed (=bring up), 136, 165.
brief, 192.
bring out (=put out), 176.
broke (=broken), 158.
broken music, 143.
brotherly (adverb), 140.
brutish (sting), 164.
buckles in, 172.
bugle (adjective), 183.
burghers, 152.
bush (vintner's sign), 201.
but (=without), 170, 181.
but erewhile, 160.
butchery, 156.
butterwomen's rank, 171.
by (=aside), 176.
by and by, 192.
by your patience, 201.

cage of rushes, 177.
calling (=appellation), 145.
capable, 182.
caparisoned, 175.
capricious, 176.
carlot, 184.
cast (=cast off), 180.
censure (=judgment), 184.
character (verb), 170.
chase, 147.
cheerly, 162.
chid (past tense), 190.
chopt, 158.
cicatrice, 182.
civil (=civilized), 172.
clap into 't roundly, 195.
clap o' the shoulder, 185.
clubs, 194.
cods, 159.
combine (=bind), 200.
come in (=intervene), 165.
come off (=escape), 141.
comfort, 162.
commandment, 165.
commission, 186.
compact, 162.
compact (accent), 196.
conceit, 162, 194.
condition (=temper), 146.
conduct, in his own, 200.
conference, 146.
confines (accent), 152.
conjure (accent), 201.
conned, 176.
consent and sufferance, 155.
constant (=faithful), 157.
constant (=uniform), 184.
contents (accent), 189.
contrive (=plot), 191.
contriver, 139.
conversed, 194.
convertites, 201.
cony, 177.
cope, 155.
copulatives, 197.
cote (=cottage), 160.
could, 145.
countenance, 136.
counter, 164.
countercheck, 198.
coursed, 153.
courtship (=court life), 177.
cousin, 147.
cover (=set the table), 161.
covered goblet, 181.
coz, 141.
cross (=penny), 159.
crow (=laugh), 163.

cry mercy, 183.
curtle-axe, 149.
curvets, 176.

damnable, 194.
dark (=in the dark), 182.
dearly (=heartily), 147.
deep-contemplative, 163.
defied (=slighted), 202.
desperate, 196.
device, 140.
dial (=watch), 163.
Diana in the fountain, 186.
dies and lives, 182.
disable (=disparage), 185.
dishonest (=immodest), 195.
dislimn, 169.
disputable, 161.
diverted (blood), 157.
do (idiomatic), 143.
do him right, 165.
dole, 143.
doublet, 158.
drave, 178.
draw homewards, 192.
ducdame, 161.
duty (=respect), 195.

east (=eastern), 171.
eat (=eaten), 165.
effigies (accent), 169.
embossed, 164.
emulator, 139.
enforcement, 166.
engage (=pledge), 200.
entame, 183.
envenoms, 156.
erewhile, 160, 184.
erring (=wandering), 172.
estate (verb), 193.
Ethiope, 189.
every of, 200.
exile (accent), 149.
exiled (accent), 200.
expediently, 169.
extent, 169.
extermined, 183.
extreme (accent), 154.
extremity, in, 184.
eyne, 189.

fair (=fair one), 171.
falcon, 180.
fall to, 168.
falls (transitive), 181.
false gallop, 171.
fancy (=love), 182, 200.
fancy-monger, 177.
fantasy (=love), 158.
fashion sake, 176.
favour (=face), 141, 190.
feature, 179.
feeder (=shepherd), 160.
fells, 170.
female, 193.
finish (intransitive), 199.
first-born of Egypt, 161.
fleet (transitive), 138.
flout, 180.
flux, 154.
fond (=foolish), 155.
fool, 151.
fool's bolt, 197.
for (=as regards), 192.
for (=because), 172.
for (=for want of), 159, 162, 165.
forked heads, 152.
foul (=plain), 179.
frail'st, 182.
free (=innocent), 165.
friendly (adverb), 183.
function (=office), 165.
furnished, 176.

gamester, 140.
Gargantua, 175.
gesture (=bearing), 194.
giant-rude, 189.
gilded, 191.
go about, 140.
go to, 186.
goats (play upon), 179.
God be wi' you, 176, 185.
God 'ield you, 180.
God rest you merry, 193.
God warn us, 186.
God ye good even, 193.
golden world, 138.
goldenly, 136.
gondola, 185.
good leave, 138.
good my complexion, 175.
good my liege, 147.
grace, 183, 194.
graces, 155.
gracious, 144.
graff, 171.
gravelled, 185.
great reckoning, etc., 179.
ground, 176.
grow upon me, 137.

had as lief, 139.
had rather, 158.
handkercher, 190, 193.
hard-favoured, 179.
have with you, 146.
having (=possession), 178.
he (=man), 178.
headed, 164.
heart (play upon), 176.
him (=he whom), 136.
hinds (=servants), 137.
his (=its), 168.
holla, 176.
holy bread, 180.
honest (=chaste), 141, 179
hose (=breeches), 158.
housewife, 141.
huswife, 189.
humorous, 146.
hurtling, 191.
hyen, 187.

ill-favouredly, 141.
ill-inhabited, 179.
impressure, 182.
in (duplicated), 166.
in little, 172.
in lieu of, 157.
in parcels, 184.
in that kind, 142.
inaccessible, 166.
incision, 170.
incontinent, 194.
inconvenient, 194.
Ind, 171.
indented, 191.
inland bred, 165.
inquisition, 155.
insinuate with, 201.
insomuch, 194.
instance (=proof), 170.
instances, 167.
instrument, 190.
intendment, 139.
Irish rat, 174.
irks, 151.
it is (contemptuous), 133, 184.

Jaques, 152.
jars (=discords), 162.
Jove's tree, 176.
Judas's hair, 180.
Juno's swans, 147.
just (=just so), 176.
justly, 145.

kind (=nature), 190.
kindle (=incite), 140.
kindled (=born), 177.
knolled, 166.

lack, 187.
Lady Fortune, 162.
laid on with a trowel, 143.
lay along, 152.
learn (=teach), 141.
leer (=look), 185.
lief, 139.
like (=had like), 197.
like (=likely), 141.
liked (=pleased), 202.
limned, 169.
lined, 171.
live i' the sun, to, 161.

lively (=lifelike), 196.
liver, 179.
living (=real), 178.
look (=look for), 161.
loose (=let fall), 184.
lover (feminine), 181, 194.
low (of stature), 190.
lusty, 184, 188.

make (=do), 136, 155, 175.
make (=earn), 190.
make even, 196.
make the doors, 186.
manage (noun), 136.
manners (play upon), 170.
mannish, 149.
marry, 136.
material, 179.
matter (=sense), 155.
May, 186.
measure (=dance), 197.
medlar, 171.
memory (=memorial), 155.
merely, 179.
mettle, 165.
mewling, 167.
might (=may), 144.
mines, 136.
misconsters, 146.
misprised, 140.
misused, 187.
modern (=trivial), 167, 185.
moe, 176.
moonish, 178.
moral (verb), 163.
moralize, 154.
more sounder, 170.
mortal (=very), 159.
motley, 162.
music (broken), 143.
mutiny, 136.
mutton (=sheep), 170.
myself alone, 176.

napkin (= handkerchief), 190.
native, 177.
natural (=fool), 142.
natural (=legitimate), 139.
naught, 136, 142, 170.
necessary, 179.
needless (= not needing), 154.
new-fallen, 201.
new-fangled, 186.
nice (=affected), 185.
nine days' wonder, 173.
nor none, 141.
nuptial, 194.
nurture (=culture), 165.

O sweet Oliver, 180.
obscured (=hidden), 196.
observance, 176, 195.
Od's my little life, 183.
Od's my will, 189.
of (=by), 154, 177, 185.
of (=in), 192.
of might, 183.
of (with verbals), 158.
offer'st fairly, 200.
on, 136, 162, 165.
on my life, 146.
on such a sudden, 146.
only (transposed), 144, 195.
out (=at a loss), 186.
out of suits, 145.
outface it, 149.

pageant, 181.
painted cloth, 176.
pantaloon, 167.
parlous, 170.
parts (=gifts), 155.
passing (adverb), 184.
pathetical, 187.
patience (trisyllable), 148.
peascod, 159.
peevish (=silly), 184.
perforce, 141.
perpend, 170.
persever, 193.
petitionary, 175.
Phebes (verb), 189.
phœnix, 189.
physic (verb), 138.
pick-purse, 181.
place, 156, 163.
point-device, 178.
poke (=pocket), 163.
politic, 185.
pompous, 201.
poverty (concrete), 147.
power (=army), 200.
practices (=plots), 156.
practise (intransitive), 140.
presentation, 199.
presently, 162.
priser, 155.
private (=lonely), 170.
private (=particular), 164.
profit (=proficiency), 136.
promotion (quadrisyllable) 157.
proper (=comely), 143.
properer, 183.
provide (reflexive), 148.
puisny, 181.
purchase (=get), 177.
pure, 141.
purgation, 147.
purlieus, 190.
put on us, 143.
Pythagoras, 174.

quail, 155.
question (=talk), 178, 181.
quintain, 145.
quintessence, 172.
quip, 197.
quit (reflexive), 169.
quotidian, 177.

ragged (=rough), 160.
railed on, 162.
rank (play upon), 143.
ranker, 186.
rankness, 138.
rascal, 179.
raw (=green), 171.
reason of, 142.
recks, 159.
recountments, 192.
recovered, 192.
religious, 177.
remembered, 168.
remorse (=pity), 147.
removed (=retired), 177.
render (=describe), 191.
render (=give back), 141.
resolve (=solve), 176.
rest (=remain), 146.
right (=downright), 171.
ring time, 196.
ripe (=mature), 190.
ripe (verb), 163.
roynish, 155.

sad (=serious), 175.
sale-work, 183.
sans, 163.
sauce, 183.
saws (=maxims), 167, 183.
scape, 171.
school (=university), 136.
scrip, 173.
see (=perceive), 144.
seeming (adverb), 197.
se'nnight, 177.
senseless, 164.
sentence end, 172.
sequestered, 152.
seven ages of life, 166.
shadow, 188.
shall (=must), 139.
shame (intransitive), 192.
she (=woman), 170.
should, 173.
shouldst (=wouldst), 145.
show (=appear), 148.
shrewd (=evil), 200.
simples, 185.
simply (=indeed), 178, 187.
Sir, 180.
sirrah, 192.
smother (noun), 146.
snake, 190.
so (omitted), 143.
so please you, 138, 141, 189.

solemn (=earn est), 158.
some, 78.
sooth, 178.
sorts (=ranks), 140.
south (=south wind), 183.
South Sea of discovery, 175.
speed (=patron), 144.
spheres (music of), 162.
spleen (=caprice), 188.
squander, 164.
stagger (=waver), 179.
stalking-horse, 199.
stand with, 160.
stanzo, 160.
states (=estates), 200.
stay (=wait for), 175.
stays (=detains), 136, 147.
still (=constantly), 145, 170.
still music, 199.
sting, 164.
stir (=excite), 149.
straight (adverb), 184.
subject (accent), 156.
successfully, 144.
sudden (=passionate), 167.
suddenly, 155.
sufficed, 166.
suit me (=dress myself), 149.
suit (play upon), 163.
sure (=surely), 182.
sure (=united), 199.
swaggerer, 189.
swashing, 149.
sweat (past tense), 157.
swift (=ready), 197.
swom, 185.
swore brothers, 199.
synod, 173.

ta'en up (=made up), 197.
take a good heart, 192.
take no scorn, 188.
tapster (the word of a), 181.
tax (=censure), 164, 177.
taxation (=censure), 142.
tempered, 141.
tender dearly, 194.
thither (=thereto), 140.
thought (=melancholy), 188.
thrasonical, 193.
thrice-crowned, 169.
thrifty (proleptic), 157.
to (=with regard to), 191.
toad-stone, 151.
too late a week, 157.
touches, 173.
toward (=at hand), 197.
traverse (=crosswise), 181.
treasure (=enrich), 155.
troth, by my, 142.
trow, 174.
turn (a note), 160.
turn him going, 169.
turn (=return), 169.
turned into, 189.

unbashful, 157.
uncouth, 162.
unexpressive, 170.
ungentleness, 194.
unhandsome, 201.
unkind, 168.
unquestionable, 178.
untreasured, 155.
unto, 145.
untuneable, 196.
up (intensive), 155.
upon, 159, 166.
use, 156.

vein, 165.
velvet, 154.
vengeance, 189.
verity, 181.
villain, 137.
voice, in my, 160.

ware (=aware), 159.
warp, 168.
was (=has been), 186.
waste (=spend), 160.
weak (proleptic), 166.
wear (=dress), 163.
wearing (=wearying), 158
well breathed, 145.
well said, 162.
wert best, thou, 140.
what, 139, 160, 181.
wherein, 144, 175.
while, the, 161.
whiles, 166, 190.
whooping, 175.
wide-enlarged, 172.
wind (=wend), 180.
Winter's sisterhood, 181.
wiser (adverb), 159.
wit, whither wilt? 142, 187.
with (=for), 147.
with (=from), 175.
withal, 139.
woman of the world, 195.
woo (=gain over), 149.
working, 144.
working-day (adjective), 146
world (hyperbolical), 168.
world (=times), 146.
worms'-meat, 170.
wrath (=ardor), 194.
wrestler (spelling), 138.
wrestler (trisyllable), 155.

year (plural), 177, 194.
yond, 159.
you (expletive), 171.
you (reflexive), 137.
young, 137.
your (colloquial), 180.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN AT NEW PLACE.

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,

FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1892.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

The Merchant of Venice.
Othello.
Julius Cæsar.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Macbeth.
Hamlet.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Romeo and Juliet.
As You Like It.
The Tempest.
Twelfth Night.
The Winter's Tale.
King John.
Richard II.
Henry IV. Part I.
Henry IV. Part II.
Henry V.
Richard III.
Henry VIII.
King Lear.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All's Well that Ends Well.
Coriolanus.
The Comedy of Errors.
Cymbeline.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Measure for Measure.
Merry Wives of Windsor.
Love's Labour 's Lost.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Timon of Athens.
Troilus and Cressida.
Henry VI. Part I.
Henry VI. Part II.
Henry VI. Part III.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.
Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, etc.
Sonnets.
Titus Andronicus.

GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS.
GRAY'S SELECT POEMS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL..... 9

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY..... 9

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT..... 11

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY..... 11

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL..... 35

ACT I..... 37

" II..... 53

" III..... 77

" IV..... 93

" V..... 113

NOTES..... 129

"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more"

(i 3 194-197)

BOCCACCIO.

INTRODUCTION

TO

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

All 's Well was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 230–254 in the division of *Comedies*. There can be little doubt, we think, that the play is a revision of the "Love Labours Wonne" included in Meres's often-quoted list (see our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9), as was first suggested by Farmer in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*. If so, it is probable that it was originally a companion play to *Love's Labour 's Lost*, and written about the same time, or not far from 1592. Knight, Ulrici, and some other critics

put the date earlier than 1590. The marks of early work are seen in the frequent rhymed passages (some of them in alternate rhymes), the sonnet letter in iii. 4. 4–17, the lyrical, non-dramatic form of certain portions, and some peculiar grammatical constructions.*

The date of the revision of the play was probably not earlier than 1601, and may have been a year or two later. Furnivall makes it 1601–2; Dowden (who, however, is doubtful whether any part of the play is of early origin), "about 1602;" Fleay and Stokes, 1604; Gervinus and Collier, 1605 or 1606.

The text presents many difficulties, on account of the peculiarities of the style and the corruptions of the folio. Verplanck remarks: "The language approaches in many places to the style of *Measure for Measure*, as if much of it had been written in that season of gloom which imparted to the poet's style something of the darkness that hung over his soul. In addition to these inherent difficulties, there are several indications of an imperfect revision, as if words and lines intended to be rejected had been left in the manuscript,

* See Stokes, *Chronol. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 110, or Fleay, *Manual*, p. 224. Most of these earlier passages—"boulders from the old strata imbedded in the later deposits," as Fleay calls them—will be easily recognized by the reader.

It may be added that, though Fleay sees earlier and later work in the play, he says, in his *Introd. to Shaks. Study*, p. 25 (he was doubtful on the point when he published the earlier *Manual*): "It is not, however, as shown by Mr. Brae, a later version of *Love's Labour's Won*. The present title is alluded to in several places in the play itself, which are clearly part of the early work." Admitting this, we do not see that it settles the question. The play may have had a double title originally—*Love's Labour's Won, or All 's Well*, etc.—like *Twelfth Night*, and some other of the plays (cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 10); or the present title may be a later one suggested by the occurrence of the proverb in the play.

Of the German critics, Gervinus and H. von Friesen are of opinion that the play is an early one recast. Tieck had long before noted evidences of two distinct styles of composition in it. On the other hand, Delius and Hertzberg deny that any such diversity of styles is to be recognized in any portion of it.

together with those written on the margin or interlined, for the purpose of being substituted for them. We have not the means afforded in several other plays where similar misprints have been found of correcting them by the collation of the old editions, as there is no other than that in the folio, which is less carefully printed than usual, not being even divided into scenes. From all these concurring causes there are many passages of obscure or doubtful meaning, some of which would perhaps remain so, even if we had them as the author left them; while others are probably darkened by typographical errors. Some of these difficulties have been perfectly cleared up, by the ingenuity or antiquarian industry of the later commentators; as to others, we must be content with explanations and conjectural corrections, which are only probable until something more satisfactory can be presented."

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of Helena and Bertram was taken by Shakespeare from Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, Paynter having translated it from Boccaccio's *Decamcron*, which was "the great storehouse of romantic and humorous narrative for the poets and dramatists of that and the succeeding age."* The characters of the Countess, Lafeu, Parolles, and the Clown are the poet's own.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."*†]

All 's Well that Ends Well is one of the most pleasing of our author's comedies. The interest is, however, more of a serious than of a comic nature. The character of Helena is

* For Shakespeare's variations from the original story, see the extract from Mrs. Jameson below.

† *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 202 fol.

one of great sweetness and delicacy. She is placed in circumstances of the most critical kind, and has to court her husband both as a virgin and a wife; yet the most scrupulous nicety of female modesty is not once violated. There is not one thought or action that ought to bring a blush into her cheeks, or that for a moment lessens her in our esteem. Perhaps the romantic attachment of a beautiful and virtuous girl to one placed above her hopes by the circumstances of birth and fortune was never so exquisitely expressed as in the reflections which she utters (i. 1. 73–92) when young Rousillon leaves his mother's house, under whose protection she has been brought up with him, to repair to the French king's court.

The interest excited by this beautiful picture of a fond and innocent heart is kept up afterwards by her resolution to follow him to France, the success of her experiment in restoring the King's health, her demanding Bertram in marriage as a recompense, his leaving her in disdain, her interview with him afterwards disguised as Diana, a young lady whom he importunes with his secret addresses, and their final reconciliation when the consequences of her stratagem and the proofs of her love are fully made known. The persevering gratitude of the French king to his benefactress, who cures him of a languishing distemper by a prescription hereditary in her family, the indulgent kindness of the Countess, whose pride of birth yields, almost without a struggle, to her affection for Helena, the honesty and uprightness of the good old lord Lafeu, make very interesting parts of the picture. The wilful stubbornness and youthful petulance of Bertram are also very admirably described. The comic part of the play turns on the folly, boasting, and cowardice of Parolles, a parasite and hanger-on of Bertram's, the detection of whose false pretensions to bravery and honour forms a very amusing episode. He is first found out by the old lord Lafeu, who says, "The soul of this man is his clothes;" and it is

proved afterwards that his heart is in his tongue, and that both are false and hollow. The adventure of "the bringing off of his drum" has become proverbial as a satire on all ridiculous and blustering undertakings which the person never means to perform; nor can any thing be more severe than what one of the bystanders remarks upon what Parolles says of himself—"Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?" Yet Parolles himself gives the best solution of the difficulty afterwards when he is thankful to escape with his life and the loss of character (iv. 3. 302 fol.); for so that he can live on, he is by no means squeamish about the loss of pretensions, to which he had sense enough to know he had no real claim, and which he had assumed only as a means to live.

[*From Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature."**]

All 's Well that Ends Well is the old story of a young maiden whose love looked much higher than her station. She obtains her lover in marriage from the hand of the King as a reward for curing him of a hopeless and lingering disease, by means of a hereditary arcanum of her father, who had been in his lifetime a celebrated physician. The young man despises her virtue and beauty, concludes the marriage only in appearance, and seeks in the dangers of war deliverance from a domestic happiness which wounds his pride. By faithful endurance and an innocent fraud, she fulfils the apparently impossible conditions on which the Count had promised to acknowledge her as his wife. Love appears here in humble guise: the wooing is on the woman's side; it is striving, unaided by a reciprocal inclination, to overcome the prejudices of birth. But as soon as Helena is united to the Count by a sacred bond, though by him considered an oppressive chain, her error becomes her virtue; she affects us

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 384 fol.

by her patient suffering. The moment in which she appears to most advantage is when she accuses herself as the persecutor of her inflexible husband, and, under the pretext of a pilgrimage to atone for her error, privately leaves the house of her mother-in-law. Johnson expresses a cordial aversion for Count Bertram, and regrets that he should be allowed to come off at last with no other punishment than a temporary shame, nay, even be rewarded with the unmerited possession of a virtuous wife. But has Shakspeare ever attempted to soften the impression made by his unfeeling pride and light-hearted perversity? He has but given him the good qualities of a soldier. And does not the poet paint the true way of the world, which never makes much of man's injustice to woman, if so-called family honour is preserved? Bertram's sole justification is, that by the exercise of arbitrary power the King thought proper to constrain him in a matter of such delicacy and private right as the choice of a wife. Besides, this story, as well as that of Grissel and many similar ones, is intended to prove that woman's truth and patience will at last triumph over man's abuse of his superior power, while other novels and *fabliaux* are, on the other hand, true satires on woman's inconsistency and cunning. In this piece old age is painted with rare favour: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's passion for her son, seem all as it were to vie with each other in endeavours to overcome the arrogance of the young Count. The style of the whole is more sententious than imaginative; the glowing colours of fancy could not with propriety have been employed on such a subject. In the passages where the humiliating rejection of the poor Helena is most painfully affecting, the cowardly Parolles steps in to the relief of the spectator. The mystification by which his pretended valour and his shameless slanders are unmasked must be ranked among the most comic scenes that ever were invented; they contain

matter enough for an excellent comedy, if Shakspeare were not always rich even to profusion. Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade, otherwise among the poet's comic characters he would have been still more famous.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

Helena, as a woman, is more passionate than imaginative; and, as a character, she bears the same relation to Juliet that Isabel bears to Portia. There is equal unity of purpose and effect, with much less of the glow of imagery and the external colouring of poetry in the sentiments, language, and details. It is passion developed under its most profound and serious aspect; as in Isabella, we have the serious and the thoughtful, not the brilliant side of intellect. Both Helena and Isabel are distinguished by high mental powers, tinged with a melancholy sweetness; but in Isabella the serious and energetic part of the character is founded in religious principle, in Helena it is founded in deep passion.

There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment—not pining in thought—not passive and "desponding over its idol"—but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. The passion here reposes upon itself for all its interest; it derives nothing from art or ornament or circumstance; it has nothing of the picturesque charm or glowing romance of Juliet; nothing of the poetical splendour of Portia, or the vestal grandeur of Isabel. The situation of Helena is the most painful and degrading in which a woman can be placed. She is poor and lowly; she loves a man who is far her superior in rank, who repays her love with indifference, and rejects her hand with scorn. She marries him against his will; he leaves her with contumely on the day of their marriage, and makes his return to her arms depend on conditions ap-

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 154 fol.

parently impossible. All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings and wounding to our delicacy, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all; and Shakspeare, resting for all his effect on its internal resources and its genuine truth and sweetness, has not even availed himself of some extraneous advantages with which Helen is represented in the original story. She is the Giletta di Narbonna of Boccaccio. In the Italian tale, Giletta is the daughter of a celebrated physician attached to the court of Roussillon; she is represented as a rich heiress, who rejects many suitors of worth and rank, in consequence of her secret attachment to the young Bertram de Roussillon. She cures the King of France of a grievous distemper, by one of her father's prescriptions; and she asks and receives as her reward the young Count of Roussillon as her wedded husband. He forsakes her on their wedding-day, and she retires, by his order, to his territory of Roussillon. There she is received with honour, takes state upon her, in her husband's absence, as the "lady of the land," administers justice, and rules her lord's dominions so wisely and so well that she is universally loved and reverenced by his subjects. In the mean time, the Count, instead of rejoining her, flies to Tuscany, and the rest of the story is closely followed in the drama. The beauty, wisdom, and royal demeanour of Giletta are charmingly described, as well as her fervent love for Bertram. But Helena, in the play, derives no dignity or interest from place or circumstance, and rests for all our sympathy and respect solely upon the truth and intensity of her affections.

She is, indeed, represented to us as one

> "Whose beauty did astonish the survey
> Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
> Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
> Humbly called mistress."

As her dignity is derived from mental power, without any

alloy of pride, so her humility has a peculiar grace. If she feels and repines over her lowly birth, it is merely as an obstacle which separates her from the man she loves. She is more sensible to his greatness than her own littleness; she is continually looking from herself up to him, not from him down to herself. She has been bred up under the same roof with him; she has adored him from infancy. Her love is not "th' infection taken in at the eyes," nor kindled by youthful romance; it appears to have taken root in her being, to have grown with her years, and to have gradually absorbed all her thoughts and faculties, until her fancy "carries no favour in it but Bertram's," and "there is no living, none, if Bertram be away."

It may be said that Bertram, arrogant, wayward, and heartless, does not justify this ardent and deep devotion. But Helena does not behold him with our eyes, but as he is "sanctified in her idolatrous fancy." Dr. Johnson says he cannot reconcile himself to a man who marries Helena like a coward, and leaves her like a profligate. This is much too severe; in the first place, there is no necessity that we *should* reconcile ourselves to him. In this consists a part of the wonderful beauty of the character of Helena—a part of its womanly truth, which Johnson, who accuses Bertram, and those who so plausibly defend him, did not understand. If it never happened in real life that a woman, richly endued with heaven's best gifts, loved with all her heart, and soul, and strength, a man unequal to or unworthy of her, and to whose faults herself alone was blind—I would give up the point; but if it be in nature, why should it not be in Shakspeare? We are not to look into Bertram's character for the spring and source of Helena's love for him, but into her own. She loves Bertram—because she loves him!—a woman's reason, but here, and sometimes elsewhere, all-sufficient.

And although Helena tells herself that she loves in vain, a

conviction stronger than reason tells her that she does not: her love is like a religion, pure, holy, and deep; the blessedness to which she has lifted her thoughts is forever before her; to despair would be a crime—it would be to cast herself away and die. The faith of her affection, combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It could say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hopes, "Be thou removed!" and it is removed. This is the solution of her behaviour in the marriage scene, where Bertram, with obvious reluctance and disdain, accepts her hand, which the King, his feudal lord and guardian, forces on him. Her maidenly feeling is at first shocked, and she shrinks back—

> "That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad:
> Let the rest go."

But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, "to blush out the remainder of her life," and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed. Pride is the only obstacle opposed to her. She is not despised and rejected as a woman, but as a poor physician's daughter; and this, to an understanding so clear, so strong, so just as Helena's, is not felt as an unpardonable insult. The mere pride of rank and birth is a prejudice of which she cannot comprehend the force, because her mind towers so immeasurably above it; and, compared to the infinite love which swells within her own bosom, it sinks into nothing. She cannot conceive that he to whom she has devoted her heart and truth, her soul, her life, her

service, must not one day love her in return; and, once her own beyond the reach of fate, that her cares, her caresses, her unwearied patient tenderness, will not at last "win her lord to look upon her"—

> . . . "For time will bring on summer,
> When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
> And be as sweet as sharp."

It is this fond faith which, hoping all things, enables her to endure all things; which hallows and dignifies the surrender of her woman's pride, making it a sacrifice on which virtue and love throw a mingled incense.

The scene in which the Countess extorts from Helen the confession of her love [i. 3] is perhaps the finest in the whole play, and brings out all the striking points of Helen's character, to which I have already alluded. We must not fail to remark that though the acknowledgment is wrung from her with an agony which seems to convulse her whole being, yet when once she has given it solemn utterance, she recovers her presence of mind, and asserts her native dignity. In her justification of her feelings and her conduct, there is neither sophistry nor self-deception nor presumption, but a noble simplicity, combined with the most impassioned earnestness; while the language naturally rises in its eloquent beauty, as the tide of feeling, now first let loose from the bursting heart, comes pouring forth in words. The whole scene is wonderfully beautiful.

This old Countess of Roussillon is a charming sketch. She is like one of Titian's old women, who still, amid their wrinkles, remind us of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young. She is a fine contrast to Lady Capulet—benign, cheerful, and affectionate; she has a benevolent enthusiasm, which neither age nor sorrow nor pride can wear away. Thus, when she is brought to believe that Helen nourishes a secret attachment for her son, she observes—

"Even so it was with me when I was young!
. . . This thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
When love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

Her fond, maternal love for Helena, whom she has brought up, her pride in her good qualities, overpowering all her own prejudices of rank and birth, are most natural in such a mind; and her indignation against her son, however strongly expressed, never forgets the mother.

"What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive
Unless *her* prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.
. . . Which of them both
Is dearest to me—I have no skill in sense
To make distinction."

This is very skilfully, as well as delicately, conceived. In rejecting those poetical and accidental advantages which Giletta possesses in the original story, Shakspeare has substituted the beautiful character of the Countess; and he has contrived that, as the character of Helena should rest for its *internal* charm on the depth of her own affections, so it should depend for its *external* interest on the affection she inspires. The enthusiastic tenderness of the old Countess, the admiration and respect of the King, Lafeu, and all who are brought in connection with her, make amends for the humiliating neglect of Bertram, and cast round Helen that collateral light which Giletta in the story owes to other circumstances, striking indeed, and well imagined, but not (I think) so finely harmonizing with the character.

It is also very natural that Helen, with the intuitive discernment of a pure and upright mind, and the penetration of a quick-witted woman, should be the first to detect the falsehood and cowardice of the boaster Parolles, who imposes on every one else.

It has been remarked that there is less of poetical imagery in this play than in many of the others. A certain solidity in Helen's character takes place of the ideal power; and, with consistent truth of keeping, the same predominance of feeling over fancy, of the reflective over the imaginative faculty, is maintained through the whole dialogue. Yet the finest passages in the serious scenes are those appropriated to her; they are familiar ard celebrated as quotations, but, fully to understand their beauty and truth, they should be considered relatively to her character and situation: thus, when, in speaking of Bertram, she says "that he is one to whom she wishes well," the consciousness of the disproportion between her words and her feelings draws from her this beautiful and affecting observation, so just in itself, and so true to her situation, and to the sentiment which fills her whole heart:

> "'T is pity
> That wishing well had not a body in 't,
> Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
> Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
> Might with effects of them follow our friends,
> And show what we alone must think, which never
> Returns us thanks."

* * * * * * * *

Though I cannot go the length of those who have defended Bertram on almost every point, still I think the censure which Johnson has passed on the character is much too severe. Bertram is certainly not a pattern hero of romance, but full of faults such as we meet with every day in men of his age and class. He is a bold, ardent, self-willed youth, just dismissed into the world from domestic indulgence, with an excess of aristocratic and military pride, but not without some sense of true honour and generosity. I have lately read a defence of Bertram's character, written with much elegance and plausibility. "The young Count," says this critic, "comes before us possessed of a good heart, and of no mean capacity,

but with a haughtiness which threatens to dull the kinder passions, and to cloud the intellect. This is the inevitable consequence of an illustrious education. The glare of his birthright has dazzled his young faculties. Perhaps the first words he could distinguish were from the important nurse, giving elaborate directions about his lordship's pap. As soon as he could walk, a crowd of submissive vassals doffed their caps, and hailed his first appearance on his legs. His spelling-book had the arms of the family emblazoned on the cover. He had been accustomed to hear himself called the great, the mighty son of Roussillon, ever since he was a helpless child. A succession of complacent tutors would by no means destroy the illusion; and it is from their hands that Shakspeare receives him, while yet in his minority. An overweening pride of birth is Bertram's great foible. To cure him of this, Shakspeare sends him to the wars, that he may win fame for himself, and thus exchange a shadow for a reality. There the great dignity that his valour acquired for him places him on an equality with any one of his ancestors, and he is no longer beholden to them alone for the world's observance. Thus in his own person he discovers there is something better than mere hereditary honours; and his heart is prepared to acknowledge that the entire devotion of a Helen's love is of more worth than the court-bred smiles of a princess."*

It is not extraordinary that, in the first instance, his spirit should revolt at the idea of marrying his mother's "waiting gentlewoman," or that he should refuse her; yet when the king, his feudal lord, whose despotic authority was in this case legal and indisputable, threatens him with the extremity of his wrath and vengeance, that he should submit himself to a hard necessity was too consistent with the manners of the time to be called *cowardice*. Such forced marriages were not uncommon even in our own country, when the right of

* *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. iv.

wardship, now vested in the Lord Chancellor, was exercised with uncontrolled and often cruel despotism by the sovereign. . . .

Bertram's disgust at the tyranny which has made his freedom the payment of another's debt, which has united him to a woman whose merits are not towards him—whose secret love and long-enduring faith are yet unknown and untried—might well make his bride distasteful to him. He flies her on the very day of their marriage, most like a wilful, haughty, angry boy, but not like a profligate. On other points he is not so easily defended; and Shakspeare, we see, has not defended, but corrected him. The latter part of the play is more perplexing than pleasing. We do not, indeed, repine, with Dr. Johnson, that Bertram, after all his misdemeanours, is "dismissed to happiness;" but, notwithstanding the clever defence that has been made for him, he has our pardon rather than our sympathy: and for mine own part, I could find it easier to love Bertram as Helena does, than to excuse him; her love for him is his best excuse.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

In *All 's Well that Ends Well*, a subject of extreme difficulty, when regarded on the ethical side, was treated by Shakspere with a full consciousness of its difficulty. A woman who seeks her husband, and gains him against his will; who afterwards by a fraud—a fraud however pious—defeats his intention of estranging her, and becomes the mother of his child; such a personage it would seem a sufficiently difficult task to render attractive or admirable. Yet Helena has been named by Coleridge "the loveliest of Shakspere's characters." Possibly Coleridge recognized in Helena the single quality which, if brought to bear upon himself by one to whom he yielded love and worship, would

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 85 fol.

have given definiteness and energy to his somewhat vague and incoherent life. For sake of this one thing Shakspere was interested in the story, and so admirable did it seem to him that he could not choose but endeavour to make beautiful and noble the entire character and action of Helena. This one thing is the energy, the leap-up, the direct advance of the *will* of Helena, her prompt, unerroneous tendency towards the right and efficient *deed*. She does not display herself through her words; she does not, except on rarest occasions, allow her feelings to expand and deploy themselves; her entire force of character is concentrated in what she does. And therefore we see her quite as much indirectly, through the effect which she has produced upon other persons of the drama, as through self-confession or immediate presentation of her character.

A motto for the play may be found in the words uttered with pious astonishment by the clown, when his mistress bids him to begone, "That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done." Helena is the providence of the play; and there is "no hurt done," but rather healing—healing of the body of the French king, healing of the spirit of the man she loves. For Bertram, when the story begins, though endowed with beauty and bravery and the advantages (and disadvantages) of rank, is in character, in heart, in will, a crude, ungracious boy. Helena loves him, and sets him, in her love, above herself, the poor physician's daughter, out of her sphere:

> "'T were all one
> That I should love a bright, particular star
> And think to wed it, he is so above me."

She loves him thus, but (if love can be conceived as distinct from liking) she does not wholly like him. She admits to herself that in worship of Bertram there is a certain fatuousness—

> "Now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
> Must sanctify his reliques."

She sees from the first that the friend of his choice, the French captain, is "a notorious liar," "solely a coward," "a great way fool;" she trembles for what Bertram may learn at the court.

> "God send him well!
> The court 's a learning place; and he is one—
> *Parolles.* What one i' faith?
> *Helena.* That I wish well."

Yet she sees in Bertram a potential nobleness waiting to be evoked. And her will leaps forward to help him. Now she loves him — loves him with devotion which comes from a consciousness that she can confer much; and she will form him so that one day she shall like him also.

> "*Helena.* 'T is pity.
> *Parolles.* What 's pity?
> *Helena.* That wishing well had not a body in 't,
> Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
> Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
> Might with effects of them follow our friends,
> And show what we alone must think."

But the "wishing well" of such a woman as Helena has indeed a sensible and apprehensible body in it. With a sacred boldness she assumes a command over Bertram's fate and her own. She cannot believe in the piety of resignation or passiveness, in the religious duty of letting things drift; rather, she finds in the love which prompts her a true mandate from above, and a veritable providential power:

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
> Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
> Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
> Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
> What power is it that mounts my love so high?"

Helena goes forth, encouraged by her mistress, the mother of the man she seeks to win; goes forth to gain her husband, to allay her own need of service to him, to impose herself on Bertram as the blessing that he requires. All this Helena

does openly, with perfect courage. She does not conceal her love from the Countess; she does not for a moment dream of stealing after Bertram in man's attire. It is the most impulsively or the most delicately and exquisitely feminine of Shakspere's women whom he delights to disguise in the "garnish of a boy"—Julia, with her hair knit up "in twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;" Rosalind, the gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh; Viola, the sweet-voiced, in whom "all is semblative a woman's part;" Jessica, for whose transformation Cupid himself would blush; Portia, the wise young judge, so poignantly feminine in her gifts of intellect and heart; Imogen, who steps into the cavern's mouth with the advanced sword in a slender and trembling hand. In Helena there is so much solidity and strength of character that we feel she would be enfeebled by any male disguise which might complicate the impression produced by her plain womanhood. There could be no charm in presenting as a pretender to male courage one who was actually courageous as a man.

But throughout, while Helena is abundantly courageous, Shakspere intends that she shall at no moment appear unwomanly. In offering herself to Bertram, she first discloses her real feeling by words addressed to one of the young lords, from among whom it is granted her to choose a husband:

> "Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
> I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake."

Only with Bertram she would venture on the bold experiment of wronging him for his own sake. The experiment, indeed, does not at first seem to succeed. Helena is wedded to Bertram; she has laid her will without reserve in her husband's hands; she had desired to surrender all to him, for his good, and she has surrendered all. But Bertram does not find this providential superintendence of his affairs of the heart altogether to his taste; and in company with Parolles

he flies from his wife's presence to the Italian war. Upon reading the concise and cruel letter in which Bertram has declared the finality of his separation from her, Helena does not faint, nor does she break forth into bitter lamentation. "This is a dreadful sentence," "'T is bitter." Thus, pruning her words, Helena controls "the thoughts which swell and throng" over her, until they condense themselves into one strong purpose. She will leave her mother, leave her home; and when she is gone and forgotten, Bertram will return from hardship and danger. But she would fain see him; and if any thing can still be done, she will do that thing.

The mode by which Helena succeeds in accomplishing the conditions upon which Bertram has promised to acknowledge her as his wife seems indeed hardly to possess any moral force, any validity for the heart or the conscience. It can only be said, in explanation, that to Helena an infinite virtue and significance resides in a *deed*. Out of a word or out of a feeling she does not hope for measureless good to come; but out of a deed, what may not come? That Bertram should actually have received her as his wife, actually, though unwittingly; that he should indeed be father of the child she bears him—these are facts, accomplished things, which must work out some real advantage. And now Bertram has learned his need of self-distrust, perhaps has learned true modesty. His friend (who was all vain words apart from deeds) has been unmasked and pitilessly exposed. May not Bertram now be capable of estimating the worth of things and of persons more justly? Helena, in taking the place of Diana, in beguiling her husband into at least material virtue, is still "doing him wrong, for his own sake." The man is "at woman's command," and there is "no hurt done."

Even at the last, Bertram's attainment is but small; he is still no more than a potential piece of worthy manhood. We cannot suppose that Shakspere has represented hi n thus

without a purpose. Does not the poet wish us to feel that although much remains to be wrought in Bertram, his welfare is now assured? The courageous title of the play, *All 's Well that Ends Well*, is like an utterance of the heart of Helena, who has strength and endurance to attain the end, and who will measure things, not by the pains and trials of the way, not by the dubious and difficult means, but by that end, by the accomplished issue. We need not, therefore, concern ourselves any longer about Bertram; he is safe in the hands of Helena; she will fashion him as he should be fashioned. Bertram is at length delivered from the snares and delusions which beset his years of haughty ignorance and dulness of the heart; he is doubly won by Helena; therefore he cannot wander far, therefore he cannot finally be lost.

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

We have now left behind us Shakspere's bright, sweet time, and are at the entrance to his gloomy one.† Instead of coming with outstretched hand and welcoming smile of lip and eye to greet such plays as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, even *Twelfth Night*, we turn with half-repugnance from *All 's Well*, and wish Shakspere had given the subject the go-by. Yet for its main feature—a woman forcing her love on an unwilling man—Shakspere has prepared us in his two last plays (as well as an earlier one), by Phœbe in *As You Like It*, by Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, endeavouring to force their loves on two supposed men, Rosalind‡ and Viola. But none the less is the reality distasteful to us, when the supposed man becomes a man indeed. Why then did Shakspere choose this story of Giglietta di Nerbona pursuing Beltramo, which he found in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, A.D. 1566, taken from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*? For the same reason,

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. lx. fol.

† See Mr. Furnivall's classification of the plays, in our ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 25.

‡ We must recollect too that Rosalind made the first advances to Orlando.

I conceive, that Chaucer took from the same Italian source —tho' through Petrarch's Latin version of it—the Clerk's story of Griselda, to show what woman's love, what wifely duty, would do and suffer for the man on whom they hung. The tale of woman's suffering, of woman's sacrifice for love, was no new tale to Shakspere. His Adriana of the *Errors*, Hermia and Helena of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Sylvia and Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Juliet of *Romeo and Juliet*, Hotspur's widow of 2 *Henry IV.*, Hero of *Much Ado*, Rosalind of *As You Like It*, Viola of *Twelfth Night*, had brought home to him, as they have to us, the depth and height of women's love:

> "Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
> But always resolute in most extremes,"

willing to face rebuke, repulse, the unsexing of themselves, base service, exile, nay, the grave, so that thereby the loved one might be won or served. And when Shakspere saw Giglietta's story, he recognized in it the same true woman's love undergoing a more repulsive trial, that of unwomanliness, than he had yet put any of his heroines to; and he resolved that his countrymen should know through what apparent dirt pure love *would* pass, and *could*, unspotted and unsmirched. *Apparent* dirt, I say, because I can't see that what would be right, or justifiable, in a man when in love to secure his sweetheart or wife, can be wrong or unjustifiable in a woman. Equality in choice and proposal should be allowed, as Thackeray says. Another lesson Shakspere had, too, to teach to pride of birth in England; a lesson that, before him, his father Chaucer had taught in many a line, repeated none so oft (see his *Gentleness*, *Wife's Tale*, etc.), and a lesson not yet learned here; one that never will be learned, I fear:

> "Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
> From yon blue heavens above us bent,
> The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent;

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

All 's Well is, I doubt not, *Love's Labours Won* recast. Both* have the name Dumaine in common, in both is the Labour of Love; that which is the growth of a life is won here, that which is the growth of a day being lost in the earlier play. Moreover, no intelligent person can read the play without being struck by the contrast of early and late work in it. The stiff formality of the rhymed talk between Helena and the king is due, not to etiquette, but to Shakspere's early time; so also the end of the play.

For the backward and forward reach of the play, as in the other Second-Period comedies, let us note that Helena in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, with her desire to force herself on Demetrius, is the prototype of Helena of *All 's Well*. We have the parallel expression in *All 's Well*, "the hind that would be mated by the lion must die for love;" in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, "the mild hind makes speed to catch the tiger." But note the wondrous difference in depth and beauty of character of the two Helenas, also the absence here of the youthful *Midsummer-Night's Dream* face-scratchings, long legs, and funny conceit of the moon tumbling through the earth. . . . *Romeo and Juliet*, in Lady Capulet's speech about Tybalt, iii. 5. 71, gives us the parallel of Lafeu's "moderate lamentation" and "excessive grief," i. 1. 48, and Diana Capulet's name. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us the ring parallel, and the contrast of Portia being chosen, and its happy result, with Helena's choosing, and its unhappy outcome for a time. Pistol in 2 *Henry IV.* and mainly *Henry V.* is the prototype of Parolles, who is but Pistol refined and developed, with a touch of Falstaff added, while Parolles's echoing of Lafeu (ii. 3) is clearly recollected from

* That is, *All 's Well* and *Love's Labours Lost.—Ed.*

Sir Andrew Aguecheek's echoing of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*. Parolles's proposal to give himself "some hurts, and say I got them in exploit" (iv. 1) is a remembrance of Falstaff's proposal and its carrying out in 1 *Henry IV.*, after Prince Hal and Poins have robbed the merry old rascal, etc. Also Parolles's exposure by his comrades is suggested by that of Falstaff by Prince Hal and Poins. 2 *Henry IV.* gives us, too, Falstaff's explanation of his abuse of Prince Hal to Doll Tearsheet, as the original of Parolles's excuse for his letter to Diana Capulet abusing Bertram.

As to the forward reach of the play, the link with the *Sonnets* is of the strongest. Think of Shakspere, the higher nature, but the lower in birth and position, during his separation from his Will, so handsome, high-born, hating marriage, misled by unworthy rivals, also selfish and sensual, and compare him with the poor, lowly-born Helena, richer and higher in noble qualities, longing for, dwelling in mind on, her handsome Bertram, high-born, hating marriage, misled by Parolles, selfish and sensual too. So far Shakspere and Helena are one, and Will is Bertram. *Hamlet* gives us, in Polonius's advice to Laertes, the development of the countess's counsel to Bertram, "love all, trust a few," etc. In *Measure for Measure*, the *All 's Well* substitution of the woman who ought to be a man's bed-mate for the one who ought not so to be, but whom he desired to have, is used again, with the very same precautions against discovery, not to stay too long or to speak, etc. The name Escalus used here is also that of the Governor in *Measure for Measure;* and for our Corambus here we get a Corambis in the first quarto of *Hamlet.* For the parallel to the sunshine and the hail in the king at once here we go to *Lear* for the sunshine and rain at once in Cordelia, whose smiles and tears were like a better day. For our clown's "flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire" we turn to the *Macbeth* porter's "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." For our

"Time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp,"

we turn to *Cymbeline* with its

"Leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
Outsweeten'd not thy breath."

To Belarius in the same play we go for Touchstone's and the clown's contrast of court and country here, and for Imogen to match the despised, neglected Helena, willing to give up her native land and life for the husband who had so wronged her. Helena, though condemned by many women and some men, has yet had justice done her by Coleridge, who calls her Shakspere's "loveliest character"—and he wrote *Genevieve*—and Mrs. Jameson, who says, "There never was perhaps a more beautiful picture of a woman's love cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not desponding over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith." She is the opposite of Hamlet, as she says:

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

And she believes that great maxim so often forgotten even now—

"Whoever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love."

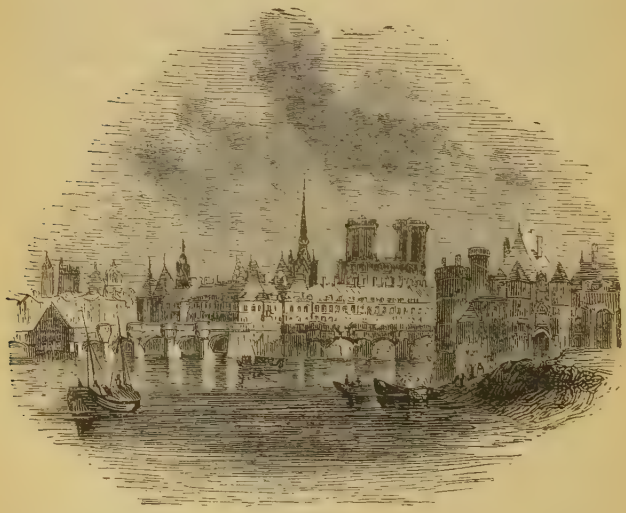
We can judge her best by the impression that she made on others; and if we compare the praises of her by Lafeu, the king, the clown, and the countess, who knew her from her childhood, and who at least five times sings her praise, we see that Bertram's words of her are justified: Helena is "she who all men praised." Quick as she is to see through Parolles, she cannot see through Bertram. Love blinds her eyes. How beautiful is her confession of her love for him to his mother,

and how pretty is old Lafeu's enthusiasm for her! Let those, too, who blame her, notice her drawing back for the time on Bertram's declaring he can't love her and won't try to (ii. 3. 144). Thenceforward she is passive in the king's hands. It is he for his honour's sake who bids Bertram take her; and after the young noble's seemingly willing consent, she must have been more than woman to refuse to marry the man whom she knew her love alone could lift from the mire in which he was willingly wallowing. They are wedded; and the foolish husband takes counsel of his fool and leaves his wife; and then, without the kiss she asks so prettily for, he sends her home. What she has thenceforth to do she tells us:

> "Like timorous thief most fain would steal
> What law does vouch mine own."

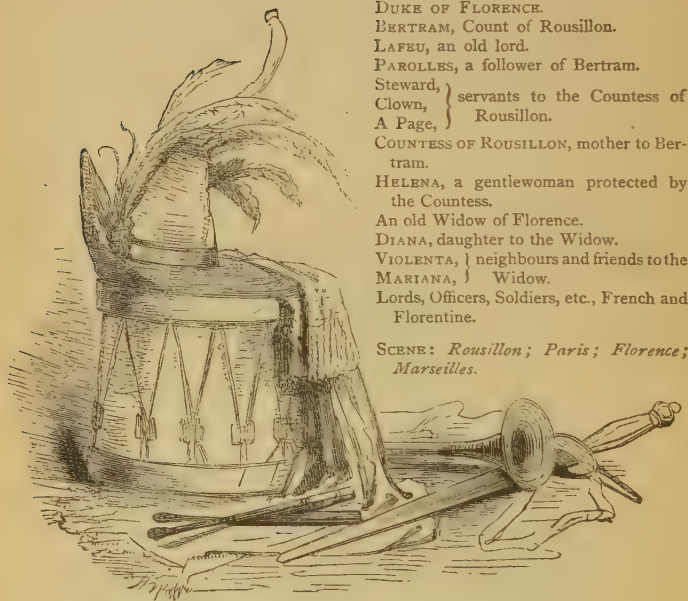
How little like a triumph, and possession of her love! Her husband's brutal letter does but bring into higher relief her noble unselfishness and love for him. Her only desire is to save him. She knows the urgence of his "important blood," and takes advantage of it to work a lawful meaning in a lawful act, and so without disgrace fulfils the condition that his baseness has made precedent to his reunion with her. For Bertram, the question one is obliged to ask is, How came the son of such a father and such a mother to be what he was? Seeing him even with Helena's eyes, what has he to recommend him but his good looks? What other good quality of him comes out in the play? Physical courage alone. Of moral courage he has none. Headstrong he is, a fool, unable to judge men, lustful, a liar, and a sneak. One thing he has to pride himself in, his noble birth, and that does not save him from being a very snob. He lies like Parolles himself, and even more basely, when he wants to get out of a scrape. I cannot doubt that it was one of Shakspere's objects in this play to show the utter worthlessness of pride of birth, as he had done in *Love's Labours Lost*

of wit, unless beneath the noble name was a noble soul. As Berowne had to be emptied of the worthless wit he prided himself upon, so had Bertram of his silly aristocraticness, his all, before he could be filled with the love of the lower-born lady of God's own make, which should lift him to his true height. With a word for the countess who, as Mrs. Jameson says, "is like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young;" with a kindly glance at the shrewd, warm-hearted, true, and generous old Lafeu, we take our leave of the last play of Shakspere's delightful Second Period, whose sunshine has gradually clouded to prepare us for the coming storm.



PARIS.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Steward, Clown, A Page, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

INTERIOR OF PALACE IN ROUSILLON.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Countess. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Bertram. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Lafeu. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you,

sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Countess. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Lafeu. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Countess. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Lafeu. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Countess. He was famous sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon.

Lafeu. He was excellent indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Bertram. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Lafeu. A fistula, my lord.

Bertram. I heard not of it before.

Lafeu. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Countess. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, their commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Lafeu. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Countess. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have.

Helena. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Lafeu. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Countess. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Bertram. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Lafeu. How understand we that?

Countess. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord;
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Lafeu. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Countess. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Bertram. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Lafeu. Farewell, pretty lady; you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*

Helena. O, were that all! I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him; my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. 'T were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me;
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Parolles. Save you, fair queen!

Helena. And you, monarch!

Parolles. No.

Helena. And no.

Parolles. Are you meditating on virginity? will you any thing with it?

Helena. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves:
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall. God send him well!
The court 's a learning place, and he is one—

Parolles. What one, i' faith?

Helena. That I wish well. 'T is pity—

Parolles. What 's pity?

Helena. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

Parolles. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Helena. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Parolles. Under Mars, I.

Helena. I especially think, under Mars.

Parolles. Why under Mars?

Helena. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars.

Parolles. When he was predominant.

Helena. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Parolles. Why think you so?

Helena. You go so much backward when you fight.

Parolles. That 's for advantage.

Helena. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety; but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Parolles. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away. Farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Helena. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be; who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters, and divers* Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.
1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.
King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes;
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.
2 *Lord.* It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.
King. What 's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Bertram. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Bertram. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear,—'Let me not live,'—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain, whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments, whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
2 Lord. You 're loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.
King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.
Bertram. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet.—
Lend me an arm.—The rest have worn me out
With several applications; nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.
Bertram. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, *and* Clown.

Countess. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Steward. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Countess. What does this knave here?—Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 't is my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clown. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Countess. Well, sir.

Clown. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor, though

many of the rich are damned; but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Countess. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clown. I do beg your good will in this case.

Countess. In what case?

Clown. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Countess. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clown. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Countess. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clown. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Countess. May the world know them?

Clown. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Countess. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clown. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Countess. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clown. You 're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Countess. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clown. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Countess. Get you gone, sir; I 'll talk with you more anon.

Steward. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Countess. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clown. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There 's yet one good in ten.

Countess. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clown. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Countess. You 'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clown. That man should be at woman's command, and

yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Countess. Well, now.

Steward. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Countess. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Steward. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Countess. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.— [*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young.
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults—or then we thought them none,
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.
Helena. What is your pleasure, madam?
Countess. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.
Helena. Mine honourable mistress.
Countess. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent; what 's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine; 't is often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? What 's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why? that you are my daughter?
Helena. That I am not.
Countess. I say, I am your mother.
Helena. Pardon, madam;
The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother.
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.
Countess. Nor I your mother?
Helena. You are my mother, madam; would you were—

So that my lord your son were not my brother—
Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?
Countess. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness; now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head; now to all sense 't is gross
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Helena. Good madam, pardon me!
Countess. Do you love my son?
Helena. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Countess. Love you my son?
Helena. Do not you love him, madam?
Countess. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond.
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Helena. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,

That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.
My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet in this captious and intenible sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then give pity
To her whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

Countess. Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—
To go to Paris?

Helena. Madam, I had.

Countess. Wherefore? tell true.

Helena. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,

As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.
Countess. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.
Helena. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris and the medicine and the king
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.
Countess. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind: he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?
Helena. There 's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven; and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I 'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.
Countess. Dost thou believe 't?
Helena. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Countess. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I 'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [*Exeunt.*

INTERIOR OF THE LOUVRE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, *attended with divers young* Lords *taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir,

After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.
2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them!
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.
Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [*Exit, attended.*
1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!
Parolles. 'T is not his fault, the spark.
2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars!
Parolles. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.
Bertram. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,—
'Too young' and 'the next year' and ''t is too early.'
Parolles. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away bravely.
Bertram. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I 'll steal away.
1 *Lord.* There 's honour in the theft.
Parolles. Commit it, count.
2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so, farewell.
Bertram. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.
1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Parolles. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it. Say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

1 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Parolles. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Bertram. Stay; the king! 48

Re-enter the KING. BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES *retire.*

Parolles. [*To Bertram*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Bertram. And I will do so.

Parolles. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Lafeu. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings. 60

King. I 'll fee thee to stand up.

Lafeu. Then here 's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Lafeu. Good faith, across; but, my good lord, 't is thus:
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Lafeu. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine
That 's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand
And write to her a love-line.
King. What her is this?
Lafeu. Why, Doctor She; my lord, there 's one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Lafeu. Nay, I 'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Lafeu. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Lafeu. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty; say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Helena. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father ;
In what he did profess, well found.
King. I knew him.
Helena. The rather will I spare my praises towards him ;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate : I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.
Helena. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Helena. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains not us'd must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Helena. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Helena. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Helena. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worst of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,—
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Helena. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Helena. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Helena. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd.
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Rousillon. The Coun'ess's Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Countess. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught; I know my business is but to the court.

Countess. To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clown. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court. He that cannot make a leg, put off 's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Countess. Marry, that 's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clown. It is like a barber's chair that fits all buttocks, the

pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Countess. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clown. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Countess. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clown. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Countess. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clown. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it; here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Countess. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clown. O Lord, sir!—There 's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Countess. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Countess. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Countess. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Countess. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Countess. I play the noble huswife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Why, there 't serves well again.

Countess. An end, sir; to your business. Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back;
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Countess. Not much employment for you; you understand me?

Clown. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Countess. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Parolles.

Lafeu. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Parolles. And so 't is.

Lafeu. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Parolles. So I say.

Lafeu. Both of Galen and Paracelsus,—

Parolles. So I say.

Lafeu. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Parolles. Right; so I say.

Lafeu. That gave him out incurable,—

Parolles. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Lafeu. Not to be helped,—

Parolles. Right; as 't were, a man assured of a—

Lafeu. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Parolles. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Lafeu. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Parolles. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Lafeu. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Parolles. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Lafeu. Why, your dolphin is not lustier; fore me, I speak in respect—

Parolles. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he 's of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Lafeu. Very hand of heaven.

Parolles. Ay, so I say.

Lafeu. In a most weak—

Parolles. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Lafeu. Generally thankful.

Parolles. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and* Attendants. LAFEU *and* PAROLLES *retire.*

Lafeu. Lustig, as the Dutchman says! I 'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head; why, he 's able to lead her a coranto.

Parolles. Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Lafeu. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords *and* BERTRAM.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use. Thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Helena. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! marry, to each but one!

Lafeu. I 'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well; 60
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Helena. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Helena. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever; 70
We 'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Helena. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Helena. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Lafeu. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Helena. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies; 80

Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Helena. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.

Lafeu. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I 'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Helena. Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I 'll never do you wrong for your own sake.
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Lafeu. These boys are boys of ice, they 'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.

Helena. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Lafeu. There 's one grape yet; I am sure thy father drunk wine: but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Helena. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she 's thy wife.

Bertram. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Bertram. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Bertram. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so.
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;
Where great additions swell 's, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so;
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she 's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers; the mere word 's a slave
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Bertram. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Helena. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I 'm glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour 's at the stake; which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good.
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak! thine answer!

Bertram. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Bertram. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love 's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*

Lafeu. [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Parolles. Your pleasure, sir?

Lafeu. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Parolles. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Lafeu. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Parolles. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Lafeu. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Parolles. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Lafeu. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Parolles. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Lafeu. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Parolles. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Lafeu. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

Parolles. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Lafeu. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy

casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Parolles. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Lafeu. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Parolles. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Lafeu. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Parolles. Well, I shall be wiser.

Lafeu. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Parolles. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Lafeu. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Parolles. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I 'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I 'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Lafeu. Sirrah, your lord and master 's married; there 's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Parolles. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Lafeu. Who? God?

Parolles. Ay, sir.

Lafeu. The devil it is that 's thy master. Why dost thou

garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I 'd beat thee; methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Parolles. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Lafeu. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You are a vagabond and no true traveller; you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I 'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Parolles. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Bertram. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Parolles. What 's the matter, sweet-heart?

Bertram. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Parolles. What, what, sweet-heart?

Bertram. O my Parolles, they have married me!
I 'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Parolles. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot; to the wars!

Bertram. There 's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Parolles. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions
France is a stable, we that dwell in 't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Bertram. It shall be so. I 'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Parolles. Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

Bertram. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I 'll send her straight away; to-morrow
I 'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Parolles. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it.—
'T is hard.
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go.
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Helena. My mother greets me kindly; is she well?

Clown. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Helena. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she 's not very well?

Clown. Truly, she 's very well indeed, but for two things.

Helena. What two things?

Clown. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Parolles. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Helena. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Parolles. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clown. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Parolles. Why, I say nothing.

Clown. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Parolles. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clown. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Parolles. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clown. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Parolles. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Helena. What 's his will else?

Parolles. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Helena. What more commands he?

Parolles. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Helena. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Parolles. I shall report it so.

Helena. I pray you.—[*Exit Parolles.*]
Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Paris. The King's Palace.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Lafeu. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Bertram. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Lafeu. You have it from his own deliverance.

Bertram. And by other warranted testimony.

Lafeu. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Bertram. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Lafeu. I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Parolles. [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

Lafeu. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Parolles. Sir?

Lafeu. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.

Bertram. [*Aside to Parolles*] Is she gone to the king?

Parolles. She is.

Bertram. Will she away to-night?

Parolles. As you 'll have her.

Bertram. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Lafeu. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Bertram. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Parolles. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Lafeu. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Bertram. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Lafeu. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Parolles. An idle lord, I swear.

Bertram. I think so.

Parolles. Why, do you not know him?

Bertram. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Helena. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.
Bertram. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.
Helena. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.
Bertram. Come, come, no more of that.
Helena. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Bertram. Let that go;
My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Helena. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Bertram. Well, what would you say?
Helena. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is;

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Bertram. What would you have?

Helena. Something;—and scarce so much;—nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Bertram. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Helena. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Bertram. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell.

[*Exit Helena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.—
Away, and for our flight.

Parolles. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

COURT OF THE DUKE'S PALACE, FLORENCE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Florence. The Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
1 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Clown.

Countess. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clown. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Countess. By what observance, I pray you?

Clown. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing, mend the ruff and sing, ask questions and sing, pick his teeth and sing. I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

Countess. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clown. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court; the brains of my Cupid 's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Countess. What have we here?

Clown. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Countess. [Reads] *I have sent you a daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son,* BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Countess. What is the matter?

Clown. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Countess. Why should he be killed?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to 't. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter HELENA *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* Save you, good madam.

Helena. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gentleman.* Do not say so.

Countess. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't;—where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gentleman.* Madam, he 's gone to serve the duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Helena. Look on his letter, madam; here 's my passport.
[Reads] *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband; but in such a 'then' I write a 'never.'*
This is a dreadful sentence.

Countess. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gentleman.* Ay, madam,
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our pains.

Countess. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gentleman.* Ay, madam.

Countess. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gentleman.* Such is his noble purpose; and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Countess. Return you thither?

1 *Gentleman.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Helena. [Reads] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*
'T is bitter.

Countess. Find you that there?

Helena. Ay, madam.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand, which, haply,
His heart was not consenting to.
Countess. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There 's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with him?
1 *Gentleman.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.
Countess. Parolles, was it not?
1 *Gentleman.* Ay, my good lady, he.
Countess. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
1 *Gentleman.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Countess. You 're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses; more I 'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 *Gentleman.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Countess. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*
Helena. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels offic'd all. I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, Lords, Soldiers, Drum, *and* Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Bertram. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We 'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Bertram. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS *and* Steward.

Countess. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.
Steward. [Reads]
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.
Countess. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Steward. Pardon me, madam.

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Countess. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light ; my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger.—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.* *Enter an old* Widow *of Florence*, DIANA, VIOLENTA, *and* MARIANA, *with other* Citizens.

Widow. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Diana. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Widow. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way ; hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mariana. Come, let 's return again, and suffice ourselves

with the report of it.—Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Widow. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mariana. I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Diana. You shall not need to fear me.

Widow. I hope so.—

Enter HELENA, *disguised like a Pilgrim.*

Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I 'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Helena. To Saint Jaques le Grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Widow. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Helena. Is this the way?

Widow. Ay, marry, is 't.—[*A march afar.*] Hark you! they come this way.—
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Helena. Is it yourself?

Widow. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Helena. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Widow. You came, I think, from France?
Helena. I did so.
Widow. Here you shall see a countryman of yours
That has done worthy service.
Helena. His name, I pray you.
Diana. The Count Rousillon; know you such a one?
Helena. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him;
His face I know not.
Diana. Whatsome'er he is,
He 's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking; think you it is so?
Helena. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.
Diana. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Helena. What 's his name?
Diana. Monsieur Parolles.
Helena. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Diana. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Widow. I write, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly; this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Helena. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Widow. He does indeed,

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.
Mariana. The gods forbid else!
Widow. So, now they come.

Drum and Colours.

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and the whole army.*

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Helena. Which is the Frenchman?
Diana. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow.
I would he lov'd his wife; if he were honester,
He were much goodlier. Is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Helena. I like him well.
Diana. 'T is pity he is not honest. Yond 's that same knave
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Helena. Which is he?
Diana. That jack-an-apes with scarfs; why is he melancholy?
Helena. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Parolles. Lose our drum! well.
Mariana. He 's shrewdly vexed at something; look, he has spied us.
Widow. Marry, hang you!
Mariana. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*
Widow. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host; of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Helena. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We 'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter Bertram *and the two French* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Bertram. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Bertram. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest com-

pulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum! he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside to Bertram*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his design! let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Bertram. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Parolles. But a drum! is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Bertram. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Parolles. It might have been recovered.

Bertram. It might; but it is not now.

Parolles. It is to be recovered; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.

Bertram. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur. If you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt

for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Parolles. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Bertram. But you must not now slumber in it.

Parolles. I 'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Bertram. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Parolles. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Bertram. I know thou 'rt valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Parolles. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done? damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Bertram. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him: you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We 'll make you some sport with the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Bertram. Your brother he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship. I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bertram. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But you say she 's honest.

Bertram. That 's all the fault. I spoke with her but once
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She 's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA *and* Widow.

Helena. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Widow. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Helena. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Widow. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You 're great in fortune.

Helena. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay and pay again

When I have found it. The count he wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her; let her in fine consent,
As we 'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she 'll demand. A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it; this ring he holds
In most rich choice, yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Widow. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Helena. You see it lawful, then; it is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I 'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Widow. I have yielded;
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With music of all sorts and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness; it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Helena. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let 's about it. [*Exeunt.*

FLORENTINE CAMP AND GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter 1 French Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambus.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Soldier.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Soldier.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again? 11

1 *Soldier.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough.—As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic.—But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. 21

Enter PAROLLES.

Parolles. Ten o'clock; within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it; they begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside, in the ambush*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. 30

Parolles. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what 's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils. 39

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Parolles. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so.

Parolles. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'T would not do.

Parolles. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve.

Parolles. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep?

Parolles. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Parolles. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon.

Parolles. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within. They rush out of the ambush and seize him.*

1 *Lord.* Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Parolles. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.

1 *Soldier.* Boskos thromuldo boskos. [*They blindfold him.*

Parolles. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I 'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 *Soldier.* Boskos vauvado; I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto; sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Parolles. O!

1 *Soldier.* O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

1 *Soldier.* The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee; haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Parolles. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I 'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I 'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Soldier.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Parolles. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Soldier.* Acordo linta.
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Soldier.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* A' will betray us all unto ourselves;
Inform on that.

2 *Soldier.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then I 'll keep him dark and safely lock'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Bertram. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Diana. No, my good lord, Diana.

Bertram. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.

When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.
Diana. She then was honest.
Bertram. So should you be.
Diana. No!
My mother did but duty,—such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Bertram. No more o' that!
I prithee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Diana. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.
Bertram. How have I sworn!
Diana. 'T is not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness; then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by God's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him; therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,—
At least in my opinion.
Bertram. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover; say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.
Diana. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre
That we 'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Bertram. I 'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Diana. Will you not, my lord?
Bertram. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.
Diana. Mine honour's such a ring,
My chastity 's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Bertram. Here, take my ring;
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I 'll be bid by thee.
Diana. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
I 'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
And on your finger in the night I 'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Bertram. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Diana. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men
Have the like oaths. He has sworn to marry me
When his wife 's dead, therefore I 'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid;
Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since; there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves,

till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief, in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now! where 's your master?

Servant. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now.—

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Bertram. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length apiece, by an abstract of success. I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Bertram. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to

hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Bertram. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 95

2 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood: he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks; and what think you he hath confessed? 102

Bertram. Nothing of me, has a'?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Soldiers, *with* PAROLLES.

Bertram. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush, hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

1 *Soldier.* He calls for the tortures; what will you say without 'em? 111

Parolles. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Soldier.* Bosko chimurcho.

1 *Lord.* Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1 *Soldier.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Parolles. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.*' What say you to that? 120

Parolles. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unser-

viceable; the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Soldier.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Parolles. Do; I 'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Bertram. All 's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You 're deceived, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 132

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Soldier.* Well, that 's set down.

Parolles. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I 'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He 's very near the truth in this.

Bertram. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it. 141

Parolles. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Soldier.* Well, that 's set down.

Parolles. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth 's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.*' What say you to that?

Parolles. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Bertram. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Soldier.* Well, that 's set down. [Reads] '*You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.*' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Parolles. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories; demand them singly.

1 *Soldier.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Parolles. I know him: a' was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped.

Bertram. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Soldier.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Parolles. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Soldier.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Parolles. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him ou' o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Soldier.* Marry, we 'll search.

Parolles. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

1 *Soldier.* Here 't is; here 's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Parolles. I do not know if it be it or no.

Bertram. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*Dian, the count 's a fool, and full of gold,*'—

Parolles. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Soldier.* Nay, I 'll read it first, by your favour.

Parolles. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy.

Bertram. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1 *Soldier.* [Reads] '*When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;*
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count 's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.'

Bertram. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Bertram. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he 's a cat to me.

1 *Soldier.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Parolles. My life, sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Soldier.* We 'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour; what is his honesty? 228

Parolles. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this. 240

Bertram. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he 's more and more a cat.

1 *Soldier.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Parolles. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians: to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far that the rarity redeems him. 251

Bertram. A pox on him, he 's a cat still.

1 *Soldier.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Parolles. Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Soldier.* What 's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Soldier.* What 's he?

Parolles. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Soldier.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Parolles. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Soldier.* I 'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Parolles. [*Aside*] I 'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1 *Soldier.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die; the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. — Come, headsman, off with his head.

Parolles. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Soldier.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*
So, look about you; know you any here?

Bertram. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I 'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

1 *Soldier.* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Parolles. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Soldier.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir. I am for France too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit, with Soldiers.*

Parolles. Yet am I thankful; if my heart were great, 302
'T would burst at this. Captain I 'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! 310
There 's place and means for every man alive.
I 'll after them. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Helena. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We 'll be before our welcome.
Widow. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.
Helena. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play
With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.
Diana. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.
Helena. Yet, I pray you;
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us.
ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine 's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* Clown.

Lafeu. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour;

your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Countess. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Lafeu. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady; we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clown. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Lafeu. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clown. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Lafeu. Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

Clown. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Lafeu. Your distinction?

Clown. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Lafeu. So you were a knave at his service, indeed. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clown. At your service.

Lafeu. No, no, no.

Clown. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Lafeu. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clown. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Lafeu. What prince is that?

Clown. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Lafeu. Hold thee, there 's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clown. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Lafeu. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clown. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Lafeu. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Countess. So he is. My lord that 's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Lafeu. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Countess. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Lafeu. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here tomorrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Countess. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I

die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night; I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Lafeu. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Countess. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Lafeu. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clown. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face: whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Lafeu. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clown. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Lafeu. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clown. Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

MARSEILLES.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Helena. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time!

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
Gentleman. And you.

Helena. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Gentleman. I have been sometimes there.
Helena. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Gentleman. What 's your will?
Helena. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.
Gentleman. The king 's not here.
Helena. Not here, sir!
Gentleman. Not, indeed;
He hence remov'd last night and with more haste
Than is his use.
Widow. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Helena. ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gentleman. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.
Helena. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gentleman. This I 'll do for you.
Helena. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon. Before the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* PAROLLES.

Parolles. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clown. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of; I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Parolles. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clown. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Parolles. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clown. Foh! prithee, stand away; a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.—

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Parolles. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Lafeu. And what would you have me to do? 'T is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long

under her? There 's a quart d'écu for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Parolles. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Lafeu. You beg a single penny more. Come, you shall ha 't; save your word.

Parolles. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Lafeu. You beg more than a word, then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Parolles. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Lafeu. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Parolles. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Lafeu. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king 's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Parolles. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Rousillon. The Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Attendants, *etc.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Countess. 'T is past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,

I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Lafeu. This I must say—
But first I beg my pardon—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.
Gentleman. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*
King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?
Lafeu. All that he is hath reference to your highness.
King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Lafeu. He looks well on 't.
King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Bertram. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Bertram. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue;
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.
King. Well excus'd!
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That 's good that 's gone.' Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Countess. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!
Lafeu. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.
Bertram. Hers it was not.
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Bertram. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Countess. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.
Lafeu. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Bertram. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it;
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully

I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring; 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed—
Where you have never come—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Bertram. She never saw it.
King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize Bertram.*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!
We 'll sift this matter further.
Bertram. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*
King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentleman. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not.
Here 's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending; her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads] '*Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour 's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.* DIANA CAPILET.'

Lafeu. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this; I 'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.
Go speedily and bring again the count.—
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Countess. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—

Enter Widow *and* DIANA.

What woman 's that?

Diana. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet.
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Widow. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Bertram. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me further?

Diana. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Bertram. She 's none of mine, my lord.

Diana. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Lafeu. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Bertram. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with; let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them; fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!

Diana. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Bertram. She 's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Diana. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Countess. He blushes, and 't is it.
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Diana. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name 's Parolles.

Lafeu. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Bertram. What of him?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he 'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Bertram. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,

Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Diana. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Bertram. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Diana. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Diana. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Diana. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Bertram. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Diana. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Parolles. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose; did he love this woman?

Parolles. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Parolles. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Parolles. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—What an equivocal companion is this!

Parolles. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Lafeu. He 's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Diana. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Parolles. Faith, I know more than I 'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Parolles. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill-will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Diana. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Diana. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Diana. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Diana. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Diana. I never gave it him.

Lafeu. This woman 's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Diana. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Diana. I 'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Diana. I 'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Diana. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Diana. Because he 's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he 'll swear to 't;
I 'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Diana. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir;
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child.
So there 's my riddle: one that 's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Helena. No, my good lord;
'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.
Bertram. Both, both. O, pardon!
Helena. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here 's your letter; this it says:
'When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' etc.—This is done;
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Bertram. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Helena. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?
Lafeu. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.—
[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher. So,
I thank thee: wait on me home, I' ll make sport with thee.
Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.— [*Flourish.*
The king 's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. [*Exeunt.*

FLORENCE.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

NOTES.

COURT OF COUNTESS'S PALACE—PAROLLES AND CLOWN (v. 2).

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Not given in the folio (see *Oth.* p. 153). As the Clown's name appears in v. 2. 1, we follow the Camb. ed. in giving it here. The spelling in the old eds. is "Lavatch." Violenta's name occurs in the stage-direction at the beginning of iii. 5, but she does not say any thing. The Camb. editors suggest that possibly Diana's first speech in that scene should be given to her.

In the folios *Rousillon* is generally spelt "Rossillion," and *Helena* in the stage-directions "Hellen."

SCENE I.—5. *In ward.* "Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come of age. It is now almost forgotten in England that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for S. gives to all nations the manners of England" (Johnson). According to other authorities, the custom did prevail in Normandy, but not in other parts of France.

9. *Lack.* Changed by Theo. (at the suggestion of Warb.) to "slack." Clarke paraphrases the passage thus: "Your worthiness would stir it (that is, the king's 'virtue,' favour, or kindness) up where it did not exist, rather than be without it where it exists in such abundance."

13. *Persecuted.* "Not very intelligibly used" (Schmidt); but perhaps = followed up (the original sense). S. has the verb nowhere else.

17. *Passage.* Any thing that *passes*, or occurs. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 113: "passages of experience," etc. See also *T. N.* p. 149.

"The Countess's parenthetical exclamation concisely pictures all the calamitous circumstances involved in that one word *had*—the lost parent, the young girl's orphanhood, her own dead husband, her son's past dwelling with her at home, and his imminent departure" (Clarke).

30. *A fistula.* "A sinuous ulcer" (Schmidt); the only instance of the word in S. Paynter's translation of Boccaccio's story (see p. 11 above) says: "She heard by report that the French King had a swelling upon his breast, which by reason of ill cure, was growen into a fistula."

35. *Overlooking.* Supervision, care. S. does not use the word in the modern sense of neglecting.

37. *Virtuous qualities.* "Qualities of good breeding and erudition (in the same sense that the Italians say *qualità virtuosa*) and not *moral* ones. On this account it is, she says, that, in *an ill mind*, these *virtuous qualities* are *virtues and traitors too*; that is, the advantages of education enable an ill mind to go further in wickedness than it could have done without them" (Warb.).

39. *In her they are the better*, etc. "Her virtues are the better for their simpleness; that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator [Warb.] has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. The *Tatler*, mentioning the sharpers of his time, observes that some of them are men of such elegance and knowledge that 'a young man who falls into their way is *betrayed* as much by his judgment as his passions'" (Johnson). In *A. Y. L.* ii. 3. 13, as Malone remarks, "*virtues* are called *traitors* on a very different ground." Clarke explains the passage thus: "We commend such excellencies with regret that they should be so good in themselves, yet treacherous in their combination and effects; and then the Countess goes on to say that Helena's merits are the better for their pure

source, since she derives her integrity of nature from her father, and achieves her excellence herself."

42. *Season.* For the "culinary" metaphor, as Malone calls it, cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 30:

> "All this to season
> A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
> And lasting in her remembrance;"

and see also *Much Ado*, p. 155. Pye calls it "a coarse and vulgar metaphor" (as Blair would probably have done); but K. cites, as divine authority for it, *Matt.* v. 13.

44. *Livelihood.* Liveliness, animation; the only sense in S. See *Rich. III.* p. 214.

46. *Than to have.* "Than have it" (Capell's reading). The folios read "then to haue—," but it need not be considered an unfinished speech. See Gr. 415, 416. Malone compares *Sonn.* 58. 1:

> "That god forbid that made me first your slave,
> I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
> Or at your hand the account of hours to crave."

47. *I do affect*, etc. "In these, the first words she utters, Helena uses the veiled language which marks her diction throughout this opening scene. She is brooding over her secret thoughts, letting them but so indistinctly be seen as to be undivined by those around her, and only so far perceived by the reader as to enable him to gather what the dramatist intends to indicate. The *sorrow* Helena *affects* is that for her father's death; the sorrow she says *I have* is for the inauspiciousness of her love, and for Bertram's approaching departure" (Clarke).

50. *If the living*, etc. "If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal; that is, if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess" (Johnson). Theo. adopts the conjecture of Warb., "be *not* enemy," making *mortal*=deadly, fatal. Malone, in support of Johnson's explanation, cites *W. T.* v. 3. 51:

> "Scarce any joy
> Did ever so long live; no sorrow
> But kill'd itself much sooner;"

and *R. and J.* ii. 6. 9:

> "These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die."

Tieck (followed by many editors) assigns this speech to Helena; and it must be admitted that it is in the veiled and enigmatical style she uses here. See on 47 above. But, on the other hand, it seems a natural antithetical comment for any one to make on Lafeu's antithetical speech, and therefore may be left to the Countess, as in the folio. We think there is also some force in White's objection that "if this speech be assigned to Helena, Lafeu's question, excited by its quibbling nature, is not put until after Bertram has turned the attention of the audience by addressing another person, to wit, the Countess, whom he asks for her blessing; in which case Lafeu's query is presuming and discourteous, and the dramatic effect awkward. But if the Countess be the last speaker, this is avoided."

57. *Love all*, etc. Cf. the advice of Polonius to Laertes, in *Ham.* i. 3. 58 fol. See p. 31 above.

58. *Be able*, etc. "Rather be able to revenge yourself on your enemy in ability, than in the use of that ability; have it in your power to revenge, but shew Godlike in not using that power" (Dodd).

60. *Check'd.* Chided, rebuked; as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 97: "Check'd like a bondman," etc.

61. *Tax'd.* Censured, reproached; as in v. 3. 204 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 142, note on *Taxation.*

62. *That thee may furnish.* "That may help thee with more and better qualifications" (Johnson).

On *pluck* as a favourite word with S., see *Rich III.* p. 199, or *Lear*, p. 238.

64. *Unseason'd.* Inexperienced. Elsewhere in S. it is = unseasonable. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 175.

68. *The best wishes*, etc. "That is, may you be *mistress* of your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect" (Johnson).

69. *Comfortable.* In an active sense; as in *Lear*, i. 4. 328:

> "A daughter,
> Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable."

See also *R. and J.* p. 216. Gr. 3.

70. *My mother, your mistress.* As Clarke notes, this little touch "thoroughly serves to convey the impression Bertram has of Helena, that she is a dependant in his family; to convey the effect of his indifference to her himself, and his unconsciousness of her preference for him; and to convey the smarting additional pang that must needs be struck into the heart of her whom he addresses in these few parting words."

71. *Hold.* Maintain. Halliwell quotes Baret, *Alvearie:* "To hold, or staie up, to maintaine, to support."

73. *O, were that all!* etc. "Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father (or not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father) were my only solicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for Bertram" (Malone).

74. *These great tears.* Johnson explained this as = "the tears which the King and Countess shed for him;" but, as Mason remarks, "it does not appear that either of those great persons had shed tears for him, though they spoke of him with regret." She refers to her own big tears, shed for Bertram but supposed by others to be for her father, wherefore they do more honour to his memory than those she really shed for him. Coll. says: "Her meaning seems to be, that the great tears she lets fall grace the memory of *Bertram* more than those she sheds for her father, her principal grief being for the departure of the former."

77. *Favour.* Face, look; as in 90 below. See also v. 3. 49.

79. *It were all one*, etc. See p. 24 above.

82. *In his bright radiance*, etc. "I cannot be united with him and move in the same *sphere*, but *must be comforted* at a distance by the *radiance* that shoots *on all sides* from him" (Johnson). For the allusion to the Ptolemaic astronomy, see *Ham.* p. 254, note on *Sphere.* For *collateral*

=indirect, cf. the only other instance in which S. uses the word, *Ham.* iv. 5. 206: "If by direct or by collateral hand," etc.

88. *Hawking.* Hawk-like, keen.

89. *Table.* The *tablet* or other surface on which a picture was painted. Cf. *Sonn.* 24. 1:

> "Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath stell'd
> Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;"

and *K. John*, ii. 1. 503: "Drawn in the flattering table of her eye." Steevens quotes Walpole, *Anec. of Painting:* "Item, one table with the picture of the Duchess of Milan . . . Item, one table with the pictures of the King's Majesty and Queen Jane," etc.

Capable of=ready to take the impression of. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 353:

> "Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
> Being capable of all ill."

Cf. 148 below.

90. *Trick.* Trait, peculiarity. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 85: "He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face." See also *Lear*, p. 245.

95. *Solely.* Altogether (Boswell). Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 71: "solely sovereign sway," etc.

97. *Virtue's steely bones.* "Steel-boned, unyielding, and uncomplying virtue" (Schmidt). *Take place*="take precedence" (Clarke), or gain position. The Globe ed. obelizes the next line as hopelessly corrupt. Perhaps the idea is, that wisdom is "left out in the cold," while folly has more than enough.

101. *And you, monarch!* Probably a mere sportive reply, like Portia's in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 85, and the king's in *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67; but Steevens thought there might be an allusion to "Monarcho, a ridiculous fantastical character of the age of S." Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 101.

103. *And no.* "I am no more a queen than you are a monarch, or *Monarcho*" (Malone).

104. *Are you meditating on virginity?* The dialogue which follows in the folio (see Globe ed.) was very likely an interpolation, to tickle "the ears of the groundlings" (*Ham.* ii. 2. 12), as Badham (*Camb. Essays*, 1856, p. 256) regards it. The Camb. editors call it "a blot on the play." We strike it out with less hesitation than in some similar cases. The transition in Helena's reply—*Not my virginity yet. There shall*, etc.—is abrupt, either on account of the clumsy way in which the interpolation was made, or, as W. and others think, because something has been lost before *There shall*, etc. Hanmer inserted "You 're for the court," which Johnson calls "a fair attempt," though he would be glad to think the whole speech supposititious. Steevens and Henley are satisfied with it as it stands. Taking it as it stands, it has been a question whether *There* refers to Bertram's love or to the court. W. says: "There can be no doubt that the court was the subject of the speech, not only because she says in the last line, 'The court 's a learning place,' but because in the courtly society of Shakespeare's day it was the fashion for gallants to avow themselves the admirers of some particular lady, and to address her as their phœnix, captain, humble ambition, or proud humility, or by

other 'fond adoptious christendoms.'" Clarke, on the other hand, believes "Helena's *there* to signify her own maiden self dedicated in the fulness of affection to him she loves, and consecrated evermore to him, even though he should never accept the gift." We are disposed to think that Helena meant to be understood *by Parolles* as referring to the court, but with a secret reference in her own thoughts to Bertram. "The speech," as Clarke well puts it, "is an impassioned rhapsody spoken rather to herself than to the bystander; but veiled from his knowledge by riddle-like language, and given a plausible turn to, by furnishing what may serve as the key to its ostensible object."

109. *A phœnix*, etc. Warb. believed this and the next seven lines to be "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player." He adds: "What put it into his head was Helen's saying, as it should be read for the future:

> 'There shall your master have a thousand loves,
> A *mother*, and a *mistress*, and a *friend*,
> I know not what he shall—God send him well!'

where the fellow, finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only *three* reckoned up, . . . he would help out the number by the intermediate nonsense; and because they were yet too few, he pieces out his *loves* with *enmities*, and makes of the whole such finished nonsense as is never heard out of Bedlam." But the "pretty fond adoptious christendoms," etc. seems thoroughly Shakespearian; and the only difficulty after all may be that something has been lost at the beginning of the passage.

111. *Traitress.* The critics of the last century disputed on the question whether this was "a term of endearment" or not. There can be no doubt that epithets equally whimsical are to be found in the love poetry of the time. S. uses the word only here.

115. *Adoptious christendoms.* Adopted names. Steevens quotes an Epitaph in *Wit's Recreations*, 1640:

> "As here a name and christendome to obtain,
> And to his Maker then return again;"

and Malone adds, from Nash, *Four Letters Confuted:* "But for an author to renounce his Christendome to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gave him in his baptisme," etc.

116. *Gossips.* Is sponsor for. Cf. the use of the noun (=sponsors) in *W. T.* ii. 3. 41 (see our ed. p. 169), *Hen. VIII.* v. 5. 13 (see our ed. p. 205), etc.

126. *And show what*, etc. "And *show* by realities what we now *must only think*" (Johnson). See pp. 21, 25 above.

138. *Predominant.* An astrological term, like *retrograde* in the next line. See *W. T.* p. 157, or *Macb.* p. 203 (note on *Is 't night's predominance*, etc.).

145. *Of a good wing.* A complimentary term as applied to a falcon, and equivalent to "strong in flight;" but here used with a quibbling reference to the other sense of *flight.* Mason explains the passage thus: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your

fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." Clarke sees also an allusion to *wing* as a part of dress (a kind of sleeve ornament), or "a fleer at Parolles' flighty and extravagant attire;" but this is doubtful.

146. *Businesses.* For the plural, cf. iii. 7. 5 and iv. 3. 79 below. See also *Lear*, p. 200.

148. *Capable of.* Able to receive. Cf. 89 above.

156. *Fated.* Fateful, or invested with the power of controlling destiny.

159. *What power is it*, etc. "By what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? Why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope?" (Johnson). For *mounts* = lifts, raises, cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 144: "The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er," etc.

161. *The mightiest space*, etc. "The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity, and cause them to join like persons in the same situation or rank in life" (Malone). Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 388:

> "That solder'st close impossibilities,
> And mak'st them kiss."

Mason conjectured "The mighty and base in fortune," and St. "The wid'st apart." Malone's interpretation is confirmed by the steward's report of Helena's soliloquy in i. 3. 103 below: "*Fortune*, she said, was no goddess, that had put such *difference* betwixt their two estates."

164. *That weigh their pains in sense.* That estimate their labour by sense (Johnson), or in thought (Schmidt). Clarke makes *in sense* = "by the amount of trouble and suffering involved," and also "by reason and common-sense probability of success."

165. *What hath been cannot be.* That is, that what has once been done cannot be done again. Hanmer reads "hath not been can't be," and Johnson favours Mason's conjecture of "ha'n't been cannot be;" but no change is called for. Helena has in mind those weak or timid folk who do not believe the maxim, "What man has done, man may do."

168. *And will not leave me.* Clarke remarks: "The noble mixture of spirited firmness and womanly modesty, fine sense and true humility, clear sagacity and absence of conceit, passionate warmth and sensitive delicacy, generous love and self-diffidence, with which S. has endowed Helena, renders her in our eyes one of the most admirable of his female characters. Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Mrs. Jameson have each eloquently contributed to do homage to the beauty of Helena's character—a beauty the more conspicuous from the difficulties of the story: which demanded the combination of the utmost ardour in passion with the utmost purity and delicacy, the utmost moral courage and intelligence of mind with the utmost modesty of nature, to complete the conformation of its heroine."

SCENE II.—1. *Senoys.* Sienese, or inhabitants of Siena. Paynter calls them "Senois."

3. *Braving.* Defiant; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 112 (cf. 143): "In braving arms."

8. *Prejudicates.* Used by S. nowhere else.

10. *Approv'd so.* So well proved. Cf. i. 3. 218 below: "a remedy approv'd."

16. *Sick for breathing.* Longing or pining for exercise. See *Ham.* p. 272 (note on *Breathing time*), and cf. ii. 3. 252 below.

17. *What 's he,* etc. Who is he that, etc. Gr. 254 (see also 244).

18. *Rousillon.* The 1st folio has "Rosignoll" here, the 2d "Rosillion."

Rousillon, or *Roussillon*, was an old province of France, separated from Spain by the Pyrenees. Perpignan was the capital, as it is of the modern department of Pyrénées-Orientales, which occupies nearly the same territory.

20. *Frank.* Liberal, bountiful; as in *Sonn.* 4. 4:

> "Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
> And being frank she lends to those are free;"

Lear, iii. 4. 20: "Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all," etc.

Curious. Careful, scrupulous. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 36:

> "For curious I cannot be with you,
> Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well."

Cf. *curiosity* in *Lear*, i. 1. 6, and see our ed. p. 165.

25. *As.* For *as* after *that*, see Gr. 280.

29. *On.* For the duplication of the preposition, cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 18: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?" For other examples, see Gr. 407.

30. *Act.* Action; as in iv. 3. 43 below. Cf. also 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 126: "sets it in act and use," etc.

Repairs. Renovates, restores; as in *Cymb.* i. 1. 132: "That shouldst repair my youth," etc.

35. *Ere they can hide*, etc. "Ere they can invest the levity of a joke with the dignity that belongs to a man of high and courtly breeding" (Clarke). The folio has a colon after *honour*, joining *So like a courtier* to what follows. The pointing in the text is due to Blackstone. Johnson, who retains the old pointing, makes *hide their levity in honour* = "cover petty faults with great merit." He adds: "This is an excellent observation. Jocose follies and slight offences are only allowed by mankind in him that overpowers them by great qualities." The next lines he paraphrases thus: "He was so like a courtier that there was in his dignity of manner nothing contemptuous, and in his keenness of wit nothing bitter. If bitterness or contemptuousness ever appeared, they had been awakened by some injury, not of a man below him, but of his equal."

41. *His hand.* That is, the hand of the clock; *his* being = *its*. Gr. 228.

42. *He us'd*, etc. "He treated as beings of a different social grade" (Clarke).

43. *Top.* Head; as in *Lear*, ii. 4. 165: "On her ingrateful top," etc.

44. *Making them proud*, etc. "Making them proud of receiving such marks of condescension and affability from a person in so elevated a situation, and at the same time lowering or humbling himself by stooping to accept of the encomiums of mean persons for that humility" (Malone). "Giving them a better opinion of their own importance, by his condescending manner of behaving to them" (Mason).

50. *So in approof*, etc. "His epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech" (Schmidt). In ii. 5. 2 below, "valiant approof"=approved valour.

53. *Plausive.* Pleasing, plausible (Schmidt); as in *Ham.* i. 4. 30: "plausive manners." Clarke explains it as "worthy of applause."

54. *He scatter'd not in ears*, etc. K. remarks: "Of course from the collect in the Liturgy: 'Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit* of good living,' etc.

"But it is noticeable that Shakspere's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of Scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspere's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about Scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it."

56. *This.* The reading of the folio, retained by W., the Camb. editors, and others; but it is not improbable that S. wrote "Thus," as Pope and others give it.

58. *When it was out.* That is, when the pastime was over.

59. *To be the snuff.* That is, to be called a snuff. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 39:

> "My snuff and loathed part of nature should
> Burn itself out."

60. *Apprehensive.* Fantastic, fastidious.

61. *Whose judgments are*, etc. "Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress" (Johnson). Tyrwhitt conjectured "feathers" for *fathers*.

62. *Constancies.* For the plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 206 (note on *Sights*), or *Mach.* p. 209 (note on *Loves*).

64. *I after him*, etc. I, living after him, do wish as he did.

66. *Dissolved.* Separated; as in *M. W.* v. 5. 237: "nothing can dissolve us," etc. Here it may be suggested, as Clarke thinks, by the *wax* that precedes.

67. *Labourers.* Changed by Warb. to "labourer."

You 're loved. The folio reading ("You 'r loued Sir"), and, as W. notes, to be preferred to the ordinary "You are lov'd," as *loved* is the emphatic word.

68. *Lend it you.* That is, give you the love; *it* referring to the antecedent implied in *loved*.

73. *The rest.* That is, the other physicians; antithetical to *him*.

74. *Several applications.* Their *separate* or various prescriptions. For *several*, see *Ham.* p. 267.

75. *Debate it.* Contend for the mastery. Steevens compares *Macb.* ii. 2. 7:

> "That death and nature do contend about them
> Whether they live or die."

SCENE III.—3. *To even your content.* "To act up to your desires" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 184:

> "but we 'll even
> All that good time will give us;"

that is, we 'll profit by any advantage offered. In the only other instance of the verb in S. (*Oth.* ii. 1. 308: "Till I am even'd with him," etc.) it is =to be even or equal. In the present passage the Coll. MS. gives "win."

5. *We wound our modesty.* Clarke remarks: "Shakespeare's delicate monitions on the subject of self-praise are always fine and finely expressed;" and he refers to *M. of V.* iii. 4. 1 and 22. Malone misquotes *T. and C.* i. 3. 241:

> "The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
> If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth."

8. *This knave.* "Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species:—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, has defined the characteristics:—'A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural.' Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is, of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:—'Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool' (*Pierce's Supererogation*, book ii.). Shakspere's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise 'lie too deep' for words" (K.).

11. *Them.* The antecedent is implied in *complaints* and expressed in *knaveries*.

18. *Go to the world.* That is, be married. See *A. Y. L.* p. 195 (note on *To be a woman of the world*), or *Much Ado*, p. 133.

The woman. W. reads "your woman," believing that the abbreviation "y^r" in the MS. was mistaken for "y^e," which is not improbable.

23. *Service is no heritage.* "Service is no inheritance" is a proverb in Ray's collection.

25. *Barnes.* The reading of the 1st folio; the other folios have "bearns" or "barns." W., who reads "barns," says that "all other

editions Scotchify it into *bairns*;" but V. had already given *barnes*, with the following note: "*Barnes* is the word still used in Scotland for *children*, with a slight change both of sound and orthography. It is on account of this difference, however slight, as marking the history of language, that I have retained the old spelling, instead of conforming, with most later editors, to the Scotch." See *W. T.* p. 180, or *Much Ado*, p. 150.

40. *You 're shallow, madam, in great friends.* "You are not deeply skilled in the character or office of great friends" (Johnson). Some editors follow Hanmer in reading "shallow, madam; e'en great," etc.

42. *Ears.* Ploughs, tills; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 212: "To ear the land," etc. See our ed. p. 192. Cf. *Deut.* xxi. 4, 1 *Sam.* viii. 12, *Isa.* xxx. 24, etc. W. says: "the word still survives in composition in *arable*." The *root* of the A. S. *erian*, from which *ear* comes, is undoubtedly the same as that of the Latin *arare*, from which we get *arable* (*arabilis*). The obsolete *earable* (of which Nares gives sundry examples) is of course directly from *ear*.

To in = to get in. The folio has "to Inne," and some modern eds. give "to inn." Cf. Bacon, *Henry VII.*: "All was inned at last into the king's barne;" Holland, *Pliny*: "and when this is inned and laid up in the barne," etc.

49. *Charbon . . . Poysam.* Malone says: "I apprehend this should be read 'old *Poisson* the papist,' alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast-days. '*Charbon* the puritan' alludes to the fiery zeal of that sect." The Camb. editors think that "S. may have written *Chair-bonne* and *Poisson*, alluding to the respective lenten fare of the Puritan and Papist" —a suggestion made independently by a writer in *Notes and Queries* (3d series, iv. 106). Clarke thinks that *Charbon* "may involve reference to the wholesale way in which Puritan preachers menaced evil-doers with what the clown afterwards calls 'the great fire.'"

Howsome'er. The 1st and 2d folios have "how somere," the 3d "howsomeere," and the 4th "howsomere." In *M. of V.* iii. 5. 94, the folio has "how som ere;" and in *Ham.* i. 5. 84, the quartos have "howsomeuer."

51. *Jowl.* Knock; also spelt *joul*, *joll*, and *jole* by the editors. See *Ham.* p. 261. Halliwell cites B. and F., *Scornful Lady*: "Whose head do you carry on your shoulders, that you jole it so against the post?"

54. *A prophet I.* "It is a supposition that has run through all ages and people that *natural fools* have something in them of divinity; on which account they were esteemed sacred. Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word *bênet* for a natural fool. Hence it was that Pantagruel, in Rabelais, advised Panurge to go and consult the fool Triboulet as an oracle" (Warb.).

55. *Next* = nearest; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 129: "home, home, the next way!" See our ed. p. 181.

59. *By kind.* By nature. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 118 (on *Kind*) and p. 154 (on *Kindly*).

65. *This fair face*, etc. The name of *Helen* reminds the Clown of this

old ballad on the fall of Troy. The Coll. MS. transposes *the cause* and *quoth she.*

67. *Fond done, done fond.* Done foolishly and fondly; *fond* often meaning foolish, as in v. 3. 176 below. The Coll. MS. adds to the line "good sooth, it was." Capell conjectured "but Paris he," as Paris, not Helen, was *Priam's joy.*

72. *Among nine bad*, etc. The Clown's arithmetic has puzzled some of the critics, and Capell suggested "none" for *one;* but it is clearly right as it stands. If there are *nine bad* and *one good*, it is evident that there is *one good in ten.*

75. *You corrupt the song.* That is, misquote it. Warb. supposes that it really read

> "If one be bad amongst nine good,
> There 's but one bad in ten;"

referring to Paris as the one "black sheep" among the ten sons of Priam who, at this period of his reign, were left out of the original fifty.

77. *A purifying o' the song.* Perhaps by making it refer to women instead of men, as the "one good *woman*" seems to imply. The Coll. MS. adds "and mending of the sex," which Coll. thinks "adds point to the comment on the song."

81. *For every blazing star.* The 1st and 2d folios have "ore" for *for*, and the later folios "o're." The Coll. MS. gives "one," and Halliwell conjectures "at." *For* was suggested by Harness, and is adopted by W., D., Clarke, and others.

87. *Though honesty*, etc. K. remarks: "This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Geneva gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which, in the 29th chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and Continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort, and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of Church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominency in the controversial writings of Shakspere's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere."

Steevens quotes *The Match at Midnight*, 1633: "He has turn'd my stomach for all the world like a puritan's at the sight of a surplice;" and *The Hollander*, 1640; "A puritan, who, because he saw a surplice in the church, would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes." Rann adopts Tyrwhitt's conjecture, "be *a* puritan."

89. *Big.* Proud, haughty: as in *T. of S.* v. 2. 170: "My mind hath been as big as one of yours," etc.

98. *Very late.* Very lately. Cf. *Lear*, p. 190, note on *Too late.*

103. *Estates.* Conditions, ranks. See on i. 1. 161 above.

104. *Only.* Unless, except; or "used as if the sentence were not negative, but affirmative" (Schmidt).

105. *Diana no.* Theo. supplied these words to fill an obvious gap in the original text. The Camb. editors print "level; . . . queen of virgins," with the following note: "We have not inserted Theobald's admirable emendation in the text, because it is probable that something more has been omitted, perhaps a whole line of the MS."

106. *Her poor knight.* Theobald's emendation is strongly confirmed by the address to Diana in *Much Ado*, v. 3. 12:

> "Pardon, goddess of the night,
> Those that slew thy virgin knight."

On the ellipsis in *suffer her poor knight surprised*, cf. *R. of L.* 1832:

> "That they will suffer these abominations,
> Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
> By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd."

D. quotes Drayton, *Harmonie of the Church*, 1591: "And suffer not their mouthes shut up, oh Lord;" Greene, *Penelopes Web:* "ingratitude in suffering the princesse iniury vnreuenged," etc. We find the *to* of the active infinitive omitted after *suffer* in *Temp.* iii. 1. 62 and *T. and C.* ii. 3. 196.

109. *Held my duty.* Rowe inserted "it" after *held.*

110. *Sithence.* Since; an old form used by S. only here and in *Cor.* iii. 1. 47, where it is adverbial. For *sith*, which he uses often, see *Ham.* pp. 201, 246, 253. Gr. 132.

115. *Stall this.* Shut it up, keep it close.

119. *Ever.* Omitted by Pope and some other editors. Clarke paraphrases the line thus: "If ever we are thoroughly natural, or true to nature, these are our impulses."

121. *Our blood to us*, etc. As our disposition or temperament is native to us, so this is native (or natural) to our disposition.

125. *Such were our faults*, etc. Such were *our* faults—or, rather, we thought them no faults then; or, Such were our faults—or what then we thought no faults, whatever we may call them now. Hanmer changed *or* to "though," and Johnson (at the suggestion of Warb.) to "O!" Mr. J. Crosby conjectures "for." The Coll. MS. reads "Search we out faults, for," etc.

126. *Her eye is sick on 't.* "How graphically do these few words picture Helena's look! her eyes full of her yearning passion, her drooping lids unable to conceal the irrepressible love, her lashes heavy with sadness and late-shed tears" (Clarke). For *on* = of, see Gr. 181.

135. *And choice breeds*, etc. "And our choice furnishes us with a slip propagated to us from foreign seeds, which we educate and treat as if it were native to us and sprung from ourselves" (Heath); or, our choice makes the offspring of another our own.

139. *Curd thy blood.* Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 69: "And curd . . . The thin and wholesome blood." S. uses the verb only twice.

141. *That this distemper'd messenger*, etc. "There is something ex-

quisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eyelashes are wet with tears" (Henley). Cf. *R. of L.* 1586:

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

147. *Note.* Mark of distinction; as in "men of note" (*L. L. L.* iii. 1. 25), etc. Cf. v. 3. 14 below.

153. *Both our mothers.* The mother of us both.

154. *I care no more for*, etc. "There is a designed ambiguity. 'I care no more for' is 'I care as much for;' I wish it equally" (Farmer).

155. *Can't no other*, etc. "Can it *be* no other *way*, but *if* I *be* your daughter, he must be my brother?" (Johnson).

159. *So strive upon.* So contend in affecting, so in turn affect.

160. *Catch'd.* Detected. This form of the participle is also found in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69 and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 48. The past tense *catched* occurs only in *Cor.* i. 3. 68.

161. *Loneliness.* The folios have "louelinesse" (loveliness); corrected by Theo.

162. *Your salt tears' head.* "The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief" (Johnson).

Gross. Palpable. See *Ham.* p. 246; and cf. *grossly* in 168 below.

164. *Against.* In the face of.

168. *Behaviours.* For the plural, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 9, 100, *J. C.* i. 2. 42, etc.

169. *In their kind.* In their way, according to their nature. See on 59 above.

172. *You have wound a goodly clew.* You have made a pretty snarl of it; doubtless a proverbial expression.

173. *Howe'er.* However this may be, at all events.

178. *Go not about.* Do not quibble.

Bond. Duty, obligation. See *Lear*, p. 169, note on *According to my bond.*

181. *Appeach'd.* Given testimony against you. In the only other instances of the verb in S. (*Rich. II.* v. 2. 79, 102) it is transitive. Halliwell quotes Palsgrave: "I apeche, I accuse, *j'accuse;* kursed be the preest of God, that dyd apeche me wrongfully and without deservyng."

192. *Captious.* Explained by Malone as "*recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it;" while *intenible* = "incapable of holding or retaining it." About the latter there can be no doubt, but the former is not so clear. Farmer conjectured "cap'cious," and Schmidt thinks the word is "probably = capacious." Sr. believes it is = the Latin *captiosus*, deceitful or fallacious. Clarke considers it "just possible" that S. may have intended to include "something of all these meanings" in the word. If it has but one of the meanings, we are inclined to think it is the first (Malone's); and this seems to be favoured by what follows: I still *pour into* this recipient sieve, though it continually *loses* what it receives.

194. *And lack not to lose still.* And do not want for more to go on losing; that is, have more love to throw away. Some make *lack* = fail, cease.

200. *Cites.* Shows, proves. "As a fact is *proved* by *citing* witnesses, or examples from books, our author, with his usual license, uses to *cite* in the same sense of to *prove*" (Malone).

203. *Both herself and love.* Both herself and love itself—at once purity and passion. It is not necessary to make love = *Venus*, as Malone does.

204. *That.* Needlessly changed by Hanmer to "she."

213. *Manifest.* Notorious, well-known; changed in the Coll. MS. to "manifold."

214. *For general sovereignty.* "For sovereign remedies in various cases" (Clarke).

215. *Bestow.* This is probably = "treasure up, keep carefully" (Clarke), not "employ," as Schmidt explains it. Cf. *Sonn.* 26. 8:

> "But that I hope some good conceit of thine
> In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;"

that is, will treasure it up in thy heart.

216. *Notes whose faculties*, etc. "Receipts in which greater *virtues* were inclosed than appeared to observation" (Johnson).

219. *Languishings whereof*, etc. Lingering disease, with which the king is said to be hopelessly afflicted.

224. *Conversation.* Intercourse, interchange. Clarke sees in it also something of the original sense of the Latin *conversatio*, "conveying the whirl, the tossing to and fro in ceaseless discussion, of Helena's toiling *thoughts*."

231. *Embowell'd of their doctrine.* "Exhausted of their skill" (Johnson). *Left off* = abandoned, given up.

232. *In 't.* Changed by Hanmer (the conjecture of Warb.) to "hints;" but S. does not use *hint* as a verb.

237. *To try success.* To try the issue, to try my fortune. Cf. iii. 6. 48, 71 below.

240. *Knowingly.* From knowledge or experience. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 46:

> "Did you but know the city's usuries,
> And felt them knowingly?"

243. *Those of mine.* Those who are related to me; the *kinsmen* of ii. 2. 56 below.

244. *Into.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios, changed in the 3d to "unto," and by Hanmer to "upon." Cf. the use of *into* in *T. N.* v. i. 87, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 102, ii. 2. 173, *T. and C.* iii. 3. 12, *Ham.* ii. 2. 28, etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Lords.* The folio reading, changed by Hanmer and others to "lord;" but the old stage-direction has "*divers young Lords.*" Probably, as the Camb. editors suggest, the young noblemen are divided into two sections according as they intend to take service with the "Florentines" or the "Senoys." Cf. i. 2. 13–15 above.

6. *After well enter'd soldiers.* After *being* well initiated as soldiers. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* v. 248: "After his charge receiv'd." Gr. 418.

9. *He owes.* Changed by Pope to "it owns;" but *owe* often =own in S. Cf. ii. 5. 77, iii. 2. 116, and v. 3. 292 below.

Steevens paraphrases the passage thus: "As the common phrase is, *I am still heart-whole;* my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence."

12. *Let higher Italy*, etc. An obscure and not improbably corrupt passage. *Higher Italy* is commonly explained as Upper Italy; but Warb. took it to refer to rank or dignity as compared with France, and Clarke makes it="the noblest of Italy, the worthiest among Italians." Johnson gives the following paraphrase: "Let upper Italy, *where you are to exercise your valour*, see that you come to gain honour, to the *abatement*, that is, to the disgrace and depression, of those *that have now lost their ancient military fame, and* inherit but the fall of the last monarchy." K. explains it thus: "Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall." Taking the passage as it stands, we prefer this interpretation to Johnson's; and we think that Schmidt's conjecture of "high" for *higher* is very probable, though we cannot accept his definition of *bated*—"beaten down" (as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 32). Coleridge conjectured "hired" for *higher*, and favoured (as W. does) Hanmer's reading of "bastards" for *bated*. Capell suggested "bated ones."

16. *Questant.* Seeker. Cf. *questrist* in *Lear*, iii. 7. 17. The later folios have "question," and the Coll. MS. "questor."

21. *Beware of being captives*, etc. "The word *serve* is equivocal; the sense is, Be not captives before you serve in the war" (Johnson).

25. *Spark.* Parolles uses the word in the same personal sense again in 40 below.

27. *Kept a coil with.* Made a fuss about. *Coil*, meaning turmoil, disturbance, is often used ironically or contemptuously=ado, "fuss." See *R. and J.* p. 178, or *M. N. D.* p. 168. The pointing in the text is Capell's. Some editors follow Pope in making *Too young*, etc., the object of *with*.

30. *The forehorse to a smock.* "Ushering in and squiring ladies" (Schmidt). For the contemptuous figurative use of *smock*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 109: "Two, two; a shirt and a smock."

33. *To dance with.* As Steevens notes, it was usual, in Shakespeare's time, for gentlemen to dance with their swords on. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 11. 36:

> "he at Philippi kept
> His sword e'en like a dancer."

But as the ordinary weapon would have been in the way, rapiers, light and short, were worn in its stead. Halliwell quotes Stafford, *English Pollicy*, 1581: "I think wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our gentlemen went simply and our serving-men plainely, without cuts or gards, bearing their heavy swordes and buckelers on their thighes, instead of cuts and gardes and light daunsing swordes."

34. *There's honour in the theft.* Steevens quotes *Macb.* ii. 3. 151:

> "there's warrant in that theft
> Which steals itself."

36. *Is a tortur'd body.* Is like a dismembered body, since *I grow to you.*

41. *Spurio.* "By the very name here given, S. has indicated this personage to be a mere sham or invention of Parolles. In Florio's *Ital. Dict. spurio* is explained 'one base born; used also for a counterfeit'" (Clarke).

With his cicatrice, etc. The folio reads: "his sicatrice, with an Embleme;" corrected by Theo.

43. *Entrenched.* Cut. Cf. *trench* in *V. and A.* 1052, *Macb.* iii. 4. 27, etc.

51. *List.* Boundary, limit. See *Ham.* p. 249, or *Hen. V.* p. 186.

Expressive. Communicative; the only instance of the word in S.

52. *Wear themselves in the cap of the time.* Are the ornaments of the age. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 233: "On Fortune's cap we are not the very button." Warb. explained it, "to be foremost in the fashion."

Muster true gait. Perhaps=muster *with* the true gait, the fashionable style of walking. Heath conjectured "master," and the Coll. MS. has "they do master." If it were not Parolles who is speaking, we might suspect some corruption of the text; but it is probably only his fantastic corruption of language.

54. *The most received star.* The leader of fashion for the time.

For *measure*=dance, see *Rich. II.* p. 168, or *R. and J.* p. 153.

61. *Fee.* The old eds. have "see," which K., W., and Clarke retain. The emendation is due to Theo. We adopt it because it seems in keeping with the free-and-easy relations of the king and the old courtier.

62. *Brought.* Changed by Theo. to "bought;" but it may mean "brought his pardon with him," or "brought what will gain his pardon;" alluding to Helena (Clarke).

67. *Across.* To break a lance *across* the body of an adversary, and not by a direct thrust, was considered disgraceful. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 44: "Swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose;" *Much Ado*, v. 1. 139: "give them another staff; this last was broke cross" (where, as here, the reference is to a contest of wit), etc.

71. *My noble grapes.* Omitted by Hanmer as superfluous; but the *my* is emphatic.

72. *Medicine.* Physician; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 598 (see our ed. p. 203), and perhaps in *Macb.* v. 2. 27 (see our ed. p. 248). Cotgrave has "*Medicine*, a she phisition."

74. *Canary.* A lively dance. Cf. the play upon the word in *M. W.* iii. 2. 89–91:

"*Host.* Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance."

The verb (=dance) occurs in *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 12: "to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet," etc.

76. *Araise.* Changed by Pope to "raise," and by the Coll. MS. to "upraise." See Wb. Halliwell says that the word occurs frequently in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur.*

77. *In 's.* For the contraction, cf. 104 and iv. 2. 70 below. See also *Temp.* ii. 2. 155, *W. T.* ii. 3. 100, etc. It will be remembered that Charlemagne could not write.

Malone thought a line had been lost between this and the next; but the construction is not more elliptical than elsewhere in the play.

82. *Deliverance.* Delivery, utterance; as in ii. 5. 3 below. Cf. also 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 97: "at each word's deliverance."

83. *Profession.* What she professes to be able to do. Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 130: "My oath and my profession," etc.

85. *Than I dare blame my weakness.* One of the many somewhat obscure expressions in this play. Steevens explains it thus: "To acknowledge how much she has astonished me would be to acknowledge a weakness; and this I am unwilling to do." Mason says: "Lafeu's meaning appears to be, that the amazement she excited in him was so great that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." Clarke's interpretation is: "hath filled me with more well-grounded astonishment than with weak credulity deserving blame." We are disposed to accept Mason's explanation, though Halliwell has perhaps expressed it better: "my amazement is too great for me to accuse my weakness of creating it; I cannot impute my surprise to my credulity."

88. *The admiration.* This wonder; the abstract for the concrete.

93. *Come your ways.* More common in S. than *come your way.* See *Ham.* p. 191.

97. *Cressid's uncle.* The Pandarus of *T. and C.* Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 83: "Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become?" and *T. N.* iii. 1. 58: "I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus."

102. *Well found.* Well skilled, expert. Cf. *well seen* in *T. of S.* i. 2. 134. Steevens explains it as = "of known, acknowledged excellence."

104. *On 's.* See on 77 above. Many eds. give "on his."

108. *Triple.* Third; as in *A. and C.* i. 1. 12: "The triple pillar of the world."

111. *Honour . . . power.* Rann transposed these nouns (Johnson's suggestion).

121. *To prostitute.* For the ellipsis of *as* here and in 123, see Gr. 281.

123. *To esteem*, etc. As to think well of an unreasonable remedy when we deem all remedy past reasonable expectation.

128. *A modest one.* "One acknowledging that I am modest" (Schmidt); or, better, "a moderately favourable one" (Clarke).

131. *Wish him live.* For the ellipsis of *to*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 159: "That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve." Gr. 349.

135. *Set up your rest.* Have made up your mind, are fully resolved. See *M. of V.* p. 139.

138. *So holy writ*, etc. Cf. *Matt.* xi. 25 and 1 *Cor.* i. 27. St. compares *Dan.* i. 17, 20. *Great floods* alludes to the smiting of the rock in Horeb.

141. *When miracles*, etc. Referring to the passage of the Red Sea when miracles had been denied, or *not hearkened to*, by Pharaoh (Holt White).

144. *Fits.* The early eds. have "shifts." *Fits*, the conjecture of Theo.,

is also found in the Coll. MS. Some editors adopt Pope's reading, "sits." Cf. *Sonn.* 120. 12, where "fits" (=befits, as here) rhymes with "hits."

147. *Took.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 50: "Where I have took them up," etc. Gr. 343.

150. *Square our guess by shows.* "Form our conjectures according to appearances" (Clarke).

155. *That proclaim*, etc. "That proclaim one thing and design another, that *proclaim* a cure and *aim* at a fraud; I think what I speak" (Johnson). Clarke thinks it means "proclaim myself as being of equal importance with the object I hope to achieve." On *level*, see *W. T.* p. 168, or *R. and J.* p. 190.

162. *His diurnal ring.* His daily circuit.

163. *Murk.* Schmidt takes this to be a noun, but it may be an adjective (=*murky*, which S. uses elsewhere), as others explain it. We find it as a noun in *Piers Plowman* and other early English, but it is an adjective in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 5342:

> "The shadowe maketh her bemys merke,
> And hir hornes to shewe derke."

165. *The pilot's glass.* The hour-glass. Cf. *Sonn.* 126. 2: "Time's fickle glass," etc.

170. *Tax.* Charge, reproach; the only instance of the noun in S. except *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 246, where it has its ordinary meaning. Cf. the verb in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 71, and see our ed. p. 164.

173. *Nay, worst of worst*, etc. The 1st folio has "ne worse of worst;" the later folios change "ne" to "no." The emendation in the text is due to Malone, who paraphrases the passage thus: "And—what is the worst of worst, the consummation of misery—my body being extended on the rack by the most cruel torture, let my life pay the forfeit of my presumption." There is not much to choose between this reading and Hanmer's and Rann's "*the* worst of worst," etc., adopted by W., D., and others. V. retains the original text, explaining thus: "and, in addition (although that would not be worse, or a more *extended* evil than what I have mentioned—the loss of my honour, which is the worst that could happen) let me die with torture." For *ne*=nor, cf. *Per.* ii. prol. 36. K. reads "no worse of worst," etc. St. conjectures "and, worst of worst expended." For many other emendations, see the Camb. ed. Schmidt would follow the folio, explaining essentially as V. does. In adopting Malone's reading we do not accept his pointing ("worst of worst, extended"), nor his interpretation of *extended*, which, in our opinion, simply intensifies the meaning of *worst of worst:* the *very* worst, and *more* than that. If we joined it with what follows, as he does, we should take it to be=after being *prolonged* with torture.

175. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic (=*sprite*), as often. Gr. 463.

176. *His powerful sound.* Changed by Hanmer to "It powerful sounds," and by Warb. to "His power full sounds." *Sound* is, we think, the direct object of *speak*, as the Camb. editors and Schmidt make it. Some put a comma after *speak*, and assume that *speaking* is "understood" after *sound.*

177. *And what impossibility*, etc. "And that which, if I trusted to my

reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting" (Malone).

180. *In thee hath estimate.* "May be *counted* among the gifts enjoyed by thee" (Johnson).

181. *Youth, beauty*, etc. Theo. inserted "virtue" after *courage*, and the Coll. MS. "honour," to fill out the measure.

182. *Prime.* "Youth; the spring or morning of life" (Johnson). Tyrwhitt conjectured "pride," and Mason "in prime."

184. *Monstrous.* Adverbial; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 54.

185. *Practiser.* Practitioner, physician.

187. *Property.* Explained by Malone as = "due performance;" but it is rather "particular quality" or "that which is proper to," as Schmidt and Clarke make it.

191. *Make it even.* Fulfil it.

192. *Heaven.* The early eds. have "helpe" or "help;" but Thirlby's conjecture of *heaven* is generally adopted, as a rhyme is evidently intended.

198. *Image.* Representative; needlessly changed by Warb. to "impage (= grafting)."

204. *Resolv'd.* Accented on the first syllable, like *enjoin'd* in iii. 5. 91 below. Cf. Gr. 492. See also Schmidt, p. 1413.

210. *Word.* Thy word, or promise. For *meed* the folios have "deed."

SCENE II.—3. *Highly fed.* Well fed, with a play upon the phrase, which seems sometimes to have been = well bred. There is also an allusion to the proverb, "Better fed than taught," of which Halliwell quotes sundry instances, among them the following from Heywood's *Epigrammes*, 1577:

> "Thou art better fed then taught, I undertake,
> And yet art thou skin and bone, leane as a rake."

Cf. ii. 4. 36 below.

8. *Make a leg.* Make a bow; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 175. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 169, note on *My leg;* and cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 95.

15. *Like a barber's chair*, etc. A proverbial expression, found in Ray's *Proverbs* and elsewhere. Steevens quotes *More Fooles Yet*, 1610:

> "Moreover sattin sutes he doth compare
> Unto the service of a barber's chayre;
> As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
> As for a knight or worthy gentleman."

16. *Pin-buttock, quatch-buttock*, and *brawn-buttock.* Thin, flat, and fleshy, respectively.

20. *French crown.* Bald head. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 99; and see *Hen. V.* p. 175. On *taffeta*, see *T. N.* p. 141, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 142. It was much worn by women of the town.

Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger. *Tib* was a cant term for a woman, and often associated with *Tom* as *Jill* with *Jack* (see *M. N. D.* p. 171). The allusion is to the old practice of marrying with a *rush ring*, a dubious sort of union. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's ed.), ii. 107.

21. *A morris.* A morris-dance. See *Hen. V.* p. 159, or Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

24. *The pudding to his skin.* The sausage to its skin.

34. *To be young again*, etc. "The Countess follows up the Clown's remark as if it were an incomplete sentence; making it form a smiling vindication of her beguiling time by listening to his fooleries, and thus bringing back something of the light-heartedness of youth" (Clarke).

37. *O Lord, sir!* An expression much in vogue at court and in fashionable circles, in the poet's time, and ridiculed also by other writers.

51. *I play the noble huswife*, etc. Spoken ironically of course. For *huswife* (the usual spelling in the folio), see *Hen. V.* p. 183.

SCENE III.—*Enter* LAFEU *and* PAROLLES. The folio has "*Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.*" It also gives the last sentence of the first speech (*Why, 't is the rarest*, etc.) to "*Par.*," and the next speech (*And so 't is*) to "*Ros.*" or Bertram. At 51 below it has the stage-direction "*Enter 3 or 4 Lords.*" The whole scene appears to have been badly muddled by the printer, and has been variously re-arranged by the editors. The emendations we have adopted in the stage-directions, and in the assignment of the speeches mentioned above, are due to Walker. It is evident that Bertram is not intended to make his appearance until the King has sent to summon "all the lords in court."

2. *Modern.* Common, ordinary. See *Macb.* p. 243, or *R. and J.* p. 188. Cf. v. 3. 214 below.

3. *Causeless.* Coleridge remarks that S. uses the word here "in its strict philosophical sense, cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."

4. *Into.* "Sometimes found with verbs of rest implying motion" (Gr. 159). Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 361, *Rich. III.* v. 5. 51, etc.

9. *Relinquished of the artists.* Given up by the learned physicians. S. uses *artist* only three times, and only with this sense of learning or scholarship. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 24: "The wise and fool, the artist and unread;" and *Per.* ii. 3. 15:

> "In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
> To make some good, but others to exceed;
> And you are her labour'd scholar."

13. *Authentic.* Acknowledged as authorities. Malone remarks that the word was "particularly applied to the learned."

26. *Dolphin.* Steevens thinks this refers to the *Dauphin*, or heir apparent to the throne, whose name is so spelled in the books of the time (cf. *Hen. V.* p. 150, note on *Dauphin*); and Clarke believes that there is at least a punning allusion to that personage. We are inclined to think, however, that *Dolphin* here is "a plain fish" (*Temp.* v. 1. 266), and nothing more.

29. *Facinerious.* A word of Parolles's own coining, which Steevens "corrected" into "facinorous." Halliwell thinks he was right in doing so, as Parolles does not elsewhere make such blunders. He cites among examples of *facinorous*, Heywood, *Eng. Traveller:* "And magnified for high facinorous deeds."

33. *In a most weak—.* Johnson would continue Lafeu's speech to *king*, giving Parolles only *As to be—.* The Camb. editors conjecture that, after Lafeu's *In a most weak—*, Parolles says again, *Ay, so I say;* and that the next two speeches belong to Lafeu, with a pause before *generally thankful.*

40. *Lustig.* The Dutch *lustigh*, lusty, active, sprightly. The early eds. have "Lustique" or "Lustick."

42. *A coranto.* A lively dance. See *T. N.* p. 126, or *Hen. V.* p. 166.

43. *Mort du vinaigre!* "Mor du vinager" in the folios. Coll. reads "Mort du vainquer!"

44. *Fore God, I think so.* Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, a following up of Lafeu's own speech just before, and not a reply to Parolles.

48. *Repeal'd.* Called back, restored. See *Oth.* p. 180, or *J. C.* p. 157 (note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother*).

50. *Attends.* Awaits; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 279: "The dinner attends you, sir," etc.

57. *But one.* That is, but one mistress. Most editors adopt Mason's explanation: "one only excepted," namely, Bertram, whose mistress she hoped to be. "She makes the exception," he says, "out of modesty; for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself." There would be no "modesty," however, in excepting *virtuous.* V. and H. agree with Mason, but W. does not.

58. *Curtal.* The word means "having a docked tail," and elsewhere in S. (*M. W.* ii. 1. 114, *C. of E.* iii. 2. 151, *P. P.* 273) it is applied to a dog.

59. *Broken.* "A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth" (Johnson).

60. *And writ as little beard.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 30: "I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; . . . and yet he 'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor."

Peruse them well. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 94: "that we may peruse the men;" *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 75: "I have perus'd her well," etc.

70. *The white death.* The paleness of death. Warb. strangely wished to read "dearth" for *death.*

74. *Imperial Love.* As Coll. remarks, these words illustrate curiously the progress of error. The first folio has "imperiall loue;" the 2d "imperiall loue," the *l* in "loue" being mistaken for an *I.* The 3d folio alters *imperial* to "impartiall," so that the *imperial love* of the 1st folio becomes "impartial Jove!"

76. *All the rest is mute.* I have no more to say to you. Steevens compares *Ham.* v. 2. 369: "The rest is silence."

77. *Ames-ace.* Two aces; the lowest throw at dice. He ironically contrasts this ill luck with the good luck of having a chance in the present choice.

85. *Do they all deny her?* As Johnson notes, none of them have denied her, or afterwards deny her, except Bertram. Lafeu and Parolles talk at a distance where they see what passes between Helena and the lords, but do not hear what is said; so that they do not know by whom the refusal is made.

98. *There 's one grape yet*, etc. Theo., Hanmer, and Warb. divided this speech between Lafeu and Parolles, giving to the latter *I am sure thy father drank wine;* but Johnson explains the old text thus: "Old Lafeu having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, 'There is one yet into whom his father put good blood —but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass.'" W. thinks that "the hopes first expressed by the old courtier are dashed by Bertram's turning away from Helena as she pauses before him, and before she has spoken." We prefer Johnson's explanation, as there is evidence in other parts of the play that Lafeu has no very high opinion of Bertram's judgment; as, for instance, his seeing how the young fellow is deceived in Parolles.

113. *Charge.* Expense, cost; as in iii. 5. 95 below.

116. *Title.* That is, the *want* of title or rank. Clarke thinks that *title* refers to the one Bertram has just given Helena—*a poor physician's daughter.*

118. *Of colour*, etc. "Of the *same* colour, etc." (Malone); or *of*=as regards (Gr. 173). The latter is perhaps to be preferred.

119. *Confound distinction.* Make it impossible to distinguish them.

122. *Dislikest of.* Cf. *like of* in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband if you like of me," etc.

126. *Additions swell 's.* Titles inflate us, puff us up. The reading is that of the 1st folio, the 2d having "addition swell's," and the 3d and 4th "addition swells." For *addition*, see *Mach.* p. 164.

128. *Vileness is so.* Vileness is like it in that respect; that is, it is *vile* without a name. Various changes in pointing and wording have been proposed, but none is necessary. Malone paraphrases the passage well: "Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear."

129. *Property.* The intrinsic quality.

133. *Challenges itself.* Asserts its claim. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 438: "When she shall challenge this, you will reject her."

134. *Thrive.* The later folios, followed by some modern eds., read "best thrive;" but *sire* is a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

137. *Debosh'd.* Debauched; the only form of the word in the folio. Cf. v. 3. 204 below, and see *Lear*, p. 192. Here it is=prostituted, perverted.

145. *To choose.* That is, to try to do otherwise than love her. Cf. *cannot choose* in i. 3. 204 above.

148. *Which to defeat.* Elliptical for "which *danger* to defeat." Theo. changed *defeat* to "defend."

151. *Misprision.* "Undervaluing, contempt" (Schmidt). Elsewhere in S. it is=mistake, misapprehension. See *Much Ado*, p. 156, or *M. N. D.* p. 162.

153. *Poising us.* Adding the weight of our influence or patronage.

157. *Travails in.* Is working for. The 3d folio has "travells," and the 4th "travels." The forms *travail* and *travel* are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

158. *Presently.* Immediately; the usual meaning in S. See *M. of V.* p. 131.

162. *Staggers.* "Perplexity, bewilderment" (Schmidt), or "unsteady courses" (Clarke). For *careless* (=heedless) Walker suggests "cureless."

167. *Fancy.* Probably=love (cf. i. 1. 91), as generally explained; but it may be=liking, taste, as in iv. 1. 16 below.

168. *Dole.* Dealing out, allotment. See *W. T.* p. 156.

175. *More replete.* More than an equivalent.

177. *Contract.* Accented on the last syllable; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 166. Gr. 490.

178. *Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief.* Perhaps=shall seem expedient to follow the mandate just given. According to Cowell (*Law Dict.* 1607), a *brief* is "any precept of the king in writing, issuing out of any court, whereby he commands any thing to be done." Steevens takes *expedient* to be=expeditious, quick (cf. *K. John*, p. 141), and the *now-born brief*="the contract recently and suddenly made." "The ceremony of it (says the king) shall seem to hasten after its short preliminary, and be performed to-night." Warb. reads "new-born." The 1st and 2d folios have "now borne," the others "now born."

180. *Shall more attend*, etc. Shall be deferred to a future day when we may expect friends now absent.

182. *Thy love to me 's religious.* Thy loyalty to me is fulfilled as a sacred obligation.

Exeunt, etc. The folios have the stage-direction: "*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding;*" which, as Steevens remarks, must be "only the marginal note of a prompter."

198. *I write man.* I claim to be a man. See on 60 above.

201. *For two ordinaries.* "While I sat twice with thee at table" (Johnson). For *ordinary*=meal, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 230:

> "goes to the feast,
> And for his ordinary pays his heart
> For what his eyes eat only."

202. *Of thy travel.* Cf. ii. 5. 27 below; and see *K. John*, p. 136, note on *Your traveller.*

203. *Scarfs and the bannerets.* Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 15: "The scarfed bark."

205. *Found thee.* Found thee out; as in ii. 4. 31 and v. 2. 39 below. See also *Ham.* p. 220. Here there is a play upon the word; as upon *taking up* just below.

208. *Antiquity.* Age; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 208, etc. Cf. *ancient* in *T. of S.* v. 1. 75, *W. T.* iv. 4. 79, 372, etc.

211. *Thy trial.* That is, your being tested and found wanting.

212. *Window of lattice.* The metaphor is sufficiently explained by what follows. Clarke sees also a reference to the lattice windows of alehouses. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 164.

225. *In the default.* "At a need" (Johnson and Schmidt), or in default of other testimony.

230. *As I will by thee*, etc. "That is, will *pass* by thee as fast as I am

able; and he immediately goes out" (Malone). Warb. supposed a line to be lost after *past.*

233. *Scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!* "By the mere repetition of this epithet *scurvy* here, and by the sputtered broken sentence, *I 'll have no more pity*, etc., how well S. has given the effect of the impotent rage, the fuming aggravation, and teeth-grinding threats of Parolles, when left alone; and then the exquisite comedy touch of *I 'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again*, followed up by the immediate re-entrance of Lafeu!" (Clarke).

247. *Garter up thy arms*, etc. Halliwell cites Fairholt, who shows how *servants* used to gather up their long sleeves and tuck them into their girdles, in order that these fashionable appendages might not be in the way while they were attending to their duties.

250. *Methinks.* The folio has "meethink'st," perhaps for "methinks 't"=*it thinks me*, it seems to me. See *Ham.* p. 269, note on *Thinks 't thee.*

252. *Breathe themselves.* Exercise themselves. See on i. 2. 16 above.

254. *For picking a kernel*, etc. That is, for the pettiest of small thefts.

257. *Commission.* Warrant. Some editors follow Hanmer in transposing *commission* and *heraldry.* The Coll. MS. has "condition" for *commission.*

265. *Bed.* For the verb, cf. iii. 2. 21 below. See also *T. of S.* i. 1. 149.

275. *Kicky-wicky.* The 1st folio has "Kickie wickie," the later folios "kicksie wicksie" or "kicksy wicksy." "It is a ludicrous word, of no definite meaning, except, perhaps, to imply restlessness" (Nares).

278. *To.* Compared with; as in 287 and iii. 5. 56 below. Gr. 187.

279. *Jades.* For the masculine use, see *K. John*, p. 148.

285. *Furnish me to.* Equip me for. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 182: "To furnish thee to Belmont," etc.

287. *Detested.* The folios have "detected;" corrected by Theo. Cf. iii. 5. 62 below.

288. *Capriccio.* Caprice, whim (Italian).

293. *A young man married*, etc. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 25:

> "*Shallow.* You may by marrying.
> *Evans.* It is marring indeed," etc.

See also *R. and J.* p. 146, note on *Made.*

SCENE IV.—31. *Found.* See on ii. 3. 205 above.

36. *Well fed.* "An allusion, perhaps, to the old saying, 'Better fed than taught;' to which the Clown has himself alluded in a preceding scene" (Ritson). See on ii. 2. 3 above.

41. *To a compell'd restraint.* The 3d folio changes *to* to "by;" but *to* naturally follows *puts off*, and implies *to* the time to which the *restraint compels* postponement.

42. *Whose* refers to *prerogative.* The *sweets* are those of anticipation. Malone quotes *T. and C.* iii. 2. 19:

> "expectation whirls me round.
> The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar?"

43. *The curbed time.* The period of *compelled restraint.*

49. *May make it probable need.* May make it seem like necessity.

50. *This.* That is, the king's permission to depart.

SCENE V.—2. *Valiant approof.* Approved valour. See on i. 2. 50 above.

5. *Dial.* Probably=watch. See *A. Y. L.* p. 163.

A bunting. "The *bunting* is, in feather, size, and form, so like the *skylark*, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sinks in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the *skylark*" (Johnson).

8. *Accordingly.* In proportion, equally.

17. *I, sir.* For the repetition of *I*, see *R. and J.* p. 180. The Var. of 1821 has "O, I know him well: Ay, sir," etc. (not noted in the Camb. ed.).

26. *End.* The folios have "And." The correction is from the Egerton MS. Halliwell quotes Warner, *Albions England:* "Their lofty heads have leaden heeles, and end where they begun."

36. *Like him that leaped into the custard.* The Lord Mayor's fool used actually to do this at civic entertainments, an enormous custard being prepared for the purpose. Theo. quotes B. J., *The Devil's an Ass*, i. 1:

"He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme o' the table, from New-nothing,
And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

44. *Of them.* Some of them, such creatures. For this partitive use of *of*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 217: "You have of these pedlers," etc. Gr. 177.

45. *Have or will to deserve.* The reading of the 1st folio; the later folios omit *to*. It is=have deserved or will deserve. Malone conjectures "have *qualities or* will to deserve," and Sr. "*wit or* will."

47. *Idle.* Silly; as in iv. 3. 196 below: "a foolish idle boy."

48. *I think so.* Some read "I think *not* so;" which, it seems to us, in avoiding one difficulty—if it be a difficulty (*common speech*, etc.)—creates another, in the interpretation of the next line. The passage, as it stands, may be interpreted well enough, as Clarke does it: "Bertram, light-judging, unprincipled, without respect for goodness and moral worth, carelessly assents to Parolles' remark; while the latter, surprised to hear his vituperation confirmed, asks 'Why, do you not know him?' Then Bertram replies: 'Oh, yes, I know him thoroughly, and he passes with the generality of persons for a most worthy man.'" There is really an antithesis between "*I* think so" and "*common speech* gives him a worthy pass."

54. *Parting.* Departing. See *M. of V.* p. 145.

57. *Holds not colour with.* Is not in keeping with.

59. *On my particular.* On my part, so far as I personally am con-

cerned. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 9. 20: "Forgive me in thine own particular;" and see also *Lear*, p. 214, note on *For his particular*.

63. *Muse.* Wonder. See *Mach.* p. 219, or *K. John*, p. 158.

64. *Respects.* Motives, reasons. See *Rich. III.* p. 220, or *K. John*, p. 158.

77. *Owe.* Own. See on ii. 1. 9 above.

87. *Where are my other men*, etc. In the folio this line is given to Helena. Theo. transferred it to Bertram, to whom it probably belongs. The case is not, however, so clear as the editors generally regard it; for, as W. remarks, "Helena, as the wife of the Count of Rousillon, or even as his mother's ward, about to set out on a journey, would certainly need and have quite a retinue, including some armed men."

90. *Coragio!* Courage! Used also by Stephano in *Temp.* v. 1. 258.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—6. *Opposer.* Changed by Hanmer to "opposer's;" but cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 27:

> "More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
> From every meaner man."

10. *Yield.* Give you, inform you of.

11. *But like.* Except as. *Outward* = "one not in the secret of affairs" (Warb.).

12. *That frames*, etc. Who tries to make out the great idea of a council in his own imperfect way. This interpretation seems to us clearly confirmed by what follows. Clarke explains the whole passage thus: "The reasons of our state I cannot give you, excepting as an ordinary and uninitiated man, whom the august body of a government-council creates with power unable of itself to act, or with power incapable of acting of its own accord and independently." Warb. changed *motion* to "notion." Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 3. 14:

> "I see it in
> My motion, have it not in my tongue."

17. *Nature.* Changed by Rowe to "nation." *The younger of our nature* = young fellows like us.

22. *Better.* Those higher in rank, your superiors in office. It seems to refer to *places*, but means those who fill the places.

For your avails. For your advantage; as bringing you promotion. The plural is used because more than one person is referred to. See *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*. S. uses the noun *avail* only here and in i. 3. 174 above.

SCENE II.—7. *The ruff.* Probably the ruff, or *ruffle*, of the boot (the part turned over at the top), as Whalley explains it; not the ruff worn on the neck, as it is elsewhere (*T. of S.* iv. 3. 56, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 145, 157, and *Per.* iv. 2. 111), and as Schmidt makes it here. If it were the latter, we should expect "*his* ruff." According to Fairholt, the fashion of wear-

ing ruffs round the boot originated in France, and was introduced into England in the latter part of the 16th century. They were made of as delicate and costly material as the lace worn round a lady's neck, and their resemblance to a ruff is well shown in contemporaneous drawings.

8. *Hold.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th, followed by most modern eds., have "sold." Some explain *hold* as referring to the tenure by which he held the manor; but more likely, as W. says, it means "the value he set on it: he held it worth a song, or, in other words, he loved music more than money." That a man should literally sell a manor for a song is not probable, but the Clown in his exaggerating style might very likely say that he reckoned it worth no more than a song. For *knew* the folios have "know," which some retain.

13. *Ling.* A fish (the *Gadus molva*) formerly much eaten in England during Lent. "The Clown probably uses *ling* for meagre food in general, as he uses *Isbels* for waiting-women generally" (Clarke).

18. *E'en.* Misprinted "In" in the folios; corrected by Theo.

21. *Shall hear.* Will hear, are sure to hear. Gr. 315.

28. *Misprising.* Undervaluing, despising (Fr. *mépriser*). See *A. Y. L.* p. 140, and cf. *misprision* in ii. 3. 151 above.

39. *Was run.* Had run. Cf. *J. C.* v. 3. 25: "My life is run his compass," etc. Gr. 295.

46. *Woman me.* Make me show a woman's weakness. At first the expression seems a strange one in a woman's mouth, and Schmidt suggests that it may mean "to make a servant, to subdue;" but we think it is simply = to be affected as women usually are.

48. *Thitherward.* Going thither. Cf. 63 below.

51. *Passport.* Clarke remarks: "Helena uses this word as an equivalent for 'permission to pass from life, sentence of death.' A passage from Sidney will illustrate this: 'Giving his reason passport for to pass whither it would, so it would let him die.'"

52. *Upon my finger.* Which is upon my finger. Warb., misunderstanding it, changed *upon* to "from;" and Johnson at first thought of reading "upon thy finger which never shall come off mine."

59. *Have a better cheer.* We should now say, be of better cheer. For the original sense of *cheer*, see *M. of V.* p. 152.

60. *All the griefs are thine.* All *that* are thine. The ellipsis of the relative is common enough (see Gr. 244), but Mason wanted to read, "*as* thine." The meaning is "If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself" (Steevens).

61. *Moiety.* Often meaning a portion other than a half. See *W. T.* p. 169, or *Ham.* p. 174.

67. *Good convenience.* Propriety.

73. *Which, haply*, etc. The folio has "haply, which his heart," etc. It also prints the following speeches of 1 *Gentleman* as prose, with the Countess's in 88–92. The transposition in the text was made by D.

85. *With his inducement.* Induced by him, through his influence.

87. *Holds him much to have.* A puzzling passage. Theo. conjectured "soils" for *holds*, and Hanmer "'hoves [that is, behoves] him not much to have." Warb. says, "That is, his vices stand him in stead;" and

Heath thinks that the meaning is, "This fellow hath a deal too much of *that* which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him; that is, folly and ignorance." W. suggests that *that* in 86 may be "merely a definitive belonging to *too-much* in the sense of excess=*nimis*." Clarke believes that *holds*, if it be what S. wrote, is an abbreviation of *upholds*, and that the meaning is: "The fellow has a deal of that too-much (*too much* signifying excess of boastful talk, pretentiousness), which, he having, upholds him much in general opinion, maintains him in good estimation, or avails him well to possess." We are inclined to think that *too much*=excess. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 119:

> "For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
> Dies in his own too-much;"

and *Lear*, v. 3. 206: "To amplify too-much," etc. The real difficulty is in the *holds*, which W. does not explain, and which we think Clarke has the right idea of, though it is not necessary to consider the word a "contraction" of *uphold*. Cf. *hold* (=maintain) in i. 1. 71 above; where, by the by, Rann substituted "uphold." Possibly *holds* includes the meaning of "befits" as well as "upholds" (cf. what Helena says of Parolles in i. 1. 96: "Yet these fix'd evils *sit so fit* in him," etc.), but we can find no satisfactory authority for that sense. Schmidt makes *hold*="to be fit, to be consistent," in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 34: "Thou sayst well, and it holds well too;" and in iv. 2. 27 below: "This has no holding," etc.; but in the former passage *holds well* seems equivalent to the familiar *holds good*, and in the latter *holding* is rather=binding force than fitness.

94. *Change.* Exchange, interchange; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 441, *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 93, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 31, etc.

102. *None-sparing.* Clarke has "non-sparing;" perhaps a misprint.

107. *Still-piecing.* Closing immediately, woundless. The 1st folio has "still peering" (which Schmidt thinks may possibly mean "motionless in appearance"), and the later folios "still piercing." The emendation in the text is an anonymous one first mentioned by Steevens, and adopted by D., W., St., V., Clarke, and others. *Piecing* would probably be "peecing" in the MS. The Coll. MS. has "wound the still-piecing air." Nares conjectured "still-pierced." V. quotes, in support of *still-piecing*, *Temp.* iii. 3. 63:

> "Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
> Kill the still-closing waters."

Bailey would read "still-closing" here. V. adds: "This idea is oriental and scriptural, and may well have been suggested by a passage in the apocryphal book of *The Wisdom of Solomon:* 'As when an arrow is shot at a mark, it parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again, so that a man cannot know where it went through.'"

114. *Ravin.* Ravenous. For the verb *ravin*, see *Macb.* p. 204. The 4th folio has "raving," and Rowe (2d ed.) gives "rav'ning."

116. *Owes.* See on ii. 1. 9 above.

118. *Whence.* From that place where. "The sense is, from that abode where all the advantage that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as, on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself" (Heath).

123. *Offic'd all.* Did all the *offices* or duties of the house, were the only servants. For the verb, cf. *Cor.* v. 2. 68: "cannot office me," etc. See also *W. T.* p. 156. The 1st folio has "angles" for *angels.*

125. *Consolate.* The only instance of the word in S. *Console* he does not use at all, and *consolation* only in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 191 and *A. and C.* i. 2. 75. Halliwell cites, among other instances of *consolate*, Sylvester's *Du Bartas:* "That which most grieves me, most doth consolate."

126. *Steal.* For the play upon the word, cf. ii. 1. 33, 34 above. See also *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 63.

SCENE III.—2. *Credence.* Confidence, trust; as in i. 2. 11 above and *T. and C.* v. 2. 120.

6. *Extreme.* Accented by S. on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10; but the superlative is always *extrémest.* V. notes that Milton has adopted Shakespeare's phrase in *P. R.* i. 95:

> "Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
> Of hazard."

7. *Play.* "By using the word here S. ingeniously conveys the idea of favouring sunshine. Sunbeams *playing* upon an object is so familiar a form of speech that the mere introduction of the verb suggests the idea. Thus, by his masterly choice of words, does the poet often present, through the medium of a single syllable, a perfect metaphor, as well as a vivid picture to the imagination" (Clarke). Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 307:

> "And victory with little loss doth play
> Upon the dancing banners of the French."

SCENE IV.—4. *St. Jaques' pilgrim.* It is not likely that the poet had any particular shrine of St. James in mind, though the commentators have tried to give it a local habitation. *Jaques* is a dissyllable, as elsewhere. See *A. Y. L.* p. 152.

12. *His taken.* Rann conjectured "Herculean." The mention of *Juno* shows that the labours of Hercules are alluded to, but no change in the text is called for.

15. *Dogs.* Changed by Rowe to "dog," but two singular subjects often take a singular verb, or "the plural in *-s*," as Abbott prefers to call it. See Gr. 336.

19. *Advice.* "Discretion, or thought" (Johnson). Cf. "on more advice" = on more thought, on farther consideration; as in *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 43, etc.

23. *Over-night.* A noun; like *o'er-night* in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 227: "thy o'er-night's surfeit."

27. *Whom.* Changed by Hanmer to "which;" but the passage is simply one of those "confusions of construction" (see Gr. 409–416, so common in S. *Whom* first refers to *her* (Gr. 218), but in the second clause rather to *prayers.*

32. *Weigh.* "Value or esteem" (Steevens), with a kind of play upon the repeated word.

42. *And.* Changed by Hanmer to "but."

SCENE V.—1–14. *Nay, come . . . his companion.* Arranged in the folio as seventeen lines of verse; as prose first by Pope.

7. *Tucket.* A flourish on the trumpet; the "tucket sonance" of *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 35 (see our ed. p. 176).

16. *A filthy officer.* One who does a filthy office. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 45, *T. of S.* v. 2. 37, etc.

Suggestions. "Temptations" (Steevens). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

19. *Go under.* Pass for, whose *names* they go under.

21. *Dissuade succession.* Keep others from going the same way.

22. *Limed with the same twigs.* An allusion to the use of *birdlime* in catching birds. See *Much Ado*, p. 142, or *Ham.* p. 233.

28. *Lie.* Lodge. See 2 *Hen. IV.* pp. 179, 192, or *T. N.* p. 146.

32. *Palmers.* Pilgrims. Cf. *R. of L.* 791: "As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage," etc. Reed quotes Blount, *Glossography:* "A pilgrim and a palmer differed thus: a pilgrim had some dwelling-place, the palmer none; the pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the palmer to all, and not to any one in particular; the pilgrim might go at his own charge, the palmer must profess wilful poverty; the pilgrim might give over his profession, the palmer must be constant till he had the *palm;* that is, victory over his ghostly enemies and life by death."

33. *Port.* Gate; as in *Cor.* i. 7. 1, v. 6. 6, etc.

36. *Pilgrim.* A trisyllable here. See Gr. 477.

39. *For.* Because; as in 50 just below. Gr. 151.

40. *Ample.* Capell conjectured "amply;" but the word is again used adverbially in *T. of A.* i. 2. 136: "how ample you 're belov'd." Gr. 1.

48. *His face I know not.* A falsehood of course, but to be justified as necessary to the disguised part she was playing. The disguise itself was an acted falsehood, and could be maintained only by spoken falsehood. Clarke quotes *T. N.* ii. 2. 28:

> "Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
> Wherein the pregnant enemy does much;"

which shows that the poet was not unaware of the wrong involved in it, though he accepted it as a dramatic necessity. Coleridge asks: "Shall we say here that S. has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience?"

Whatsome'er. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 6. 102; and see on i. 3. 49 above.

52. *Mere the truth.* Nothing but the truth. In iv. 3. 20 below we have *merely*=absolutely, for which see *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated.* Hanmer gave "the meer" and Warb. "meerlye."

54. *Reports.* For the ellipsis of the relative, cf. iii. 3. 60 above.

56. *To.* Compared with. See on ii. 3. 273 above.

59. *Honesty.* Chastity; as in 12 above and iv. 4. 28 below.

60. *Examin'd.* Questioned.

63. *I write, good creature,* etc. The 1st folio has "I write good creature;" the other folios "I right good creature." Some editors follow the

1st folio, taking the meaning to be "I call her good creature," like "I write man" in ii. 3. 198 above; but that idiom appears to be used only by persons speaking of themselves. Rowe has "Ah! right good creature!" and Theo. "Ah! right; good creature!" but the exclamation does not seem natural here. The pointing in the text is due to W., and the meaning is "I write (=declare) her heart weighs sadly," the intervening words being parenthetical. The nearest approach to this use of *write* that we can find is the *write against* in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 57, and *Cymb.* ii. 5. 32; but, though Schmidt defines *write* there as="declare," it is by no means a parallel case. We adopt the reading only as a choice of evils, and suspect some corruption. Malone's conjecture "I weet, good creature," etc., seems to us a very plausible one.

65. *Shrewd.* Mischievous, evil. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 202, or *J. C.* p. 145.

68. *Brokes.* Treats through a *broker* or pander—Parolles, as afterwards appears. Cf. the use of *broker* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 568, 582; and see also *Ham.* p. 191.

86. *Shrewdly.* Combining the ideas of *much* and *badly*. Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 170.

89. *A ring-carrier.* A go-between, pander. See on 68 just above.

91. *Host.* Lodge; as in *C. of E.* i. 2. 9: "Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host." *Enjoin'd*=bound by a vow. For the accent, see on ii. 1. 204 above.

94. *Please it.* If it please; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 52, etc.

97. *Of.* The later folios and some modern eds. have "on." Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 2: "what bestow of him?" Gr. 175.

98. *Worthy the note.* Worth noting or attending to.

SCENE VI.—3. *Hilding.* A contemptible fellow. See *R. and J.* p. 172.

11. *Entertainment.* Service; as in iv. 1. 15 below. See *Oth.* p. 187; and cf. *Much Ado*, p. 127, note on *Entertained for*.

17. *Fetch off his drum.* Rescue his drum. Fairholt remarks: "The drums of the regiments of his day were decorated with the colours of the battalion." The loss of the drum was therefore "equivalent to the loss of the flag of the regiment." See *1 Hen. IV.* p. 185, note on *Drum*.

23. *Leaguer.* The camp of a besieging army; sometimes used for a camp in general. See Wb. Douce quotes Sir John Smythe, *Discourses*, 1590: "They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar;* nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard*."

32. *His.* The folios have "this;" corrected by Rowe.

33. *Ore.* The folios have "ours;" corrected by Theo. The Coll. MS. has "ores." For the poet's use of the word, see *Ham.* p. 242.

John Drum's entertainment. We have no doubt that originally *John Drum* was merely a sportive personification of the drum, and that the *entertainment* was a *beating*, such as the drum gets. *Jack Drum* and *Tom Drum* were variations of the name (for the latter, cf. v. 3. 316 below). Theo. quotes Holinshed, *Hist. of Ireland:* "so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his eares, give the simplest man that

resorted to his house, Tom Drum his entertaynement, which is, to hale a man in by the heade, and thrust him out by both the shoulders;" and *Apollo Shroving*, 1627: "It shall have Tom Drum's entertainement: a flap with a fox-tail." Reed adds, from Taylor's *Laugh and be Fat:*

"And whither now is Mons^r Odcome come,
Who on his owne backe side receiv'd his pay?
Not like the Entertainm^t of Jacke Drum,
Who was best welcome when he went away?"

and Aston, *Manners and Customs of All Nations*, 1611: "Some others on the contrarie part, give them John Drum's intertainm^t reviling and beating them away from their houses." These, and other passages quoted by the commentators, show that the expression came to mean other kinds of abusive treatment than beating. There was an interlude, printed in 1601, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, in which Jack Drum is a servant who is continually being foiled in his attempts at intrigue. The title of this piece was of course suggested by the familiar phrase.

37. *Humour.* The early eds. have "honor" or "honour," which may be defended as ironical; but *humour*, which Theo. substituted, is adopted by K., D., W., and others, and may be what S. wrote.

38. *In any hand.* In any case, at any rate. Cf. *at any hand* in *T. of S.* i. 2. 147, 227, and *of all hands* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 219. Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny:* "he must be a free citizen of Rome in any hand."

55. *Hic jacet.* "Here lies; the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost or another belonging to the enemy, or *die in the attempt*" (Malone).

56. *If you have a stomach, to 't, Monsieur.* If you have any inclination, try it. This is the pointing of the folio, which reads: "Why if you haue a stomacke, too 't Monsieur: if you thinke," etc. The editors generally (the Camb. ed. is the only exception we have noted) make it read thus: "Why, if you have a stomach to 't, Monsieur, if you think," etc. But cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 195: "But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name!" For the absolute use of *stomach*, see also *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92: "let me praise you while I have a stomach;" *T. and C.* ii. 1. 137:

"call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach;"

J. C. v. 1. 66:

"If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs," etc.

The Camb. ed. does not refer to the ordinary pointing in its collation of the texts.

57. *Mystery.* Professional skill. Cf. its use = craft, profession; as in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 30, 36, 39, 41, 44, *T. of A.* iv. 1. 18, etc.

66. *Dilemmas.* Plans for overcoming possible difficulties. S. uses the word only here and in *M. W.* iv. 5. 87: "in perplexity and doubtful dilemma."

71. *Success.* Issue. See *Oth.* p. 186, or *J. C.* p. 151. Cf. also i. 3. 237 above.

73. *And to the possibility*, etc. That is, he is confident that Parolles

will do all a soldier can. He does not yet believe that the fellow is a coward.

82. *A great deal.* It is exceptional to find this expression with a plural, but the idiom is said to be still a provincialism in England. Walker conjectures "discovery," but most of the editors retain *discoveries*.

88. *Embossed him.* Cornered him, closed round him; a hunting phrase. "To *emboss* a deer is to enclose him in a wood" (Johnson). Cf. *Lear*, p. 213.

91. *Case.* Skin, flay; in other words, strip of his *disguise*.

Smoked. Scented, smelt out; as in iv. 1. 25 below. Halliwell quotes Chapman, *Homer:* "I alone smok't his true person."

92. *Sprat.* The fish is a worthless little one, and hence the contemptuous metaphor. Lilly, in his *Book of Fortune* (quoted by Halliwell), speaks of "a sprat-brain'd ridiculous Tom Fool."

94. *Look my twigs.* Look at my limed twigs. See on iii. 5. 22 above. For the transitive *look*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 161, or *Lear*, p. 219. Gr. 200.

101. *Have i' the wind.* Have got scent of. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 14: "He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind!" See also *Ham.* p. 230, note on *Recover the wind of me.*

SCENE VII.—1. *She.* That is, his wife. She has been telling the Widow who she is, and what her plans are for recovering her husband.

3. *But I shall lose.* That is, except I shall lose, without losing. She means that she does not know how to give farther proofs of her identity without the risk of discovering herself to Bertram.

4. *Though my estate be fallen.* Though my condition in life is not so good as it once was.

9. *To your sworn counsel.* That is, under pledge of secrecy.

10. *From word to word.* "Word for word" (*T. N.* i. 3. 28, etc.), exactly as I tell you.

13. *Approves.* Proves; as often. See *Mach.* p. 174.

18. *His wanton siege.* For the metaphor, cf. *V. and A.* 423:

> "Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
> To love's alarms it will not ope the gate."

See also *M. W.* ii. 2. 243, *R. and J.* i. 1. 218, etc.

21. *Important blood.* Importunate passion. See *Much Ado*, p. 129, or *Lear*, p. 241.

22. *County.* Count. See *Much Ado*, p. 131.

26. *In most rich choice.* In highest estimation.

Idle=inconsiderate, reckless. See on ii. 5. 47 above.

34. *After this.* The 1st folio omits *this*, which the 2d supplies. Coll. conjectures "afterwards."

37. *Persever.* The only form in S. Cf. iv. 2. 37 below, where it rhymes with *ever*. Gr. 492.

40. *Music.* The folio has "Musickes," as in *Cymb.* ii. 3. 44, but most editors read *music* in both passages. The singular often meant a band of musicians. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 94:

> "Bid the music leave;
> They are harsh and heavy to me."

41. *It nothing steads us.* It is of no use for us. For *stead*, see *M. of V.* p. 133, note on *May you stead me?*

45. *Is wicked meaning*, etc. "Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act; and neither of them sin: yet on his part it was a sinful act, for his meaning was to commit adultery, of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife" (Tollet). Hanmer changed *And lawful* to "unlawful" and Warb. *lawful act* to "wicked act;" but this is not necessary to the solution of the enigma.

47. *Fact.* According to Schmidt, the only meaning of *fact* in S. is "evil deed, crime;" but in some cases, as here, it seems to be simply = the Latin *factum*, deed. Cf. *W. T.* p. 175.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—10. *Linsey-woolsey.* A mixed fabric of linen and wool; here a metaphor for a medley of words without meaning. Cf. the figurative use of *fustian* (*Oth.* ii. 3. 282), likewise a kind of cloth.

13. *Some band of strangers*, etc. "That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay" (Johnson). For *entertainment*, cf. iii. 6. 11 above. *Smack* = smattering.

15. *We must every one*, etc. "We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another; for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project" (Henley). *Straight* = directly, at once.

18. *Choughs' language.* That is, mere chattering. Steevens compares *Temp.* ii. 1. 266:

> "I myself could make
> A chough of as deep chat."

See our ed. p. 127.

24. *Plausive.* Plausible. Cf. i. 2. 53 above.

37. *Instance.* Explained by Schmidt and others as = "motive" (as in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 119, etc.), and by Johnson as = "proof" (cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 170). The latter seems to be the better meaning. He has said that slight hurts will not serve to confirm his story of his *exploit*, and great ones he dares not give. Wherefore, he asks, what *is* to sustain or prove my assertions? In *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42, Borachio says: "They will scarce believe this without trial; offer them instances" (that is, give them proofs); and here Parolles, wishing to "offer instances," asks himself what the instance is to *be*.

38. *Bajazet's mule.* A troublesome beast for the critics. There may be a reference to some well-known story of the time, now lost; or Warb. may have been right in changing the *mule* to a "mute." Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 232: "like Turkish mute." Steevens says that "in one of our old Turkish histories, there is a pompous description of Bajazet riding on a mule to the Divan;" but how such a description could suggest borrowing a tongue of the mule, it is difficult to see. Reed finds a reference in Maitland to an apologue of a philosopher who "tooke upon him to make a Moyle speak." This on the face of it is a more promising clue; but

Maitland does not give the story in full, and we have no means of knowing whether *Bajazet* figured in it. The meaning obviously is that he must get rid of his own prattling tongue and buy one less loquacious.

40. *Is it possible*, etc. See p. 13 above.

43. *Spanish sword.* Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 84: "Spanish blades." The swords of Toledo were famous in that day.

44. *Afford you so.* Afford to let you off so.

45. *Baring.* Shaving; as in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 189: "Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death."

70. *Thy faith.* That is, religious faith.

77. *Inform something.* Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 42: "He did inform the truth," etc.

85. *Woodcock.* The bird was supposed to have no brains, and was therefore a popular metaphor for a fool. See *Ham.* pp. 191, 275.

88. *Inform on that.* Tell them about that. Clarke takes *inform* to be in the same construction as *betray*, but we have no doubt that it is imperative. The speaker thinks it a good joke that Parolles is going to betray them to themselves, and wants that Bertram and his brother should be informed of the sport in store for them. Rowe thought it necessary to change *on* to "'em."

SCENE II.—8. *Stern.* The Coll. MS. has "stone." Malone quotes *Cymb.* ii. 2. 32:

> "And be her sense but as a monument
> Thus in a chapel lying!"

14. *My vows.* "Not only the vows in reference to Helena, alluded to in the sentence he wrote to his mother—'sworn to make the *not* eternal'—but the vows he is now proffering to Diana" (Clarke).

17. *Serve.* There is a play upon the word. For a different one, see ii. 1. 22 above.

19. *Barely.* Changed by Rowe (2d ed.) to "basely;" but the repetition in *barely* and *bareness* is thoroughly Shakespearian.

25. *God's.* The 1st and 2d folios have "Ioues," the 3d and 4th "Joves." Johnson's conjecture of "love's" is adopted by some editors; but we have little doubt that S. wrote *God's*, which was changed to "Jove's" in obedience to the statute against the use of the Divine name on the stage. This is the conjecture of Halliwell, and removes all difficulty from a much disputed passage.

27. *Holding.* "Consistency," according to Johnson and Schmidt, but it may be = binding force. This is confirmed by the *unseal'd* that follows. Such an oath, she says, is like a legal obligation wtihout the *seal* which makes it *hold*.

36. *Who.* Changed by Pope to "which," but *who* is often used for "an irrational antecedent personified" (Gr. 264). The folios have "recovers," which may be what S. wrote. Cf. Gr. 247.

37. *Persever.* See on iii. 7. 37 above.

38. *Make ropes in such a scarre.* A hopelessly corrupt passage, which we leave as in the folios (the 1st and 2d have "rope's," the others

"ropes," and the 4th has "scar"). *Ropes* and *scarre* have been changed to "hopes . . . affairs," "hopes . . . scene," "hopes . . . scare," "hopes . . . war," "slopes . . . scarre" (=cliff), "hopes . . . case," "hopes . . . snare," "hopes . . . suit," "hopes . . . cause," "may cope's . . . sorte," etc. "Hopes in such a case" is as probable as any other of these, and doubtless gives the meaning of the passage, whatever may have been its precise wording. It may be noted that S. often uses the expression "in such a case;" as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 6, *Cor.* v. 4. 34, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 54, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 98, etc. K. thinks that the old reading, though "startling and difficult," may be right after all: *scarre* may be used figuratively "for a difficulty to be overcome," and the *ropes* may be the means of overcoming it. But if a critic can "make ropes in *such* a scarre," what difficulty in the early texts may he not overcome?

42. *Longing.* Belonging. Generally printed "'longing," but not so in the folios, which are almost uniformly accurate on such points. See *Hen. V.* p. 160, or *Hen. VIII.* p. 162. Cf. also Wb.

49. *Proper.* The word simply emphasizes the *own*, as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 61, iii. 1. 115, *J. C.* v. 3. 96, etc. It is often used alone in the sense of *own;* as in *Temp.* iii. 3. 60: "Their proper selves," etc.

50. *Champion.* As the word was used in the days of chivalry, for a knight who fought for a person or a cause. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 118, 255, 267, *Rich. II.* i. 2. 43, etc. On the present passage, cf. Milton, *Comus*, 212:

> "These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
> The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
> By a strong-siding champion, Conscience."

55. *I 'll order take.* I 'll take measures. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, or *Oth.* p. 206.

56. *Band.* Bond; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 2: "thy oath and band," etc. See our ed. p. 150.

62. *What in time proceeds.* Whatever in the course of time may result.

71. *Has.* The reading of W. for the "had" of the folios.

73. *Braid.* Deceitful. Steevens quotes Greene, *Never Too Late*, 1616, where it is a noun:

> "Dian rose with all her maids
> Blushing thus at Love his braids."

Horne Tooke (quoted by Malone) makes *braid*="brayed," seeing an allusion to *Prov.* xxi. 20! Boswell thinks *braid* might possibly be "a contraction for *braided*, that is, *twisted*," and compares the "*plaited* cunning" of *Lear*, i. 1. 183. See *W. T.* p. 196, note on *Unbraided*. Richardson, in his *Dict.*, makes *braid*=violent; but cf. Wb. Wedgwood connects it with the provincial *braid*=pretend, resemble (see Halliwell and Wright, *Archaic Dict.*), and explains the passage thus: "since such are the manners of Frenchmen." Skeat, in his new *Etymol. Dict.*, has nothing to say of the word.

SCENE III.—5. *Worthy.* Well deserved; as in *Rich. II.* v. 1. 68: "worthy danger and deserved death," etc.

10. *Darkly.* Secretly. Cf. the quibble in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 188: "The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to the light."

14. *Fleshes.* Gratifies, satiates. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 133:

> "the wild dog
> Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent."

16. *Monumental.* Memorial.

17. *Composition.* Compact, bargain.

18. *Delay our rebellion.* Keep us from such "natural rebellion" (v. 3. 6), that is, letting our passions rebel against our reason and conscience.

20. *Merely our own traitors.* Nothing but traitors to ourselves. See on iii. 5. 52 above.

22. *Their abhorred ends.* We think this refers to their disgraceful death as traitors (as Coll. and St. explain it) rather than the ends they are aiming at, as Steevens and others have made it. Clarke believes it means "till they finally incur the abhorrence properly theirs, or which is their due." The whole passage may be paraphrased thus: As it is the common course of treason to expose itself and lead to its own punishment, so he that is a traitor to his better self is overwhelmed in his own wickedness, like one who is drowned in the flood he himself has let loose. Johnson explains *in his proper stream o'erflows himself* by "betrays his own secrets in his own talk;" which seems rather an "impotent conclusion." Clarke carries out the interpretation of what precedes by making it = "by his own revealments covers himself with opprobrium."

25. *Is it not meant damnable in us,* etc. Does it not show a damnable *meaning* or disposition in us, etc. Schmidt puts it thus: "Is not our drift a damnable one?" Clarke thinks the idea is, "Does not Heaven ordain it for our own condemnation," etc. Coll., D., and W. adopt Hanmer's "most damnable," and V. reads "mean—damnable." Mason conjectures "mean and damnable." For the adverbial use of *damnable*, cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 188: "inconstant and damnable ungrateful."

28. *Dieted to his hour.* Restricted to his appointed hour, like one under a fixed regimen. See on v. 3. 219 below.

30. *Company.* Companion; referring to Parolles. See *Hen. V.* p. 145.

That he might take, etc. "This is a very just and moral reason. Bertram, by finding how erroneously he has judged, will be less confident, and more easily moved by admonition" (Johnson).

31. *So curiously he had set this counterfeit.* The metaphor is taken from *setting* a counterfeit gem. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 251:

> "A base foul stone made precious by the foil
> Of England's chair, where he is falsely set."

Curiously = carefully; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 144: "curiously cut," etc. Cf. *curious* in i. 2. 20 above.

39. *Higher.* Farther up into Italy.

46. *Sanctimony.* Sanctity, devotion; as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 140: "If sanctimony be the god's delight." We find the modern sense only in *Oth.* i. 3. 362.

50. *Justified.* Proved. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 128: "I could justify you traitors," etc.

51. *The stronger part.* The more important part; that is, all the facts except her death. The Coll. MS. has "stranger."

71. *Solemn.* Formal, ceremonious. Cf. ii. 3. 179 above.

80. *By an abstract of success.* "By a successful summary proceeding" (Schmidt).

81. *Congied with.* Taken leave of. Many of the modern eds. print "congé'd." In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, we find the noun spelt *congy:* "Sir William, with a low congy, saluted him."

89. *This dialogue between the fool and the soldier.* Perhaps alluding, as Coll. suggests, to some popular production of the time.

90. *This counterfeit module.* "*Module* being the *pattern* of any thing, may be here used in that sense: Bring forth this fellow, who, by *counterfeit* virtue, pretended to make himself a *pattern*" (Johnson). *Module* occurs again in *K. John*, v. 7. 58: "And module of confounded royalty." See our ed. p. 180. In both passages many modern eds. print "model."

Like a double-meaning prophesier. Steevens misquotes *Macb.* v. 8. 20:

> "That palter with us in a double sense,
> That keep the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope."

94. *Usurping his spurs.* Wearing the spurs of a knight when he was really a coward. There may be an allusion to the punishment of a recreant knight by hacking off his spurs.

103. *Nothing of me, has a'.* Bertram's fear that Parolles may have told something to compromise him is a slight but very significant touch of dramatic art.

109. *Hoodman comes!* The game now called blindman's-buff used to be known as "hoodman-blind." Baret, in his *Alvearie*, mentions it as "The Hoodwinke play, or hoodmanblinde, in some places called the blindmanbuf." Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 77.

126. *Take the sacrament on 't.* Take my oath on it. See *Rich. II.* p. 207, or *K. John*, p. 172.

128. *All 's one to him.* The folios give these words to Parolles; but Capell saw that they belong to Bertram. Rowe followed the old arrangement, changing *him* to "me." Ritson conjectured that the sentence belonged to the 1st or 2d Lord.

130. *Militarist.* Undoubtedly *his own phrase*, for it is not found elsewhere.

131. *Theoric.* Changed by Rowe to "theory;" but cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 52 and *Oth.* i. 1. 24. Malone quotes Florio's *Montaigne:* "They know the theorique of all things, but you must seek who shall put it in practice."

132. *Chape.* The metallic part at the end of the scabbard (Schmidt). We find *chapeless* in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 48.

133. *I will never*, etc. Perhaps this belongs to Bertram (Walker).

140. *Con him no thanks.* Do not thank him. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 428: "Yet thanks I must you con," etc. Steevens cites many examples of the phrase from contemporaneous writers. *In the nature he delivers it*=in the way he tells it; that is, since it is for a treacherous purpose.

148. *Live this present hour.* This must mean live *only* this present hour, and Hanmer's "but this" is a plausible emendation. Walker con-

jectures "die" for *live*, and St. "leave." Tollet and Clarke think the slip is meant to show the speaker's perturbation of mind.

159. *Condition.* Character; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 143, etc.

167. *To the particular of the inter'gatories.* To the questions one by one, or asked *singly*. For the form *inter'gatories*, see *M. of V.* p. 165.

171. Johnson inserts here the stage-direction: "*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*"

172. *Though.* Explained by Clarke as = "as, since, for the reason that;" but it has its ordinary meaning. Let him alone, he says, though it will be but a brief respite for him. In Whitney's *Emblems*, a book probably known to S., there is a story of three women who threw dice to ascertain which should die first. The loser was disposed to laugh at the decrees of Fate; when she was instantly killed by the accidental falling of a tile (Douce).

178. *Lordship.* The folios have "Lord," which was probably the abbreviation in the MS., or the printer's interpretation of the shorter abbreviation "Lo." It was corrected by Pope.

184. *In good sadness.* In all seriousness. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 125, iv. 2. 93, *T. of S.* v. 2. 64, etc. See also *R. and J.* p. 144.

192. *Diun, the count 's a fool*, etc. Johnson supposes a line to be lost, as there is no rhyme to the *gold*. Steevens conjectures "golden store" or "ore." But the beginning of the letter may have been prose, as Malone suggests; or it may be only an instance of the poet's carelessness in these little matters.

194. *Advertisement.* Advice, admonition. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 181. *Proper* =honest; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 169: "A proper gentlewoman."

197. *Idle.* See on ii. 5. 47 above.

206. *Half won*, etc. "A match well made is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well" (Mason).

209. *Mell.* Meddle, have to do; used by S. nowhere else. Pope changed *not* to "but;" but the antithesis is only between *men* and *boys*, not between *mell* and *kiss*, though the former may *imply* more than the latter. That *mell* was used in the general sense of *meddling*, Malone shows by quoting Hall, *Satires*, 1597: "Hence, ye profane! mell not with holy things;" and Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 30 (which he misquotes): "With holy father fits not with such things to mell." He might have added *Id.* vii. 7. 9:

> "So hard it is for any living wight
> All her array and vestiments to tell,
> That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,
> The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
> In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel," etc.

Cf. also Florio, *Second Frutes:*

> "Who with a Tuscan hath to mell,
> Had need to hear and see full well."

210. *Count of.* Take note of. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 65: "no man counts of her beauty."

211. *When.* The Coll. MS. has "where."

216. *Armipotent.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 650: "The armipotent Mars."

Halliwell cites Fairfax, *Godfrey of Boulogne*: "If our God, the Lord armipotent;" and Sylvester, *Du Bartas*: "Armi-potent, omnipotent, my God."

217. *A cat.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 48: "Some, that are mad if they behold a cat."

219. *The general's.* The 1st and 2d folios have "your" for *the;* corrected in the 3d folio.

229. *An egg out of a cloister.* "He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy" (Johnson).

230. *Nessus.* Alluded to again in *A. and C.* iv. 12. 43.

244. *Before the English tragedians.* The companies of strolling players used to announce their advent by a drum or trumpet. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 74, where the "trumpet" that is heard is found to be that of the "players."

247. *Mile-end.* Where the citizens of London used to be mustered and drilled. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 179, note on *Mile-end Green.*

248. *Doubling of files.* Marching in double file.

252. *He 's a cat still.* "The way in which Bertram returns and returns to the same expression of antipathy to Parolles is characteristically indicative of his fidgety egotism and bad-tempered vexation" (Clarke).

255. *Quart d'écu.* The quarter of a "French crown." See on ii. 2. 20 above. In the 1st folio the spelling is "cardceue;" corrected in the 2d into "cardecue," which was the "phonetic" orthography of the time. Cf. v. 2. 31 below, where all the early eds. have "cardecue."

Fee-simple. Unconditional possession. This and the legal terms that follow are to be reckoned among the many illustrations of Shakespeare's minute knowledge of the law. A *remainder* is "something limited over to a third person on the creation of an estate less than that which the grantor has." See also Wb. Some such word as "secure" or "ensure" appears to be implied (Clarke thinks it may have dropped out) before *a perpetual succession.* The meaning obviously is, *sell the fee-simple* and make it free from all possible conditions or limitations.

259. *Why does he ask him of me?* "This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own" (Johnson).

272. *Beguile the supposition.* "That is, *to deceive the opinion*, to make the Count think me a man that *deserves well*" (Johnson).

295. *Undone.* There is a quibble on the word; as in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 20.

302. *Great.* The quibble on the literal and figurative senses is obvious. For the latter, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 4: "Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee?"

On the passage, see p. 13 above.

305. *Simply the thing I am*, etc. "It would be difficult to match this little sentence for pithy expression—a world of satire upon meanness of soul compressed into nine brief words" (Clarke).

SCENE IV.—4. *Perfect.* Accented on the first syllable, as regularly in S.

6. *Which.* Hanmer inserted "for" before *which;* but the ellipsis is not unlike many others in S. Cf. Gr. 382 fol.

7. *Flinty Tartar's bosom.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 32:

> "From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
> From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
> To offices of tender courtesy."

9. *Marseilles.* A trisyllable; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 377: "That now is lying in Marseilles road." See our ed. p. 148. S. uses the word only twice in verse. Here it is spelt "Marcellæ" in the 1st folio, "Marsellis" in the 2d and 3d, and "Marselis" in the 4th.

11. *Breaking.* Disbanding. Elsewhere we have *break up;* as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 104, *J. C.* ii. 2. 98, etc.

16. *You.* The 1st, 2d, and 3d folios have "your."

20. *Motive.* Agent, instrument. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 193, where the tongue is called "The slavish motive of recanting fear." In *T. and C.* iv. 5. 57 ("every joint and motive of her body") it is = moving part.

23. *Saucy.* Some explain the word as = wanton, lascivious, and cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 45; but in both passages it may be = impudent, insolent (Schmidt).

Clarke paraphrases the sentence thus: "When, by permitting the beguiled imagination to rove forbiddenly, the darkness of night is made blacker;" and he adds: "This wandering away of Helena's thoughts into reverie (for the whole of this sentence is spoken to herself, rather than to her hearers) even while she is commenting upon excursive fancies, is, to our thinking, intensely fine and true to human nature, particularly under these special circumstances."

29. *Impositions.* Injunctions, commands; as in *M. of V.* i. 2. 114: "your father's imposition," etc.

30. *Yet I pray you; But,* etc. This is the reading and pointing of the folio (except that it has a colon instead of a semicolon); followed by D., K., V., the Camb. ed., Clarke, and others. D. paraphrases the passage thus: "For a while, I pray you, *be* mine to suffer; but, so quickly that it may even be considered as true while we speak, the time will, etc." We are inclined to think that *Yet, I pray you* merely serves to resume the thread of discourse after Diana's impulsive interruption, and that Helena then goes on to add the more hopeful words she intended to add —as the "*yet* must suffer *something*" seems to imply. Coll. adopts Blackstone's conjecture of "Yet I fray you But with the word;" that is, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer.*" W. reads "Yet I pay you But with the word" = "Yet (in my present circumstances) I pay you but with the word (or, as we say, 'with words'), but time will bring on a season when that which produces you now only trouble will produce you profit and pleasure." The Coll. MS. has "I pray you: But with the world," etc. See also Gr. 76.

34. *Revives.* Changed by Hanmer to "reviles," and by Warb. to "revyes," which he explains as "looks us in the face, calls upon us to hasten." W. adopts Johnson's conjecture of "invites," which is the best emendation, if any be necessary; but *revives* (= gives us fresh energy) seems in keeping with the context.

The *wagon* is probably, as K. suggests, a public vehicle. Coaches are mentioned in *L. L. L.* (iv. 3. 34, 155), *M. of V.* (iii. 4. 82), *M. W.* (ii. 2. 66), and *Ham.* (iv. 5. 71), which are earlier plays. Stow speaks of *long wagons* for passengers and goods in 1564. As late as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale's *Diary* that his daughter "went towards London in Coventre waggon."

35. *All 's well*, etc. "One of Camden's proverbial sentences" (Malone). *The fine 's the crown.* As Boswell remarks, this seems to be a translation of the Latin proverb, *Finis coronat opus.* For *fine*=end, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 247, *Ham.* v. 1. 115, etc. We still use *in fine.*

SCENE V.—1. *With.* By; as often. Gr. 193.

A snipt-taffeta fellow. "A fellow who wore a rag or patch of taffeta" (Schmidt); or, quite as likely, a fellow dressed in "slashed silk," alluding to "the 'scarfs' and fluttering ribbons that Parolles wears, which have been several times referred to in the course of the play" (Clarke). For *taffeta*, cf. ii. 2. 20 above.

2. *Whose villanous saffron*, etc. This is either an allusion to the use of yellow starch for linen, or to the colouring of paste for pies with saffron (which the context favours); or perhaps, as Warb. suggests, S. was led from the one allusion into the other as he wrote. Schmidt thinks the reference may be simply "to the fashionable custom of wearing yellow." For the colouring of starches, Warb. cites Fletcher, *Queen of Corinth:* "your yellow starch;" and B. J., *The Devil 's an Ass:* "Carmen and chimney-sweepers are got into the yellow starch;" and Steevens adds, among other passages, Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses*, 1595: "The one arch or piller wherewith the devils kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kind of liquid matter which they call startch, wherein the devill hath learned them to wash and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will stand stiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this startch they make of divers substances, sometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: sometimes of rootes, and sometimes of other things: of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like." For the use of saffron in pastry, cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 48: "I must have saffron to colour the warden pies."

The meaning of the passage, as Malone remarks, is: "Whose evil qualities are of so deep a dye as to be sufficient to corrupt the most innocent, and to render them of the same disposition with himself." There is, however, a touch of contemptuousness in *unbaked and doughy youth* which this paraphrase does not bring out.

7. *I had.* Changed by Hanmer (the conjecture of Theo.) to "he had;" but this is unnecessary. The Countess wishes that *she* had never known him as a visitor at her house and a friend of her son.

14. *Sweet marjoram.* The herb (*Origanum marjorana*) still known by that name, and still familiar in our kitchens. Cf. *W. T.* p. 190.

15. *Herb of grace.* That is, rue (*Ruta graveolens*). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 105: "I 'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace;" and *Ham.* iv. 5. 181: "There 's rue for you; . . . we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays." See *Ham.* p. 251.

16. *Herbs.* That is, herbs in the sense in which he (Lafeu) has just used the word, or salad herbs. Rowe thought it necessary to read "sallet-herbs" ("sallet" is the spelling of the old eds. here, as often elsewhere), and the Coll. MS. has "pot-herbs."

18. *Grass.* Spelt "grace" in the early eds., perhaps to mark the play on *grass* and *grace*.

19. *Whether dost thou*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 134: "Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge," etc. See also *Matt.* xxii. 31.

32. *An English name.* Alluding to the Black Prince; as the latter part of the sentence does to his achievements in France, where, as the Clown hints, the other *black prince* is also more active. For *name* the folios have "maine," "main," or "mean;" corrected by Rowe. Henley would retain "main," as referring to the devil's "thick head of hair." Coll. says: "Of old the devil was represented in miracle-plays and moralities as covered with hair; and hence his name of 'Old Hairy,' which has been corrupted in our day to 'Old Harry.'"

Fisnomy. S. uses *physiognomy* only in *R. of L.* 1395. Hanmer changed *hotter* to "honoured." For the double comparative, see Gr. 11.

38. *Suggest.* Tempt, "seduce" (Rowe's "emendation" in his 2d ed.). Cf. *suggestion* in iii. 5. 16 above.

41. *But, sure, he is*, etc. Changed by Hanmer to "But since he is," etc.

45. *The flowery way*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 21: "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

51. *Jades' tricks.* Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 145: "You always end with a jade's trick;" and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 21: "a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!"

53. *Unhappy.* "Mischievously waggish, unlucky" (Johnson). Cf. *unhappiness* in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 361; and see our ed. p. 134. For *shrewd*, see on iii. 5. 65 above.

57. *Pace.* "A certain or prescribed walk; so we say of a man meanly obsequious, that he has learned his *paces*, and of a horse who [*sic*] moves irregularly, that he has *no paces*" (Johnson). Cf. the verb in *M. for M.* iv. 3. 137:

> "If you can, pace your wisdom
> In that good path that I would wish it go."

Hanmer reads "place."

67. *Content.* Often used by S. in a stronger sense than at present. See *Oth.* p. 174.

85. *Two pile and a half.* Alluding to the quality of the velvet. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 14: "and in my time wore three-pile;" and see our ed. p. 184.

87. *A scar*, etc. In the 1st folio this speech is given to "*Laf.*;" in the later folios to "*La.*," which Rowe and some other editors have taken to be = "Lady," or Countess. The 2d folio gives the next speech but one to "*La.*," but there it is unquestionably = Lafeu.

88. *Belike.* It is likely, it would seem.

89. *Carbonadoed.* Cut across like a *carbonado*, or a slice of meat prepared for the gridiron. See *W. T.* p. 198, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 201.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Wear.* Wear out, weary. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 38: "Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise;" and see our ed. p. 158.

5. *Bold.* Confident, assured; as in *Cymb.* ii. 4. 2:

> "I would I were so sure
> To win the king as I am bold her honour
> Will remain hers."

6. *In happy time.* Just in time, opportunely. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 195.

7. *Enter a Gentleman.* The 1st folio has "*Enter a gentle Astringer*" ("*Astranger*" in 2d folio), and the 3d and 4th folios "*Enter a Gentleman a stranger.*" *Astringer*, which some modern eds. retain, means a falconer. Steevens says that it is derived from *osterens* or *austercus*, a goshawk, and cites Cowell, *Law Dict.:* "We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an austringer." The word occurs nowhere in the text of S., and it is very doubtful whether he used it here. More likely it got into the folio by some mistake (the MS. may have read "*Enter a gent. a stranger*"); or possibly the "astringer" was introduced by the stage manager for some reason or other. The play in the folio was probably set up from a manuscript used in the theatre. It is to be noted that in the folio the speeches given to the "Astringer" all have the prefix "*Gent.*," and that when he enters again (v. 3. 128 below) he is called "a Gentleman."

14. *With.* By. See on iv. 5. 1 above.

15. *Nice.* Punctilious, scrupulous.

24. *Use.* Custom, habit. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 285: "Is it his use?" etc.

25. *All 's well*, etc. Cf. iv. 4. 35 above.

35. *Our means will make us means.* As Johnson remarks, "S. delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning." Here no explanation is necessary. Cf. i. 2. 64, ii. 1. 124, 160, and iv. 2. 19 above.

37. *Falls.* Befalls, comes to pass; as in v. 3. 121 below

SCENE II.—1. *Lavache.* "Lavatch" in the folios. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, May 9, 1863, thinks that in the name (=*la vache*, the cow) S. "made a punning allusion to the name of the actor who played the part, that is, to Richard *Cowley*, or John *Lowine* (lowing);" but this is not very probable. Clarke suggests that "it may have been intended for *Lavage*, which, in familiar French language, is used to express 'slop,' 'puddle,' 'washiness.'" He adds: "However this may be, there is irresistible drollery, as well as fine satire, in making Parolles—who formerly treated the Clown with magnificent toleration—now address him by the title of *Monsieur*, give him his name, and call him *sir*."

4. *Mood.* Changed by Theo. to "moat." *Mood* is elsewhere=anger; as in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 51, *C. of E.* ii. 2. 172, *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 38, *Oth.* ii. 3. 274, etc. V. notes the pun on *mood* and *mud.*

8. *Allow the wind.* Let me get to windward of thee.

14. *Me.* The "dativus ethicus." Gr. 220.

18. *Purr.* A suspicious word. Mason conjectured "puss," which of course necessitated dropping the second *of*, to say nothing of the senseless repetition in *cat*. It is curious that *puss* does not occur in S.

23. *Similes.* The folios have "smiles;" corrected by Theo. (at the suggestion of Warb.). Some editors retain "smiles;" and Clarke takes "my smiles of comfort" to be "a facetious whimsicality of the Clown's, equivalent to 'my comfortable jests,' 'my comforting playfulness.'" In 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 89, the quartos and the 1st folio misprint "smiles" for *similes*.

31. *Quart d'écu.* See on iv. 3. 255 above.

38. *A word.* The 1st and 2d folios have simply "word," and the 3d and 4th "one word." The reading in the text is that of the Egerton MS., and is adopted by Coll., W., and others. There seems to be a play on *Parolles* (=words).

Cox my passion! A corruption of "God 's my passion!" Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 121: "Cock's passion, silence!" See also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 195, note on *By cock and pie.*

40. *Found me.* See on ii. 3. 205 above.

42. *In some grace.* Into some favour. For *in*, see Gr. 159.

48. *Though you are a fool*, etc. "This is just one of Shakespeare's own touches. It is not only true to his large spirit of toleration for human frailties, that the old nobleman should save the wretch from starving, notwithstanding his strong disgust for his character; but it is an ingenuity of dramatic art thus to provide that Parolles shall be at hand, when the final scene of the story takes place at Rousillon, to appear among the other personages of the play" (Clarke).

SCENE III.—1. *Esteem.* "Dr. Warburton, in Theobald's edition, altered this word to *estate;* in his own he lets it stand, and explains it by *worth* or *estate*. But *esteem* is here *reckoning* or *estimate*. Since the loss of Helen, with her *virtues* and *qualifications*, our *account* is *sunk;* what we have to *reckon* ourselves king of is much *poorer* than before" (Johnson).

4. *Her estimation home.* Her worth thoroughly. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 107: "I cannot speak him home;" and see *Ham.* p. 232, on *Tax him home.*

5. *To make it*, etc. To consider it, etc.

6. *Natural rebellion.* The rebellion of nature. For *blaze* the early eds. have "blade" (corrected by Warb.), a figure which S. does not use, and which would be out of place here. For the metaphor here, cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 82:

> "Rebellious hell,
> If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
> To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
> And melt in her own fire."

See also iii. 7. 26 and iv. 2. 5 above. V. and W. retain and defend "blade."

10. *Were high bent.* The metaphor is taken from the bending of a bow. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 139, note on *Have their full bent.*

17. *Richest eyes.* Probably=eyes that have seen the most; as Stee-

vens, Schmidt, and others explain it. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 24: "to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands."

22. *Repetition.* That is, repetition or renewal of our resentment; or we may explain it as "remembrance," as Schmidt does. Clarke makes it = "recrimination." Cf. *K. John*, p. 144, note on *Ill-tuned repetitions*.

32. *A day of season.* "Such a day as one would expect at the present time of year" (Schmidt); or simply "a seasonable day" (Malone).

36. *High-repented.* Deeply repented. The hyphen is not in the early eds.

40. *Quick'st.* For contracted superlatives in S., see Gr. 473. Cf. ii. 1. 160 above.

41. *Inaudible and noiseless.* As Clarke notes, the double epithets, seemingly redundant, "serve impressively to emphasize the never-heard but ever-felt pace of Time's foot."

48. *Perspective.* A glass for producing an optical illusion. See *Rich. II.* p. 180. The accent of the word is always on the first syllable in S. Cf. Gr. 492.

57. *Compt.* Account. Cf. *Mach.* i. 6. 26, *Oth.* v. 2. 273, etc.

65. *Our own love*, etc. This is one of the "obelized" passages in the Globe ed. Some critics believe the couplet to be the interpolation of a player. Johnson was inclined to read "slept" for "sleeps" ("*Love* cries to see what was done while hatred *slept*, and suffered mischief to be done"), but thought the meaning might be that "*hatred* still *continues to sleep* at ease, while *love* is weeping." Coll. adopts Mason's conjecture of "old" for *own*. Clarke takes *our own* to be = "juster, more consistent with our spiritual perception," and paraphrases the passage thus: "Our juster (or more conscientious) love, waking too late to a perception of the worth of the lost object, deplores the mischief done, while unjust hate is laid asleep (or extinguished) forever after." V. explains it as follows: "Our love, awaking to the worth of the lost object, too late laments; our shameful hate or dislike having slept out the period when our fault was remediable." If the original reading is correct, this interpretation, though not entirely satisfactory, is perhaps to be preferred to any of the others.

68. *Maudlin.* Magdalen, of which it is a colloquial form. For the connection with the adjective *maudlin*, see Wb.

71. *Which better*, etc. This speech in the folios is a continuation of the preceding. Theo. first transferred it to the Countess, to whom it evidently belongs.

72. *Cesse.* Cease. The 1st folio has *cesse*, the 2d "ceasse," the 3d "ceass," and the 4th "cease." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 9. 2:

> "For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
> And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
> But faithfull friendship doth them both suppresse," etc.

Halliwell cites sundry examples of *cesse*; as, for instance, Phaer, *Æneid*:

> "This spoken with a thought he makes the swelling seas to cesse,
> And sun to shine, and clouds to flee, that did the skies oppresse."

74. *Digested.* That is, absorbed.

79. *The last*, etc. The last time that I ever took leave of her, etc.

85. *Necessitied to help.* In need of help. In what follows there is one of the "changes of construction" so common in S. The sense obviously is: I *bade* her, if she needed help, [to *ask* for it, *assured*] *that* I would give it. Cf. Gr. 415.

86. *Reave.* Bereave, deprive. Cf. *V. and A.* 766: "Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life." The participle *reft* is still in use, at least in poetical style.

87. *Stead her.* Be of use to her, help her. Cf. iii. 7. 41 above.

93. *In Florence*, etc. "Here is one of Count Bertram's ready falsehoods, which he, with the fluency of an expert liar, pours forth, with self-condemnatory ease. Though he did not know that the ring belonged to Helena, he knew that it was not given to him under the circumstances he describes with so much affected precision of detail; and that very throwing from a window, wrapping in paper, and nobleness of the thrower, by which he seeks to give an appearance of verisimilitude to his tale, serves to prove its untruth, and to convict himself of being altogether untrue" (Clarke).

96. *Engag'd.* "The plain meaning is, when she saw me receive the ring, she thought me *engaged* to her" (Johnson). The folios have "ingag'd," which Malone took to be = unengaged. Schmidt explains it in the same way, and considers the change to *engag'd* "preposterous." Theo. substituted "ungag'd." W. adopts Johnson's explanation, but retains "ingag'd," by which he thinks "the idea is better conveyed."

Subscrib'd To my own fortune. "Acknowledged, confessed the state of my affairs" (Schmidt); or perhaps *subscrib'd* = submitted, as in *T. of S.* i. 1. 81, etc.

99. *As.* For *that . . . as*, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 33, 174, *Lear*, i. 4. 63, etc. See Gr. 280.

100. *In heavy satisfaction.* In sorrowful acquiescence; sadly yielding to what she was convinced could not be helped.

101. *Plutus himself*, etc. "Plutus, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon other metals, and the *matter* by which *gold* is *multiplied*, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal. In the reign of Henry IV. a law was made to forbid all men thenceforth to *multiply* gold, or use any craft of *multiplication;* of which law Mr. Boyle, when he was warm with the hope of transmutation, procured a repeal" (Johnson). For the allusion to the "grand elixir" of the alchemists, cf. *A. and C.* i. 5. 37:

> "that great medicine hath
> With his tinct gilded thee."

On *Plutus*, the old god of wealth, cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 197, *J. C.* iv. 3. 102, and *T. of A.* i. 1. 287.

105. *If you know*, etc. "If you know that *your faculties are so sound as* that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions, *and are able to recollect and relate what you have done*, tell me, etc." (Johnson).

112. *Upon her great disaster.* In case some great disaster had befallen her.

117. *Deadly.* Adjectives in *-ly* are often used as adverbs. Cf. Gr. 1.

121. *My fore-past proofs*, etc. "The *proofs which I have already had* are sufficient to show that my *fears* were not *vain* and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have *unreasonably* had *too little fear*" (Johnson). *Tax* (cf. i. 1. 61 above) is not elsewhere joined with *of*.

127. *Where yet she never was.* That is, never yet was. For the transposition of *yet*, see Gr. 76.

128. *Enter a Gentleman.* This is the stage-direction in the folios; changed by W. to "*Enter the Astringer.*" See on v. 1. 7 above.

131. *Removes.* Post-stages. The meaning is, that she has failed to overtake the king in his journey, and thus missed the opportunity of presenting it in person.

136. *Importing.* Full of meaning, significant.

137. *A sweet verbal brief.* The phrase seems to us exactly to describe itself and many others like it in the poet's language—condensed "sweetness and light"—"infinite riches in a little room."

145. *Capilet.* The spelling of the early eds., changed by Rowe and many other editors to "Capulet."

146. *Toll for this.* The 1st folio has "toule for this;" the later folios read "toule him for this." Some editors have taken the meaning to be "look upon him as a dead man;" but *toll* is probably the legal term="pay a tax for the liberty of selling." W. reads "and towl [him]. For this," etc.; that is, "whip him up and down the fair." *Towling* is defined in Halliwell and Wright's *Archaic Dict.* as "whipping horses up and down at a fair, a boy's mischievous amusement." The other explanation is favoured by the context: I will buy me a son-in-law at a fair, and try to find a customer for this; I 'll none of *him*. Sr. quotes *Hudibras:*

> "a roan gelding,
> Where, when, by whom, and what were ye sold for,
> And in the public market toll'd for."

There were two statutes to regulate the *tolling* of horses at fairs.

153. *Sith.* Since; an old form which S. uses some twenty times. See *Ham.* pp. 201, 246, 253; and cf. *sithence* in i. 3. 110 above. The 1st folio has here "sir, sir, wiues are monsters;" changed in the 2d to "sir, wiues are such monsters" ("so monstrous" in 3d and 4th). The correction in the text is due to D. "Since," "sin," and "for" are other readings.

Lordship. "Conjugal right and duty" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 127, note on 81.

154. *And that.* And *sith* that. Gr. 285 (cf. 287).

162. *Both shall cease.* That is, both my life and honour will perish.

176. *Fond.* Foolish, silly; as very often. See *M. of V.* p. 152, or *M. N. D.* p. 163. The Camb. ed. misprints "this a fond."

179. *For to.* Not uncommon in the Elizabethan writers. See Gr. 152.

180. *To friend.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 143: "I know that we shall have him well to friend." See also *Mach.* p. 238. Gr. 189.

186. *Gamester.* Harlot; as in *Per.* iv. 6. 81. On *commoner* below, which has the same meaning, cf. *Oth.* p. 200.

190. *Validity.* Value; as in *T. N.* i. 1. 12, *R. and J.* iii. 3. 33, etc.

193. *It.* The folios have "hit;" corrected by Capell. D., Coll., K.,

and some other editors prefer Pope's "his." So far as the sense is concerned, there is small choice between the two; but "hit" is the old form of *it*, and is found elsewhere in the early eds. W. considers that it "has even some claim to be retained in the text." Malone conjectured "is hit" for '*t is it*, and Henley "'t is fit."

194. *Of.* By. Gr. 170.

196. *Owed.* Owned. See on ii. 1. 9 above, and cf. 292 below.

203. *Quoted.* Noted, set down. See *K. John*, p. 167.

204. For *tax'd*, cf. 121 and i. 1. 61 above; and for *debosh'd*, ii. 3. 137.

209. *Boarded.* Addressed, wooed. See *Much Ado*, p. 130, or *Ham.* p. 204.

211. *Madding.* S. does not use *madden.* Cf. *Lear*, p. 236.

212. *Fancy's.* Love's. Cf. i. 1. 91 and ii. 3. 165 above.

214. *Infinite cunning.* The happy emendation of Walker for the "insuite comming" of the 1st folio, which is followed with slight changes in spelling by the other folios. Hanmer has "in suit coming."

Modern=ordinary, commonplace. See on ii. 3. 2 above. Johnson was in doubt whether it here means "fashionable" or "meanly pretty." Mr. W. W. Williams conjectures "modest" for *modern*, and D. is inclined to favour that reading.

215. *Subdued me to her rate.* Brought me to her price.

219. *Diet.* If this be what S. wrote, it may be=do scant justice; the metaphor being taken from the restricted diet of a sick person. Malone explained the passage: "may justly loathe or be weary of me, as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed and scanty diet." Collins and Steevens are perhaps right in making *diet me*=deny me the rights of a wife. Cf. iv. 3. 28 above.

230. *Shrewdly.* Vilely. See on iii. 5. 65, 86 above. S. uses *boggle* nowhere else, but we find *boggler* in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 110.

234. *On your just proceeding.* That is, if you tell the truth.

235. *By him.* Of him. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 150: "I would not have him know so much by me," etc. Gr. 145.

247. *Companion.* Fellow; contemptuous, as often. See *Temp.* p. 131 (note on *Your fellow*), or *M. N. D.* p. 125.

250. *Naughty.* Good-for-nothing. See *M. of V.* p. 152.

261. *Derive me ill will.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 32: "that had to him deriv'd your anger," etc.

263. *Thou hast spoken*, etc. As the king elsewhere speaks in verse, Coll. arranges this prose as three lines (ending with *canst*, *fine*, and *aside*), but they are very lame ones.

264. *Too fine.* Too full of *finesse*, too artful; like the French *trop fine* (Malone).

282. *Customer.* Harlot. See *Oth.* p. 197.

283. *By Jove*, etc. Perhaps, as Walker suggests, addressed to Lafeu. Cf. 289 below, where most editors insert the stage-direction "*Pointing to Lafeu.*"

292. *Owes.* See on 196 above.

293. *Surety.* For the verb, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 178: "We 'll surety him."

295. *Quit.* Acquit. See *A. Y. L.* p. 169.

298. *Quick.* Living. See *Hen. V.* p. 156, or *Ham.* p. 262.

299. *Exorcist.* One who *raises* spirits; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 323, the only other instance of the word in S. Cf. *exorciser* in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 276, and *exorcism* in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 5.

307. *When from my finger.* This does not agree with the wording of the letter in iii. 2. 52 fol. As has been noted in other plays, S. is often careless in these little matters. See *M. N. D.* p. 122, *T. N.* p. 126 (note on *Three days*), *T. of S.* p. 128 (note on *This seven*), etc. Here, as Clarke suggests, the variation may be intentional: "Helena quotes from her husband's letter; but, although we feel sure that she knows its every cruel sentence by heart, yet the very inaccuracy of the cited words serves to indicate the quivering of the lip that repeats them, and the shaking of the hand that holds out the paper containing them."

308. *Are.* The folios have "is;" corrected by Rowe.

315. *Onions.* See *T. of S.* p. 128, note on *An onion.*

316. *Handkercher.* The spelling in the early eds., as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190, or *K. John*, p. 163.

318. *Let thy courtesies alone.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 21: "Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur." See also *Much Ado*, p. 159, note on *Courtesies.*

320. *Even.* "Full" (Schmidt). Cf. ji. 1. 191 above. It may be = plain, freed from difficulties.

325. *More and less.* The reading of the folio; ascribed by the Camb. ed. (which has "or" for *and*) to Theo.

326. *Resolvedly.* Satisfactorily, all doubts and perplexities being *resolved* or removed. Cf. the verb in *Temp.* v. 1. 248:

> "at pick'd leisure,
> Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
> Which to you shall seem probable, of every
> These happen'd accidents."

329. *The king 's a beggar*, etc. Alluding to the old story of "The King and the Beggar," which was the subject of a ballad (to be found in Percy's *Reliques*) and appears also to have been dramatized. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 80:

> "Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
> And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King.*"

The ballad is referred to in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 114: "Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?" See also *Id.* iv. 1. 66, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 106, and *R. and J.* ii. 1. 14.

Some editors follow Rowe in making the last six lines of the play an "Epilogue." In the folio they are separated from the preceding part of the speech and printed in italics. Capell and others insert the stage-direction "*Advancing.*"

333. *Ours be your patience*, etc. "Grant us your patient hearing, and accept our zealous efforts; lend us your hands in applause, and take our hearty thanks" (Clarke). Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 444: "Give me your hands;" and *Temp.* epil. 10:

> "But release me from my bands
> With the help of your good hands."

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 171), as follows:

"Time of the Play, eleven days represented on the stage, with intervals.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i.

Interval. Bertram's journey to Court.

" 2. Act I. sc. ii. and iii.

Interval. Helena's journey to Court.

" 3. Act II. sc. i. and ii.

Interval—two days. Cure of the King's malady.

" 4. Act II. sc. iii. iv. and v.

Interval. Helena's return to Rousillon. Bertram's journey to Florence.

" 5. Act III. sc. i. and ii.

" 6. Act III. sc. iii. and iv.

Interval—"some two months."

" 7. Act III. sc. v.

" 8. Act III. sc. vi. and vii.; Act IV. sc. i. ii. and iii.

" 9. Act IV. sc. iv.

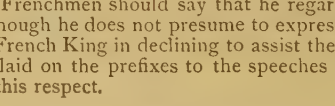
Interval. Bertram's return to Rousillon. Helena's return to Marseilles.

" 10. Act IV. sc. v.; Act V. sc. i.

" 11. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.

"Total time, about three months."

Holy seems the quarrel, etc. (iii. 1. 4).—In the folio this speech is assigned to "1. *Lord*," but the 3d and 5th speeches are headed respectively "*French E.*" and "*Fren. G.*" Collier, followed by White (preface to "Riverside" ed. p. xxiii.), assumes that the "1 *Lord*" is a Florentine, and that the others are two French envoys. Neither of these latter, it is said, would declare to the Duke that his quarrel seemed holy. White adds: "Indeed, one of them immediately says that *he* has no right to express any such opinion." But D. is probably right in taking these Frenchmen to belong to the number who had joined the Florentines by permission of their King (see i. 2. 13 fol.). It is surely nothing strange that one of these Frenchmen should say that he regards the Florentine cause as "holy," though he does not presume to express an opinion as to the course of the French King in declining to assist the Duke in the war. No stress can be laid on the prefixes to the speeches in the folio, which is often wrong in this respect.



INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

abstract of success, 169.
accordingly, 156.
across, 147.
act (=action), 138.
additions swell 's, 153.
admiration (concrete), 148.
adoptious, 136.
advertisement, 170.
advice, 160.
afford you so, 166.
after (play upon), 139.
after well-entered soldiers, 145.
against (=in the face of), 144.
all 's well that ends well, 173, 175.
all the rest is mute, 152.
allow the wind, 175
ames-ace, 152.
ample (adverb), 161.
antiquity, 154.
appeached, 144.
apprehensive, 139.
approof, 139, 156.
approved so, 138.
approves (=proves), 164.
araise, 147.
armipotent, 170.
artist, 151.
as (omitted), 148.
as (that . . . as), 138, 178.
as word, 150.
astringer, 175.
attends (awaits), 152.
authentic, 151.
avails, 157.

Bajazet's mule, 165.
band (=bond), 167.
barber's chair, like a, 150.
barnes, 140.
bated, 146.
bed (verb), 155.
beguile the supposition, 171.
behaviours, 144.
belike, 174.
bestow, 145, 172.
big (=proud), 142.
blood (=passion), 164.
boarded, 180.
bold (=confident), 175.
bond (=duty), 144.
both our mothers, 144.
braid (=deceitful), 167.
braving, 139.
brawn-buttock, 150.
breaking (= disbanding), 172.
breathe (=exercise), 155.
breathing (=exercise), 138.
brief (noun), 154.
broken mouth, 152.
brokes, 162.
bunting, 156.
businesses, 137.
but (=except), 164.
but like (=except as), 157.
by (=of), 180.
by kind, 141.

canary (a dance), 147.
cap of the time, 147.
capable of, 135, 137.
Capilet, 179.
capriccio, 155.
captious, 144.
carbonadoed, 174.
careless, 154.
case (=flay), 164.
catched, 144.
causeless, 151.
cesse, 177.
challenges itself, 153.
champion, 167.
change (=exchange), 159.
chape, 169.
Charbon, 141.
charge (=expense), 153.
check (=rebuke), 134.
cheer, 158.
choose, 153.
chough's language, 165.
christendoms, 136.
cites (=proves), 145.
clown (professional), 140.
coil (=turmoil), 146.
come your ways, 148.
comfortable (active), 134.
commission, 155.
commoner (=harlot), 179.
companion, 180.
company, 168.
composition, 168.
compt, 177.
con him no thanks, 169.
condition, 170.
congied with, 169.
consolate, 160.
constancies, 139.
content, 174.
contract (accent), 154.
conversation, 145.
coragio! 157.
coranto, 152.
corrupt the song, 142.
count of, 170.
county (=count), 164.
cox my passion! 176.
credence, 160.
Cressid's uncle, 148.
curbed time, 156.
curd thy blood, 143.
curious (=careful), 138.
curiously (=carefully), 168.
curtal, 152.
customer (=harlot), 180.

damnable (adverb), 168.
dancing sword, 146.
dare blame my weakness, 148.
darkly (=secretly), 168.
day of season, 177.
deadly (adverb), 178.
debate it, 140.
deboshed, 153, 180.
delay our rebellion, 168.
deliverance, 148.
derive me ill will, 180.
dial (=watch), 156.
diet, 180.
dieted to his hour, 168.
digested, 177.

dilemmas, 163.
dislikest of, 153.
dissolved (=separated), 139.
dissuade succession, 161.
diurnal ring, 148.
dole, 154.
dolphin, 151.
doubling of files, 171.

ears (=ploughs), 141.
embossed, 164.
embowelled of their doctrine, 145.
engaged, 178.
enjoined (accent), 162.
entertainment, 162, 165.
entrenched, 147.
estates (=ranks), 143.
esteem (=estimate), 176.
even (=full), 181.
even your content, 140.
examined, 161.
exorcist, 181.
expedient, 154.
expressive, 147.
extreme (accent), 160.

facinerious, 151.
fact, 165.
falls (=befalls), 175.
fancy (=love), 154, 180.
fated (=fateful), 137.
favour (=face), 134
fee-simple, 171.
fetch off, 162.
filthy officer, 161.
fine (=artful), 180.
fine (=end), 173.
fisnomy, 174.
fistula, 132.
fits (=befits), 148.
fleshes, 168.
fond (=foolish), 179.
fond done, done fond, 142.
fools (as prophets), 141.
for (=because), 161.
for to, 179.
forehorse to a smock, 146.
found (=found out), 154, 176.
frank (=liberal), 138.
French crown, 150.
from word to word, 164.
furnish me to, 155.

gamester (=harlot), 179.
garter up thy arms, 155.
general sovereignty, 145.
go about (=quibble), 144.
go to the world, 140.
go under, 161.
good convenience, 158.
gossips (verb), 136.
grass (play upon), 174.
great (play upon), 171.
gross (=palpable), 144.

handkercher, 181.
hands (=applause), 181.
have i' the wind, 164.
hawking (=hawk-like), 135.
heavy satisfaction, 178.
herb of grace, 173.
herbs, 174.
hic jacet, 163.
high bent, 176.
higher, 168.
higher Italy, 146.
highly fed, 150.
high-repented, 177.
hilding, 162.
his (=its), 138, 151.
hold, 158.
hold colour with, 156.
hold (=maintain), 134, 159.
holding, 166.
holds him much to have, 158.
home (adverb), 176.
honesty (=chastity), 161.
hoodman comes, 169.
host (verb), 162.
howsome'er, 141.
huswife, 151.

I (repeated), 156.
I write man, 154.
idle (=silly), 156, 164, 170.
image, 150.
important, 164.
importing, 179.
impositions, 172.
in any hand, 163.
in approof, 139.
in good sadness, 170.
in happy time, 175.
in 's, 148.
in most rich choice, 164.
in sense, 137.
in some grace, 176.
in the default, 154.
in their kind, 144.
in (verb), 141.
in ward, 132.
inaudible and noiseless, 177.
inform on that, 166.
inform something, 166.
instance (=proof), 165.
intenible, 144.
inter'gatories, 170.
into (=in), 151.
into (=upon), 145.

jades (masculine), 155.
jades' tricks, 174.
Jaques (dissyllable), 160.
John Drum's entertainment, 162.
jowl, 141.
justified, 168.

kept a coil with, 146.
kicky-wicky, 155.
kind (=nature), 141, 144.
King and the Beggar, the, 181.
knowingly, 145.

lack not to lose still, 144.
late (=lately), 143.
Lavache, 131, 175.
leaguer (=camp), 162.
leaping into the custard, 156.
left off (=given up), 145.
let thy courtesies alone, 181.
lie (=lodge), 161.
limed, 161.
ling, 158.
linsey-woolsey, 165.
list (=boundary), 147.
live this present hour, 169.
livelihood, 133.
longing (=belonging), 167.
look (transitive), 164.
lordship, 179.
lustig, 152.

madding, 180.
make a leg, 150.
make it even, 150.
make it probable need, 156.
make ropes in such a scarre, 166.
manifest, 145.
Marseilles (trisyllable), 172.
Maudlin, 177.
me (expletive), 175.
means will make means, 175.
meant damnable, 168.
measure (=dance), 147.
medicine (=physician), 147.
mell, 170.
mere the truth, 161.
merely our own traitors, 168.
methinks 't, 155.
Mile-end, 171.
militarist, 169.
misprising, 158.
misprision, 153.
modern (=ordinary), 151, 180.
module, 169.
moiety, 158.
monarch, 135.
monstrous (adverb), 150.
monumental, 168.
mood (=anger), 175.
more replete, 154.

morris, 151.
mort du vinaigre! 152.
mortal (=deadly), 133.
most received star, 147.
motion, 157.
motive (=agent), 172.
mounts (=lifts), 137.
murk, 149.
muse (=wonder), 157.
music, 164.
muster true gait, 147.
mystery, 163.

natural rebellion, 176.
nature, 157.
naughty, 180.
necessitied to help, 178.
Nessus, 171.
next (=nearest), 141.
nice, 175.
note, 144.
now-born, 154.

O Lord, sir! 151.
of a good wing, 136.
of (=as regards), 153.
of (=by), 180.
of (=on), 162.
of (partitive), 156.
officed, 160.
officer, 161.
on (=of), 143.
on (repeated), 138.
on 's, 148.
on my particular, 156.
on your just proceeding, 180.
onions, 181.
only (=unless), 143.
ordinary (=meal), 154.
ore, 162.
outward, 157.
overlooking, 132.
over-night (noun), 160.
owe (=own), 146, 157, 159, 180.

pace, 174.
palmer, 161.
Parolles (play upon), 176.
parting (=departing), 156.
passage, 132.
passport, 158.
perfect (accent), 171.
persecuted, 132.
persever, 164, 166.
perspective, 177.
peruse, 152.
pilgrim (trisyllable), 161.
pilot's glass, 149.
pin-buttock, 150.
plausive, 139, 165.
please it, 162.
pluck, 134.
Plutus, 178.
poising us, 153.
port (=gate), 161.
Poysam, 141.
practiser, 150.
predominant, 136.
prejudicates, 138.
presently, 155.
prime (=youth), 150.
profession, 148.
proper, 167.
property, 150, 153.
pudding, 151.
purr, 176.

quart d'écu, 171, 176.
quatch-buttock, 150.
questant, 146.
quick (=living), 181.
quick'st, 177.
quit (=acquit), 180.
quoted (=noted), 180.

ravin, 159.
reave, 178.
relinquished of, 151.
remainder, 171.
removes (=stages), 179.
repairs, 138.
repealed, 152.
repetition, 177.
resolved (accent), 150.
resolvedly, 181.
respects (=motives), 157.
revives, 172.
richest eyes, 176.
ring-carrier, 162.
Rousillon, 132, 138.
ruff (of boot), 157.

sacrament, 169.
saffron (in pastry), 173.
sanctimony, 168.
saucy, 172.
scarre, 167.
season (metaphor), 133.
serve (play upon), 146, 166.
service is no heritage, 140.
set up your rest, 148.
several (=separate), 140.
shall (=will), 158.
shrewd, 162.
shrewdly, 162, 180.
sick for breathing, 138.
similes, 176.
sire (dissyllable), 153.
sith, 179.
sithence, 143.
smack, 165.
smock, 146.
smoked, 164.
snipt-taffeta fellow, 173.
snuff, 139.
solely (=altogether), 135.
solemn, 169.
Spanish sword, 166.
spark, 146.
spirit (monosyllable), 149.
sprat, 164.
Spurio, 147.
square our guess by shows, 149.
St. Jaques' pilgrim, 160.
staggers (noun), 154.
stall this, 143.
stead, 165, 179.
steal an egg out of a cloister, 171.
steal (play upon), 160.
still-piecing, 159.
straight (adverb), 165.
strive upon, 144.
stomach, 163.
stronger part, 169.
subdued me to her rate, 180.
subscribed, 178.
success (=issue), 145, 163.
suggest (=tempt), 174.
suggestions, 161.
surety (verb), 180.
sweet marjoram, 173.
sweet verbal brief, 179.
sword to dance with, 146.

table (=tablet), 135.
taffeta, 150.
take order, 167.
take place, 135.
Tartar's bosom, 172.
tax (=censure), 134, 149, 180.
that (omitted), 158.
theoric, 169.
thitherward, 158.
though, 170.
Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, 150.
tincture, 178.
title (=want of title), 153.
to (=compared with), 155, 161.
to friend, 179.
to (omitted), 143, 148.
to the particular, etc., 170.
toll for this, 179.
too-much, 159.
took (=taken), 149.
top (=head), 138.
tortured body, 147.
traitress, 136.
travails in, 153.
trick (=trait), 135.
triple (=third), 148.
tucket, 161.
two pile and a half, 174.

undone (play upon), 171.

unhappy, 174.
unseasoned, 134.
use (=habit), 175.
usurping his spurs, 169.

valiant approof, 156.
validity, 179.
vileness is so, 153.
villanous saffron, 173.
Virtue's steely bones, 135.
virtuous qualities, 132.

wagon, 173.
wanton siege, 164.
was run, 158.
wear (=weary), 175.
weigh (=value), 161.
well fed, 154.
well found, 148.
what in time proceeds, 167.
whatsome'er, 161.
whence, 159.
white death, 152.
who (=which), 169.
whom, 160.
window of lattice, 154.
with (=by), 173, 175.
with his inducement, 158.
woman me, 158.
woodcock (=fool), 166.
worst of worst, 149.
worthy, 167.
worthy the note, 162.
writ as little beard, 152.
write (=declare), 161.

yet I pray you, 172.
yet (transposed), 179.
yield, 157.

"Great Mars, I put myself into thy file" (iii. 3. 9).

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

The Merchant of Venice.
The Tempest.
Julius Cæsar.
Hamlet.
As You Like it.
Henry the Fifth.
Macbeth.
Henry the Eighth.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Richard the Second.
Richard the Third.
Much Ado About Nothing.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Romeo and Juliet.
Othello.
Twelfth Night.
The Winter's Tale.
King John.
Henry IV. Part I.
Henry IV. Part II.
King Lear.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All 's Well That Ends Well.
Coriolanus.
Comedy of Errors.
Cymbeline.
Merry Wives of Windsor.
Measure for Measure.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Love's Labour 's Lost.
Timon of Athens.
Henry VI. Part I.
Henry VI. Part II.
Henry VI. Part III.
Troilus and Cressida.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.
Poems.
Sonnets.
Titus Andronicus.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents per vol.; Paper, 40 cents per vol.

FRIENDLY EDITION, complete in 20 vols., 16mo, Cloth, $30 00; Half Calf, $60 00. (*Sold only in Sets.*)

In the preparation of this edition of the English Classics it has been the aim to adapt them for school and home reading, in essentially the same way as Greek and Latin Classics are edited for educational purposes. The chief requisites are a pure text (expurgated, if necessary), and the notes needed for its thorough explanation and illustration.

Each of Shakespeare's plays is complete in one volume, and is preceded by an Introduction containing the "History of the Play," the "Sources of the Plot," and "Critical Comments on the Play."

From HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D., *Editor of the "New Variorum Shakespeare."*

No one can examine these volumes and fail to be impressed with the conscientious accuracy and scholarly completeness with which they are edited. The educational purposes for which the notes are written Mr. Rolfe never loses sight of, but like "a well-experienced archer hits the mark his eye doth level at."

From F. J. FURNIVALL, *Director of the New Shakspere Society, London.*

The merit I see in Mr. Rolfe's school editions of Shakspere's Plays over those most widely used in England is that Mr. Rolfe edits the plays as works of a poet, and not only as productions in Tudor English. Some editors think that all they have to do with a play is to state its source and explain its hard words and allusions; they treat it as they would a charter or a catalogue of household furniture, and then rest satisfied. But Mr. Rolfe, while clearing up all verbal difficulties as carefully as any Dryasdust, always adds the choicest extracts he can find, on the spirit and special "note" of each play, and on the leading characteristics of its chief personages. He does *not* leave the student without help in getting at Shakspere's chief attributes, his characterization and poetic power. And every practical teacher knows that while every boy can look out hard words in a lexicon for himself, not one in a score can, unhelped, catch points of and realize character, and feel and express the distinctive individuality of each play as a poetic creation.

From Prof. EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., *of the University of Dublin, Author of "Shakspere: His Mind and Art."*

I incline to think that no edition is likely to be so useful for school and home reading as yours. Your notes contain so much accurate instruction, with so little that is superfluous; you do not neglect the æsthetic study of the play; and in externals, paper, type, binding, etc., you make a book "pleasant to the eye" (as well as "to be desired to make one wise")—no small matter, I think, with young readers and with old.

From EDWIN A. ABBOTT, M.A., *Author of "Shakespearian Grammar."*

I have not seen any edition that compresses so much necessary information into so small a space, nor any that so completely avoids the common faults of commentaries on Shakespeare—needless repetition, superfluous explanation, and unscholar-like ignoring of difficulties.

From HIRAM CORSON, M.A., *Professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Literature, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.*

In the way of annotated editions of separate plays of Shakespeare, for educational purposes, I know of none quite up to Rolfe's.

From Prof. F. J. CHILD, *of Harvard University.*

I read your "Merchant of Venice" with my class, and found it in every respect an excellent edition. I do not agree with my friend White in the opinion that Shakespeare requires but few notes—that is, if he is to be thoroughly understood. Doubtless he may be enjoyed, and many a hard place slid over. Your notes give all the help a young student requires, and yet the reader for pleasure will easily get at just what he wants. You have indeed been conscientiously concise.

Under date of July 25, 1879, Prof. CHILD *adds:* Mr. Rolfe's editions of plays of Shakespeare are very valuable and convenient books, whether for a college class or for private study. I have used them with my students, and I welcome every addition that is made to the series. They show care, research, and good judgment, and are fully up to the time in scholarship. I fully agree with the opinion that experienced teachers have expressed of the excellence of these books.

From Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., *Professor in Harvard University.*

I regard your own work as of the highest merit, while you have turned the labors of others to the best possible account. I want to have the higher classes of our schools introduced to Shakespeare chief of all, and then to other standard English authors; but this cannot be done to advantage unless under a teacher of equally rare gifts and abundant leisure, or through editions specially prepared for such use. I trust that you will have the requisite encouragement to proceed with a work so happily begun.

From the Examiner and Chronicle, N.Y.

We repeat what we have often said, that there is no edition of Shakespeare which seems to us preferable to Mr. Rolfe's. As mere specimens of the printer's and binder's art they are unexcelled, and their other merits are equally high. Mr. Rolfe, having learned by the practical experience of the class-room what aid the average student really needs in order to read Shakespeare intelligently, has put just that amount of aid into his notes, and no more. Having said what needs to be said, he stops there. It is a rare virtue in the editor of a classic, and we are proportionately grateful for it.

From the N. Y. Times.

This work has been done so well that it could hardly have been done better. It shows throughout knowledge, taste, discriminating judgment, and, what is rarer and of yet higher value, a sympathetic appreciation of the poet's moods and purposes.

From the Pacific School Journal, San Francisco.

This edition of Shakespeare's plays bids fair to be the most valuable aid to the study of English literature yet published. For educational purposes it is beyond praise. Each of the plays is printed in large clear type and on excellent paper. Every difficulty of the text is clearly explained by copious notes. It is remarkable how many new beauties one may discern in Shakespeare with the aid of the glossaries attached to these books. . . . Teachers can do no higher, better work than to inculcate a love for the best literature, and such books as these will best aid them in cultivating a pure and refined taste.

From the Christian Union, N. Y.

Mr. W. J. Rolfe's capital edition of Shakespeare . . . by far the best edition for school and parlor use. We speak after some practical use of it in a village Shakespeare Club. The notes are brief but useful; and the necessary expurgations are managed with discriminating skill.

From the Academy, London.

Mr. Rolfe's excellent series of school editions of the Plays of Shakespeare . . . they differ from some of the English ones in looking on the plays as something more than word-puzzles. They give the student helps and hints on the characters and meanings of the plays, while the word-notes are also full and posted up to the latest date. . . . Mr. Rolfe also adds to each of his books a most useful "Index of Words and Phrases Explained."

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SELECT POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated. 16mo, Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, 56 cents. (*Uniform with Rolfe's Shakespeare.*)

The carefully arranged editions of "The Merchant of Venice" and other of Shakespeare's plays prepared by Mr. William J. Rolfe for the use of students will be remembered with pleasure by many readers, and they will welcome another volume of a similar character from the same source, in the form of the "Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith," edited with notes fuller than those of any other known edition, many of them original with the editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Rolfe is doing very useful work in the preparation of compact hand-books for study in English literature. His own personal culture and his long experience as a teacher give him good knowledge of what is wanted in this way.—*The Congregationalist*, Boston.

Mr. Rolfe has prefixed to the Poems selections illustrative of Goldsmith's character as a man, and grade as a poet, from sketches by Macaulay, Thackeray, George Colman, Thomas Campbell, John Forster, and Washington Irving. He has also appended at the end of the volume a body of scholarly notes explaining and illustrating the poems, and dealing with the times in which they were written, as well as the incidents and circumstances attending their composition. — *Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

The notes are just and discriminating in tone, and supply all that is necessary either for understanding the thought of the several poems, or for a critical study of the language. The use of such books in the school-room cannot but contribute largely towards putting the study of English literature upon a sound basis; and many an adult reader would find in the present volume an excellent opportunity for becoming critically acquainted with one of the greatest of last century's poets.—*Appleton's Journal*, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

THOMAS GRAY.

SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, 56 cents (*Uniform with Rolfe's Shakespeare.*)

Mr. Rolfe has done his work in a manner that comes as near to perfection as man can approach. He knows his subject so well that he is competent to instruct all in it; and readers will find an immense amount of knowledge in his elegant volume, all set forth in the most admirable order, and breathing the most liberal and enlightened spirit, he being a warm appreciator of the divinity of genius.—*Boston Traveller.*

The great merit of these books lies in their carefully edited text, and in the fulness of their explanatory notes. Mr. Rolfe is not satisfied with simply expounding, but he explores the entire field of English literature, and therefrom gathers a multitude of illustrations that are interesting in themselves and valuable as a commentary on the text. He not only instructs, but stimulates his readers to fresh exertion; and it is this stimulation that makes his labor so productive in the school-room.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Mr. William J. Rolfe, to whom English literature is largely indebted for annotated and richly illustrated editions of several of Shakespeare's Plays, has treated the "Select Poems of Thomas Gray" in the same way—just as he had previously dealt with the best of Goldsmith's poems.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mr. Rolfe's edition of Thomas Gray's select poems is marked by the same discriminating taste as his other classics.—*Springfield Republican.*

Mr. Rolfe's rare abilities as a teacher and his fine scholarly tastes enable him to prepare a classic like this in the best manner for school use. There could be no better exercise for the advanced classes in our schools than the critical study of our best authors, and the volumes that Mr. Rolfe has prepared will hasten the time when the study of mere form will give place to the study of the spirit of our literature.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

An elegant and scholarly little volume.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*